THE TRUE WEST

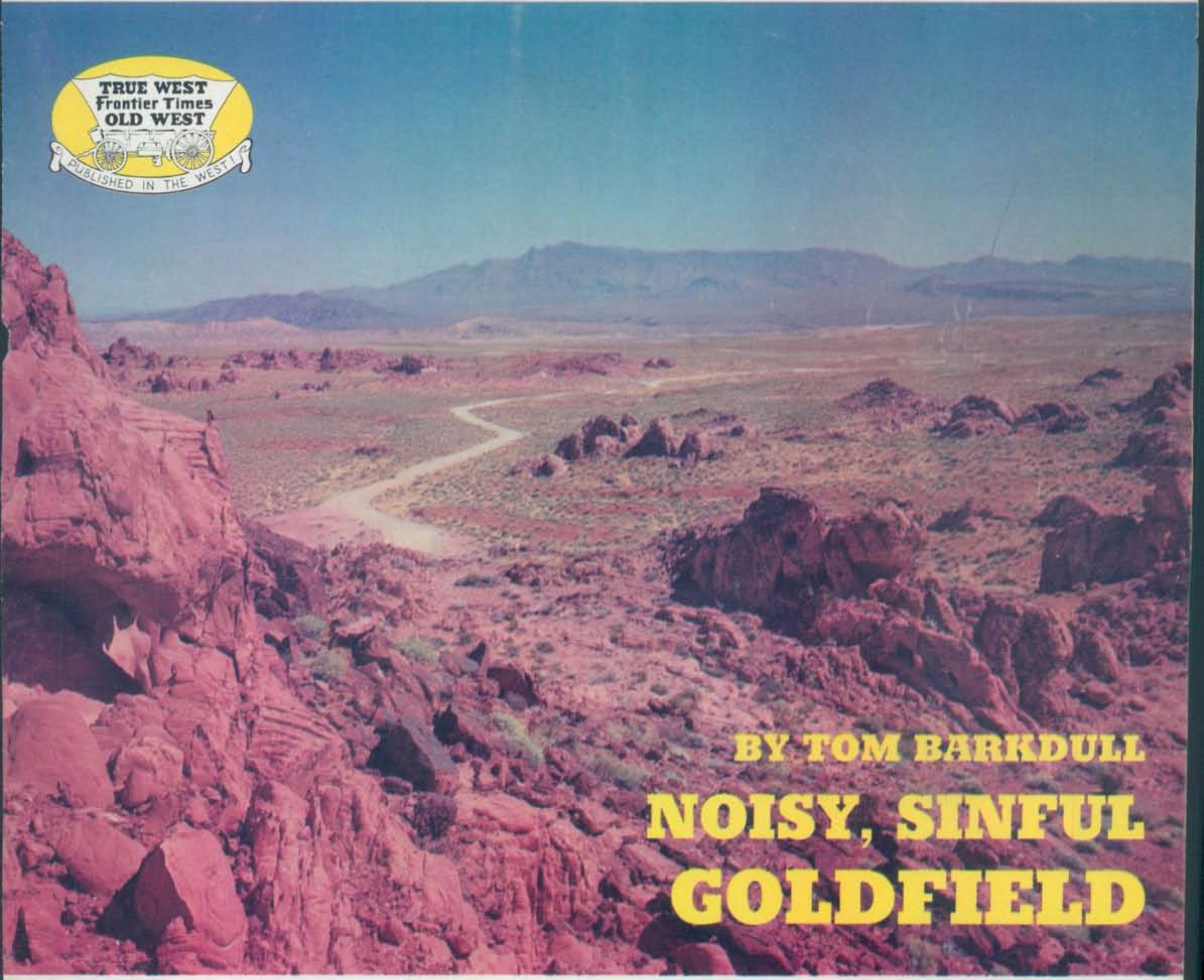
Frontier Times

FT
K

November, 1969

STILL
35¢

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!



BY TOM BARKDULL

NOISY, SINFUL GOLDFIELD

THREE GENERATIONS OF LAWMEN
—BY OLEVIA E. MYERS—

MURDERED IN CHURCH • ALJASKA LAND

THE M WOOD DICK
ARD—

BURIED RICHE D HORN'S PEAK

128004 4'69-
HOVENDEN DDS
X 457
T JONES CA 9602

TREASURE HUNTER'S COMPLETE BAG!

ONLY
$14.95 post paid
60 DAY
MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE
AT LAST! A HOME FOR
YOUR METAL
DETECTOR
TREASURE PROBE
LOST TREASURES AND HOW TO FIND THEM
INSTRUCTIONS
LOOK!
VIKING OWNERS
TREASURE KING OWNERS
TREASURE PROBE OWNERS
$14.95 ppd.
INCLUDES:

- **INSTRUMENT CASE FOR YOUR METAL DETECTOR.** Each instrument case is the attache type and comes in ebony black. The case body is molded of Unilite and has heavy ribbed "Reynolds" aluminum closures that combine strength and beauty. Also included are smooth "slide action" nickel plated locks with a set of two keys. The interior is handsomely fitted with a charcoal grey foam that is die cut to fit the search head, handle, rods, battery and earphone of your metal detector model and to protect them from the roughest handling. The interior lid contains a wide folio pocket for maps, books and magazines with a leather snap strap to keep them in place.
- **"LOST TREASURES AND HOW TO FIND THEM"** (included with the instrument case). A fascinating 196-page book by expert Emile Schurmacher. The plunder of 18th-century pirates, the loot of stagecoach, train, and mail robbers; the caches of colorful eccentrics, recluses and criminals — these bizarre, fantastic stories are detailed in this amazing book. In addition, there is a list of hundreds of locations of buried treasures in the United States — with suggestions on how to locate and obtain them. Whether you're an armchair treasure hunter, or a daring adventurer ready to try your luck, "Lost Treasures and How to Find Them" will be the most exciting and profitable book you will ever read.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

☐ Send Instrument Case that fits all **TREASURE KING** models of Detector and 196-page book, "Lost Treasures and How to Find Them" **$14.95**

☐ Send Instrument Case that fits all models of **VIKING** Detector and 196-page book, "Lost Treasures and How to Find Them" **$14.95**

☐ Send Instrument Case that fits all **TREASURE PROBE** models of Detector and 196-page book, "Lost Treasures and How to Find Them" **$14.95**

☐ Send complete **CONTINENTAL ENSEMBLE** including assembled transistorized original Treasure Probe detector, battery, sensitive earphone, instrument case and 196-page book, "Lost Treasures and How to Find Them" **$32.95**

☐ Send complete **IMPERIAL ENSEMBLE** including assembled transistorized MKII detector with powerful built-in speaker that automatically disconnects when earphone is in use, battery, sensitive earphone, instrument case and 196-page book, "Lost Treasures and How to Find Them" **$38.95**

To order, send cash, check, or money order. In N. J. add 3% sales tax. $3.00 deposit for C.O.D. All models post paid.

TREASURE HOUSE

Dept. **FAC**, P.O. Box 3, Tennent, New Jersey 07763

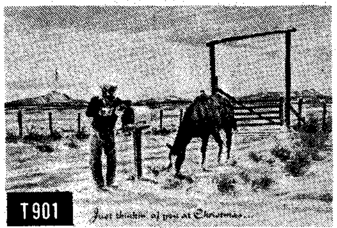
NAME______________________________

ADDRESS___________________________

CITY_______________________________

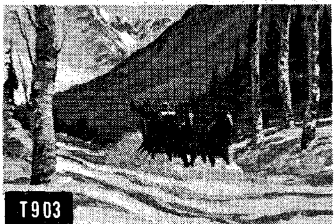
STATE____________________ZIP________

ORDER FROM THIS AD FOR THE BEST IN FULL COLOR
WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS


Just thinkin' of you at Christmas...

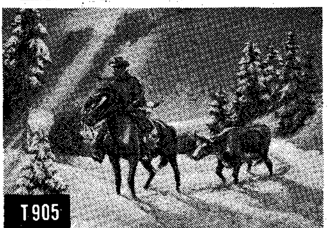
T901

Just thinkin' of you at Christmas — With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season — **Long**



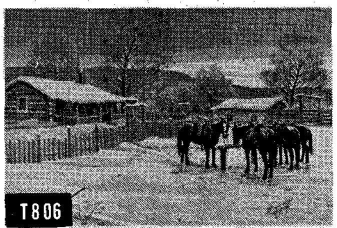
T903

From the two of us — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Kerswill**



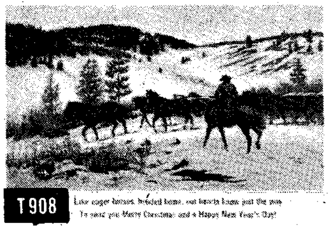
T905

Outdoor Temple — Greeting is an appropriate verse by S. Omar Barker — **Lenox**



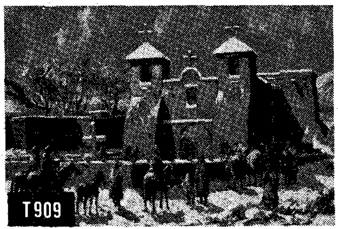
T806

Happy Memories — May the warmth . . . of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Thomas**



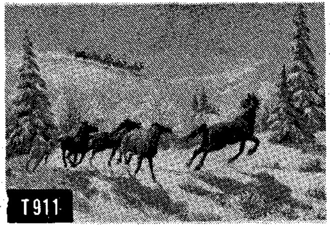
T908

Season's Promise — Warm and friendly verse by S. Omar Barker — **Marks**



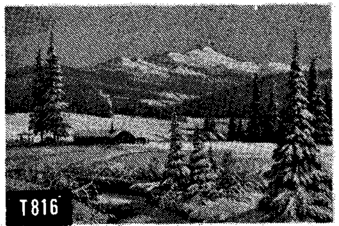
T909

Christmas Eve at Ranchos de Taos — To wish you a Blessed Christmas, etc. — **Gomez**



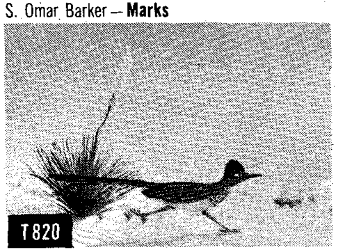
T911

Sleighbells in the Night — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Thomas**



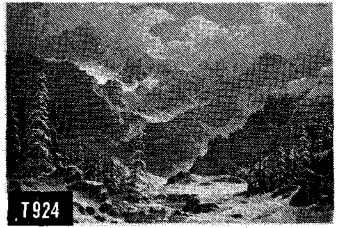
T816

Christmas — May the meaning of the Season be deeper, as Christmas comes, etc. — **Thomas**



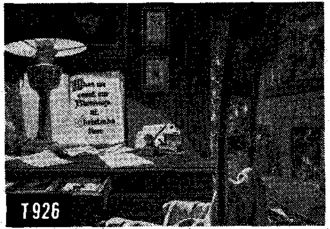
T820

Friendly Roadrunner — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Lau**



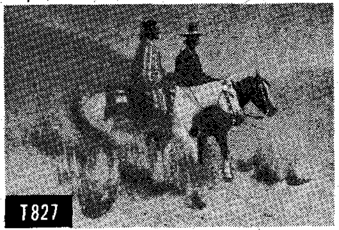
T924

"Open Face of Heaven" — May the Joy of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Lowdermilk**



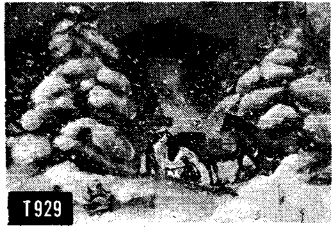
T926

Counting Our Blessings — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Nicles**



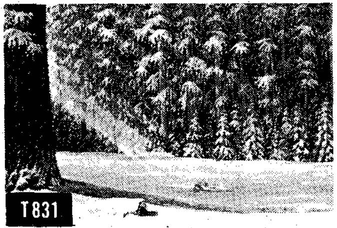
T827

Evening Trail — May the Spirit of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Delano**



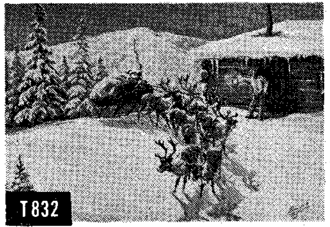
T929

We hope your camp is safe and warm, etc. — Greeting is 4 line verse — **FitzSimmons**



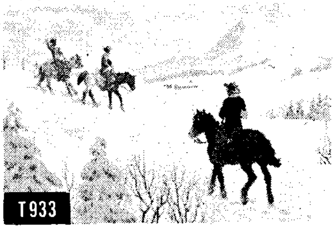
T831

Forest Deer — With Every Good Wish for Christmas and the New Year — **Husberg**



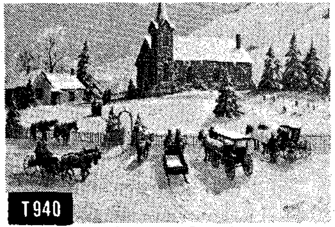
T832

Midnight Stop for Directions — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Thomas**



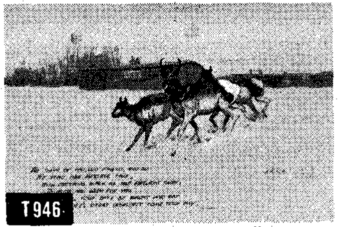
T933

To your outfit from ours — Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas — **Paris**



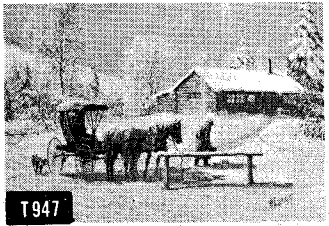
T940

Ranch Country Christmas Eve — Sincere, western verse by S. Omar Barker — **Thomas**



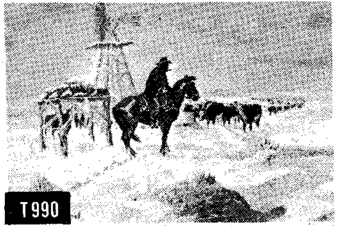
T946

"Greeting warm as firelight glow" — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Ralston**



T947

"This night a Child is born" — May the warmth of Christmas, etc. — **Thomas**



T990

Caking Cattle on Christmas Morning — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Chappell**

ALL NEW DESIGNS IN BRIGHT FULL COLOR

BEST QUALITY ART: *Yes, these are the western Christmas cards you've* been looking for! Heavy textured enamel paper folds to make a rich card, approx. 5 x 7. We can print your name, or ranch brand, or BOTH in red to match greeting. Also, we can print your return address on the deluxe white envelopes — extras included. 24 hour shipping 'til Christmas. 25c will rush any card sample and color brochure to you.

HOW TO ORDER: Fill in quantity of each card you want in box beside that number in the coupon order blank. Circle total quantity and cost on order blank. Mix and assort at no extra cost. Order all of one kind or as many of each as desired. Canada residents please remit in U.S. dollar values. Colorado residents add 3% sales tax. You may order by letter or fill out coupon and mail with cash, check or money order. Thank you kindly, and remember, it's fun to buy from the Leanin' Tree.

THE LEANIN' TREE RANCH

BOX 1500 • BOULDER • COLORADO • 80302

TOTAL QUANTITY	12	25	50	75	100	150	200	300	500
WITHOUT NAME	$2.25	$4.25	$ 8.50	$12.50	$16.00	$23.50	$31.00	$46.00	$74.00
WITH NAME **OR** BRAND	$3.25	5.50	10.00	14.50	18.00	26.00	34.00	50.00	80.00
WITH NAME **AND** BRAND	$4.50	6.75	11.25	15.75	19.25	27.25	35.25	51.25	81.25
RETURN ADDRESS ON ENVELOPE FLAPS	$1.25	1.50	2.00	2.25	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.50	6.50

FILL IN QUANTITY DESIRED OF EACH CARD IN BOX BESIDE THAT NUMBER	T901	T903	T905	T806
	T908	T909	T911	T816
	T820	T924	T926	T827
	T929	T831	T832	T933
	T940	T946	T947	T990

NAMES TO BE PRINTED ON CHRISTMAS CARDS (DRAW BRAND IN MARGIN) ____________________

SEND CARDS TO: ____________________ 19N

Rte., St., or Box No. ____________________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND POSTAGE FREE FROM THE LEANIN' TREE . . . OUR 20th YEAR

Texas Rangers Historical Arms, Inc.

presents the

TEXAS RANGER COMMEMORATIVE SIX-SHOOTER

This limited issue Colt .45 with miniature silver badge set into grips is finest commemorative ever produced. Delivered in a walnut display case complete with silver drawer pulls, embossed with the seal of the State of Texas. A Texas Ranger Badge (by special permission) made from a Mexican 5 peso silver coin accompanies each six-shooter. A pictorial history of the "Ranger Service", a collectors item in itself, is included. This book, covered with genuine Texas Longhorn steer hide "with the hair still on" contains more than 200 photographs, many never before published.

Price: $650 each, $300 deposit

TEXAS RANGERS HISTORICAL ARMS, INC.
P. O. BOX 45, Y. O. RANCH
MOUNTAIN HOME, TEXAS 78058

FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

October-November, 1969
Vol. 43, No. 6
New Series No. 62

True Stories of the West!

PAT WAGNER
Editor

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

ROBERT SMALL
Advertising Mgr.

MARY SANDERS
Editorial Asst.

JOAN ROBERSON
Production

MARILYN WHITE
Circulation Mgr.

JOE SMALL, JR.
Advertising

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

FRONTIER POST 4
THREE GENERATIONS OF LAWMEN . . . . . By Olevia E. Myers 6
THE MYTH OF DEADWOOD DICK . . . . . By Wayne Gard 10
NOISY, SINFUL GOLDFIELD . . . . . By Tom Barkdull 12
AND THE BAND PLAYED ON! . . . . . By Charles McAdams 16
WRANGLING DUDES IN YELLOWSTONE . . . . . By Doris Whithorn 18
QUICKSAND . . . . . By Henry N. Ferguson 23
SILENT NIGHT OF THE HERMIT . . . . . By Nick Duyn 24
FASTEST TRACK WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI . . . . . By Jay J. Kalez 26
THE FINE ART OF IGNORING TROUBLE . . . . . By Art H. Watson 29
BURIED RICHES ON OLD HORN'S PEAK . . . . . By Leon C. Palmer 30
MURDERED IN CHURCH . By Leon C. Metz and Kenneth A. Goldblatt 32
NUGGETS 34
MEIN HERR GETS A LOOK AT ALJASKA LAND . . . . . By Dr. Leonard Koester 36
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 40
TRAILS GROWN DIM 52
TUMBLEWEEDS . . . . . By Tom K. Ryan 72

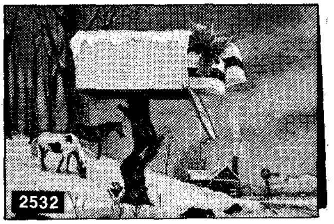
Cover: Ray Atkeson
Nevada's Valley of Fire

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas and at additional mailing offices.

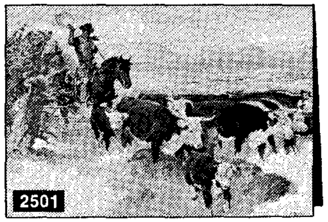
Copyright 1969 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address.

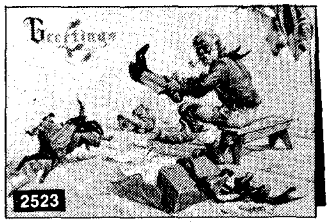
Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with all submissions. Please inquire before sending in original art.



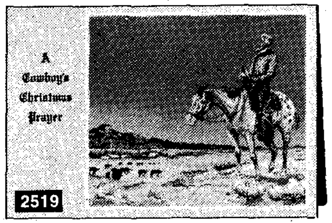
2532 **From Our Mailbox to Yours** by **Roy Morrissey** – Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.



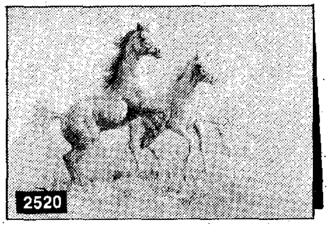
2501 **Still Good Cow Country** by **Robert Lougheed** – Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**



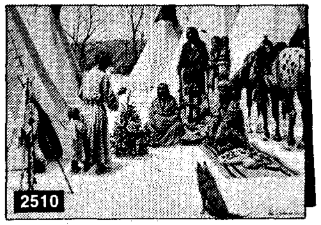
2523 **Mischief-Maker** by **Fred Harman** – A Real Old-Fashioned Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year.



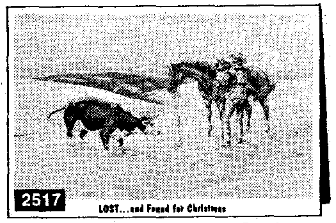
2519 ***A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer*** by **Robert R. Lorenz** – May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas Always be with you. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**



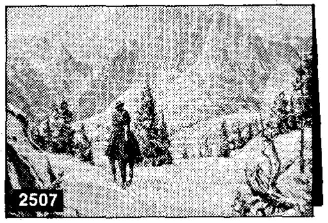
2520 **Christmas Capers** by **Hildred Goodwine** – With All Good Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



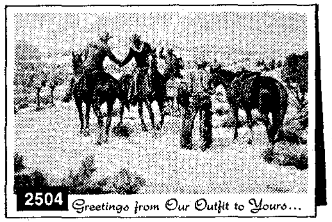
2510 **The Giving Tree** by **Harvey W. Johnson** – May the Joy and Peace of Christmas *Abide with You* through All the Year.



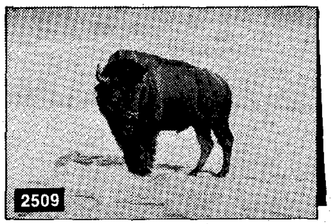
2517 **Lost . . . and Found for Christmas** by **Ben Cooper** – May You have a Joyous Christmas and a Happy New Year.



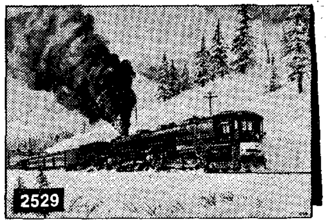
2507 **Amid White Grandeur** by **Paul Salisbury** – May the Blessings of Christmas be with You *Today and* Always. **Verse by S. Omar Barker.**


Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours...

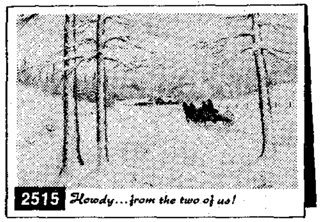
2504 **Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours** by **Paul Salisbury** – *With Best Wishes at Christmas* and Happiness through All the Coming Year.



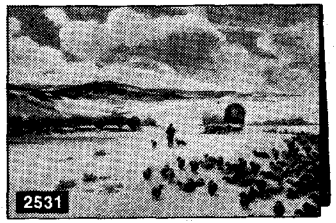
2509 **Christmas on the Plains** by **Gregory Perillo** – Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for the Coming Year.



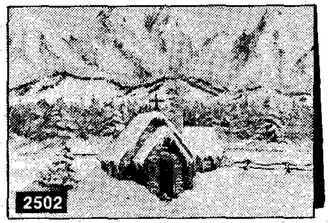
2529 **Christmas Special** by **Norman Miller** – May All the Joys of Christmas be with You throughout the New Year.


Howdy...from the two of us!

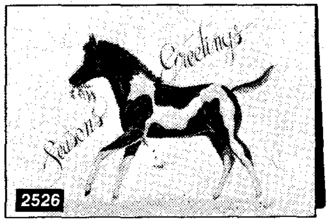
2515 **Howdy . . . from the Two of Us!** by **Ted Long** – Wishing You All the Joys of the Christmas Season.



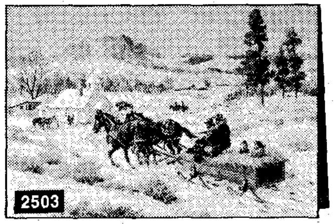
2531 **The Good Shepherd** by **Hans Kleiber** – May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with You throughout All the Year. Quote from St. Luke 2:8 "And there were shepherds . . . in the fields keeping watch over their flocks by night."



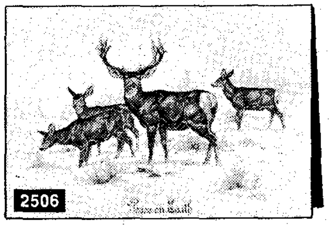
2502 **Chapel of the Transfiguration** by **Dan Garrett** – May You have that Peace, Hope and Love which *is Christmas. Quote from Psalms 121:1 "I will lift* up mine eyes unto the hills . . ."



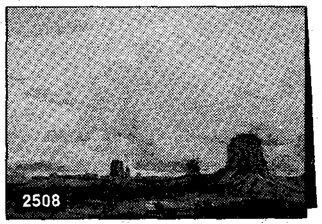
2526 **Season's Greetings** by **Vicki Olsen** – and Very Best Wishes for the New Year.



2503 **A Time to Remember** by **Fred Harman** – A Joyous Christmas. May You be Blessed with a New Year of Peace and Happiness.



2506 **Peace on Earth** by **Clark Bronson** – May the Peace of Christmas bring Happiness to You All through the New Year.



2508 **The Journey Home** by **Alfred Wands** – Wishing You a Joyous Christmas and a New Year of Peace and Happiness.

Our Silver Anniversary Collection...

WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS

OUR 25th SUCCESSFUL YEAR

We Thank You, our loyal customers, for our success – and offer what we believe is our *finest selection* in twenty-five years. Beautiful first-printing reproductions of original paintings by the West's *best known* artists – Bronson, Harman, Lorenz, Lougheed, Salisbury and others – in true full color on richly textured deluxe weight stock single folded to 4¾″ by 6¾″. Matching envelopes with several extras. Cards may be ordered plain, with your name *or* brand, or *both* custom printed in red to exactly match greeting. Orders carefully processed and shipped in sturdy carton within 24 hours right up 'til Christmas. FREE catalog of unique western stationery, framing prints, note paper and gift tags sent with each order.

IN FULL COLOR • MONEY BACK GUARANTEE • POSTAGE PAID

HOW TO ORDER: Write quantity of each card you want in box appearing in coupon. No need to send entire page. *Order all one kind or assorted at no extra charge.* Use separate sheet if needed. Circle *total* quantity and cost on price list. Enclose check or money order with coupon and mail to *The Lazy BL Ranch, Box 3232, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001.*

Card No.	Quantity

Total Quantity	15	25	50	75	100	150	200	300	400
Without Name	$3.25	4.25	8.25	12.25	15.50	23.25	30.00	45.00	58.00
With Name or Brand	$4.25	5.75	10.00	14.25	18.00	26.25	33.50	49.50	63.50
With Name and Brand	$5.75	7.50	11.75	16.00	19.75	28.00	35.25	51.25	65.25

Canadian residents please add 15% to prices. Wyoming residents add 3% sales tax.

NAMES TO BE PRINTED
ON CARDS. SEND SKETCH
IF BRAND WANTED

SEND CARDS TO:

RTE., ST. OR BOX NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

MAIL
COUPON
TO:

The Lazy BL Ranch™

BOX 3232
CHEYENNE, WYOMING
82001

FRONTIER POST

Ruel Horner

Dear Joe:

Enclosed is a clipping from the *Phillips County News*, Malta, Montana, about the funeral of my old friend, Ruel Horner, who was buried May 3. Many thanks for getting the story printed before the last of the old-time stage drivers went West. I think they are preserving a little cabin-museum in Ruel's memory at Zortman and the magazine will be in it. One of the pallbearers wrote me that all Ruel's old-time friends held a wake at the Zortman saloon after the funeral.—Walt Coburn

(Ed. note: The story appeared in the November '68 FRONTIER TIMES)

Back Issues

Dear Sir:

Our collection of your magazines is incomplete because until we started binding our copies they were placed in the library loose and were difficult to control. Now they are on your unavailable list.

The following are missing from the Southwest Room, Albuquerque Public Library: FRONTIER TIMES Vol. 36, No. 4; Vol. 35, No. 2; Vol. 31 (all); and all previous volumes. TRUE WEST Vol. 15, No. 3; Vol. 4, Nos. 1, 3, 5; Vol. 3, No. 2; Vol. 2, Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6; Vol. 1 (all).

Any reader who wishes to sell or contribute copies should contact Katherine McMahon, Southwest Librarian, Albuquerque Public Library, 423 Central N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87101

Billy The Kid's Killer

Dear Joe:

Due to a contrary heart, I am hunting on the dim trails for tracks of Billy the Kid. I have a few tales told by old-timers when I was a kid. I grew up in the Kid's territory and am a few feathers shy of being a spring chicken.

In searching back issues of your publications for Kid articles, I found a letter written by Jack Wallace in the June 1964 FRONTIER TIMES which had exactly the information I need to go with what I have. I wrote to that address, but my letter was returned. I feel that if anyone reads two of your publications, he is hooked good. Since Mr. Wallace took time to write you a letter, he is surely still reading FRONTIER TIMES. Hope Mr. Wallace sees this.

If anyone else has been told any story to the effect that Garrett did not kill the Kid—a story you feel was told in good faith—will sure appreciate hearing from you. I would like any Kid or Garrett information.—Mrs. Loyd Carner, 1309 Lovers Lane, Alamogordo, New Mexico 88310

Last 100 Indian Fighters

Dear Joe:

Help! We are in need of information we feel only the faithful readers of your magazines can supply. Our organization is forming a list of the last 100 Indian fighters—both Indian and white.

To be eligible one must have been an Indian fighter for the U. S. Army. These names will go on our white list. We also want Indian names, dates of birth and death, tribe, and name of battle. These names will go on our "Last 100 Club" Indian list. We also need photographs. Any photos sent us will be returned unharmed.

Among the last white men who fought the Indians were Fredrak W. Fraske, Charles G. Jones, Reginald A. Bradley and William Sutphin (a Negro). Among the last Indian fighters were Jason Betzinez (Apache), Dewey Beard or Iron Hail (Sioux), Big Mouth (Apache), and Curly (Crow).

This will be a difficult task as many names will be weeded out. We want only the names of fighters, not scouts.

So let's hear from you readers of WESTERN PUBLICATIONS! We plan to publish our lists, along with a picture of each person.—Ronald Morgan, 1405 Wirt Road, #217, Houston, Texas 77055

Texas Norther

Dear Sirs:

In the March 1969 FRONTIER TIMES, I was interested in the article "Texas Northers—Dry, Wet and Blue."

I wish to add a little more as I lived through two of them. I was three days old when the one on February 11, 1899 struck. Papa had a sister who had a baby girl born on the 11th. Papa asked his sister what she was going to name her baby and she said, "Blizzard, I suppose." I've heard my father speak of it many times saying it was the worst storm he had ever seen. I was born about thirty-five miles northwest of Waco, Texas, and it's not often that a snowstorm of that intensity hits so far south.

I was living in Amarillo, Texas when the blizzard of March 20, 1957 struck. It was anything but a blue norther. Officials said if the snow had fallen on the level, it would have been fourteen inches deep. About 7 a. m. Saturday the wind hit apparently like just another plains sandstorm. As I worked downtown, I caught a cab and went on to work. We hadn't been warned of any severe storm. But the blowing dirt got worse and about noon it began to snow. It grew darker with both snow and dirt mixed.

About 3 p.m. my boss came in and told me I had better start for home. By then the underpass was filling up and driving was becoming hazardous. Radio stations went on emergency status and from 7 a. m. Saturday until 10 a. m. Monday the wind blew and the sand and snow piled up. Snowdrifts got up to the eaves of houses. Some cars were buried under drifts. People were stranded and it was almost impossible to get to a grocery store. We took in one family and gave them breakfast.

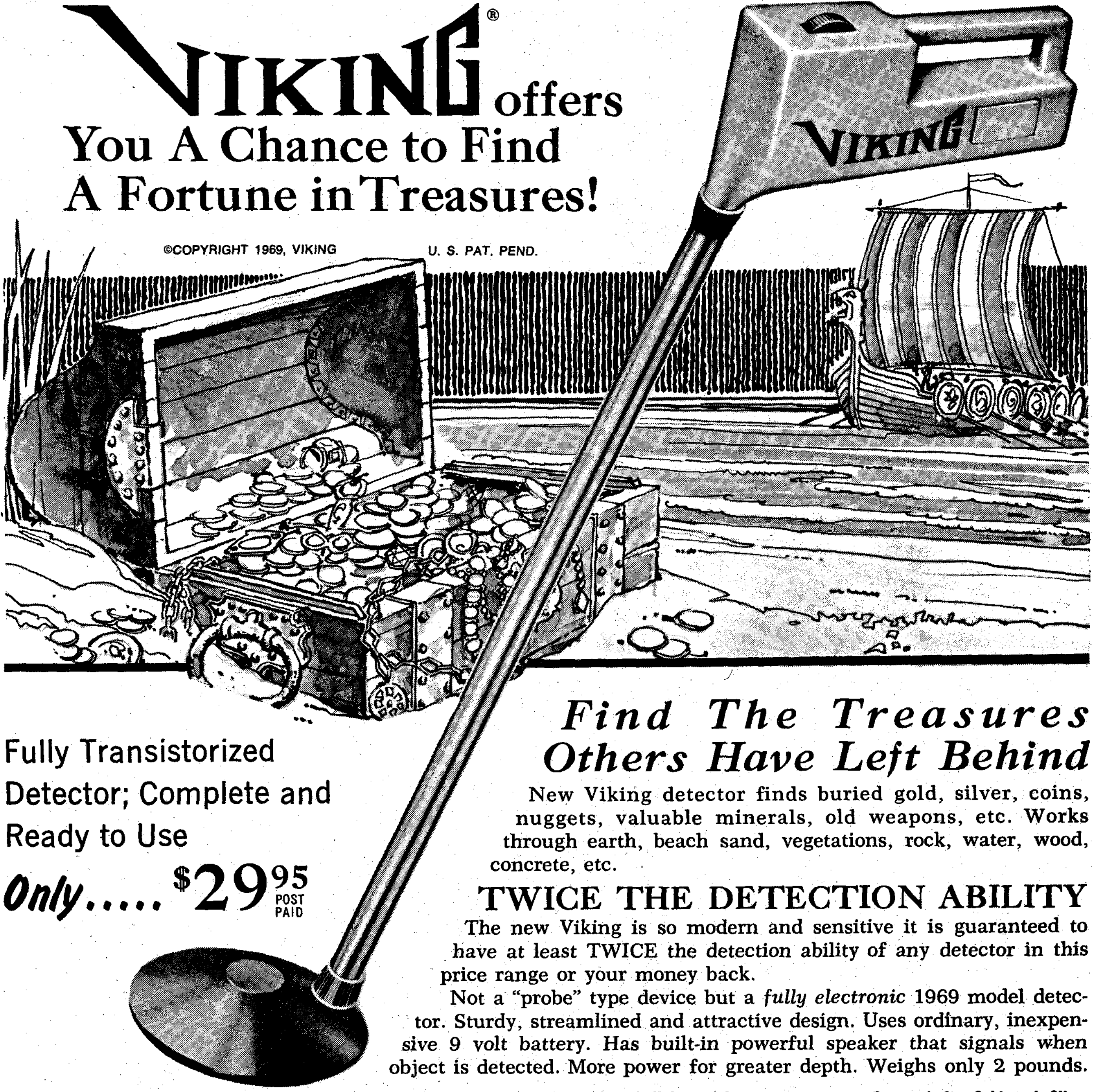
There were lots of stories, most of them tragic but some rather humorous. One bunch of folks were caught out at a nightclub, too bad to get out and no food. They called in to ask if it would hurt them to eat dog food. There seemed to be a supply of it. They were told it would not hurt them. There were ten or eleven deaths from freezing, from accidents and from asphyxiation. Fifty thousand head of cattle froze to death.

I thought I had lived through many bad storms in my time but I've often said that one was the grandaddy of them all. I'm enclosing a snapshot I took about three days later, but by then the snow had melted some and had been shoveled around.—Mrs. Clora Osborne, 600 N. Spurgeon, Altus, Oklahoma 73521

(Continued on page 72)

Amarillo, Texas snowstorm, March 20, 1957.

VIKING® offers You A Chance to Find A Fortune in Treasures!



©COPYRIGHT 1969, VIKING U. S. PAT. PEND.

Fully Transistorized Detector; Complete and Ready to Use

Only..... $29.95 POST PAID

Find The Treasures Others Have Left Behind

New Viking detector finds buried gold, silver, coins, nuggets, valuable minerals, old weapons, etc. Works through earth, beach sand, vegetations, rock, water, wood, concrete, etc.

TWICE THE DETECTION ABILITY

The new Viking is so modern and sensitive it is guaranteed to have at least TWICE the detection ability of any detector in this price range or your money back.

Not a "probe" type device but a *fully electronic* 1969 model detector. Sturdy, streamlined and attractive design. Uses ordinary, inexpensive 9 volt battery. Has built-in powerful speaker that signals when object is detected. More power for greater depth. Weighs only 2 pounds.

Explore Ghost Towns • Scan Beaches and Seashores • Search Unknown Caves • Prospect for Gold and Silver

VIKING DETECTORS Dept. E
POST OFFICE BOX 10880 • HOUSTON, TEXAS 77018

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Use the all-new Viking for 10 full days. If for any reason you are not entirely satisfied, simply return for a refund.

I am enclosing the sum of $________ ☐ check, ☐ cash, ☐ money order.

☐ $29.95 Full payment. Ship postage prepaid.

☐ $2.00 deposit. Ship with balance C.O.D.

NAME________________________________

ADDRESS________________________________

CITY________________STATE________________ZIP________

THREE GENERATIONS OF

By OLEVIA E. MYERS
Photos Courtesy Author

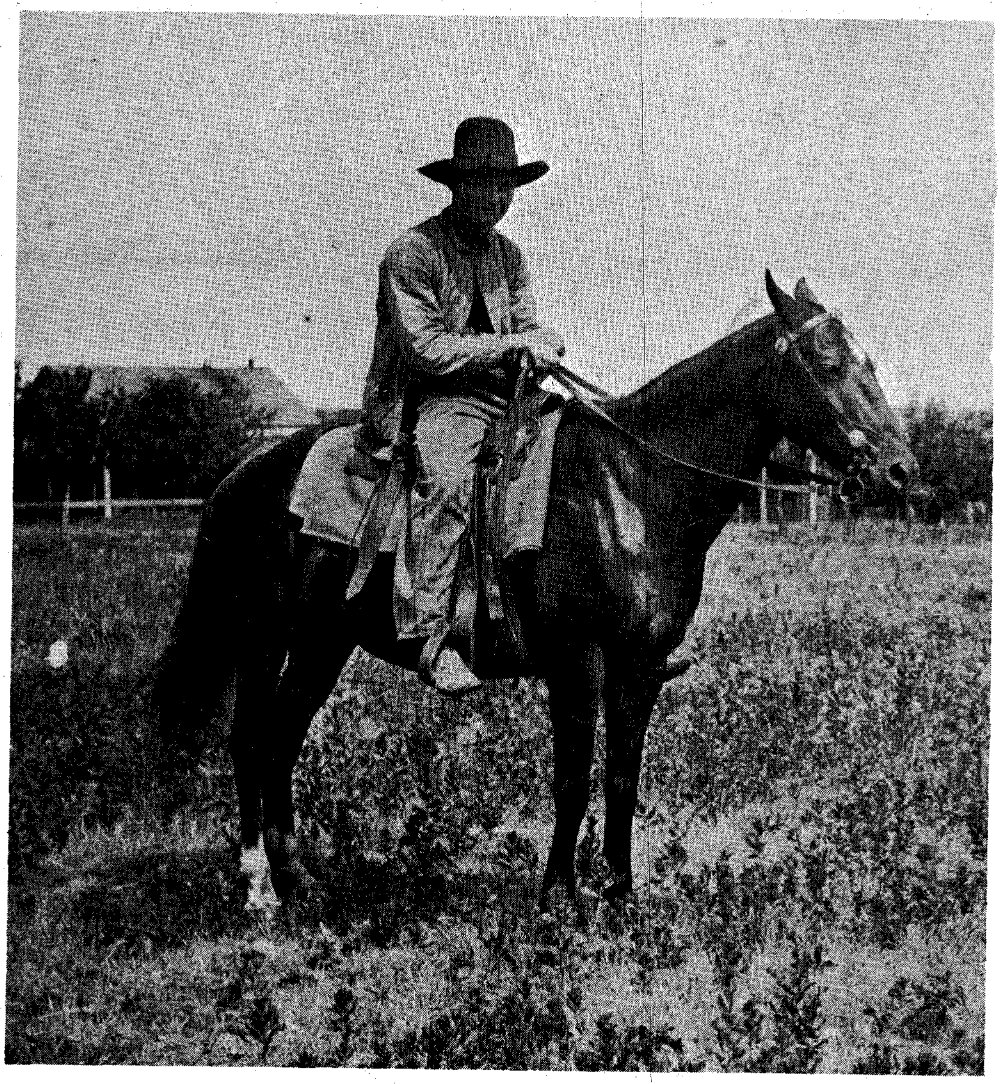
FOR the Roy Johnston family at Yukon, Oklahoma, wearing a lawman's badge is a way of life. Roy's father served under old Fort Smith's Hanging Judge Parker way back in the 1880's. Today there are three Johnston men who are proud and efficient lawmen.

Roy Johnston at ninety is tall and erect, his dark eyes snap, and there is a ready grin on his face as he talks of the three-quarters of a century he has carried his old .44 Special to enforce the law. He is half Cherokee. His mother came up over the dreadful Trail of Tears, the forced march which took so many lives. She, along with a sister, contracted the great white plague, tuberculosis, which eventually cost her life.

In 1887 Roy's parents were living in the strip of land known as No Man's Land in the Panhandle of Indian Territory. "Dad would go out on the prairie and gather up a load of buffalo bones, haul them all the way to Liberal, Kansas, and sell them for seven dollars a load if the wagon was piled high," Roy said. "He'd haul in a load of bones and bring back to the dugout in which we lived, flour, brown sugar, meal, and coffee. I can remember going to Liberal with Dad on several of these trips. We could look far out across the rolling prairies and see buffalo bones bleaching in the hot sun but along toward the last, most of the bones along the trail had disappeared, as so many farmers were coming in and all them, like us, needed cash.

"On our way home, Dad and I would break open the wooden keg of brown sugar and get some of the big sticky lumps to eat as we rode along. Nothing in this world has ever tasted so good to me as those lumps of brown sugar. They took away, almost, the smell of the buffalo wagon.

"We always had a barrel of water fastened to the side of the wagon and we made camp anywhere on the prairie that night overtook us. We just spread our pallets on the grass, lay down and looked at the stars and listened to the lonesome sounds. Little soft breezes would ripple the tall grass, coyotes would sing, and occasionally you'd hear the howl of the big prairie wolf.

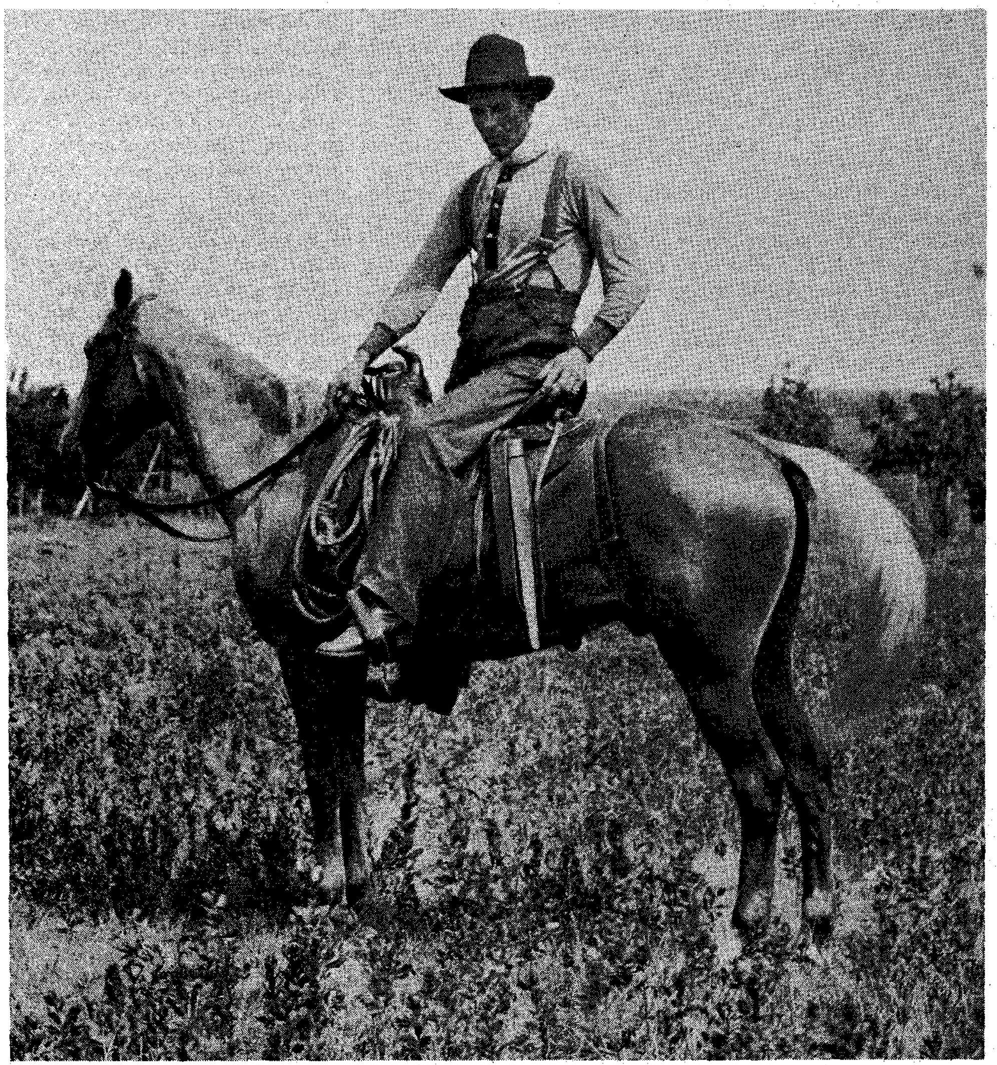


"In the early morning great coveys of quail whirrrrrrred into the clear morning air as our wagon wheels disturbed them, and jackrabbits sped through the grass with only their long ears bobbing up and down, up and down, like pistons as they raced away. There were meadow larks, bob whites, and flowers you just couldn't believe in the springtime. Then in the fall the heavy grey clouds were a beautiful sight with great V-shaped masses of ducks and Canadian geese flying south; the whole sky was filled with the sound of their honking and the soft whirrrr of wings.

"AFTER FOUR YEARS of scraping buffalo bones and half starving in the old dugout, we moved down to Old

A small piece of metal pinned to a man's shirt could endanger his life, work him to a nub, and sometimes create grave misgivings about the human race. What made that badge worth the trouble?

LAWMEN



The photo at left, taken in 1897, shows an unidentified man and deputy sheriff Roy Johnston, right.

Frisco on the North Canadian River. Frisco is gone now. No trace is left of the little village. It stood between here and Oklahoma City. Here we spent four years while Dad tried to farm and carry on the duties of a U. S. Marshal. He rode the thick-wooded North and South Canadian River bottoms, and was considered a square-shooter by both lawmen and outlaws.

"Doc Hendricks had been treating Dad for gravel stones for three years and Dad was just about down. We decided to move into Yukon where I could get work. I found a two-room house we could rent for four dollars a month. I loaded up the household stuff into the old covered wagon, the same one that had hauled the buffalo bones and later brought us to Frisco, and moved the family into town. Cattle, hogs and chickens, as well as dogs, roamed at will around the little house until I could build a fence around it.

"As soon as I got the folks all settled in, I got right to work on my new job. In 1892 Yukon only had two private wells in the whole town, and they were poor. They were used by the folks who owned them to some extent, but so scant was the flow of water that even these two families had to haul water from the town's big well for washing.

"This was the big Spencers well. It stood where City Park is now. Sam Pool, who owned a livery barn in Yukon, had agreed to pay me 50c a day to haul water to supply the town. He furnished the wagon, team, and plenty of big sixty-gallon wooden barrels. I'd get up at four o'clock winter and summer and drive out to Spencers well. I'd fill all the barrels, put the lids on good and tight, and start my rounds. Some folks would order a whole barrel. You had to be real saving with water. Not a drop was wasted.

"I worked for a year hauling water, and Dad's health improved for a while and he made some money acting as deputy sheriff so we managed to take care of the family all right. There were two kids besides me, and Dad and Mother and I liked to think we got along as well as most folks on what we made.

"When we moved into Yukon, I was in the fourth grade and my parents kept worrying about getting more education. When Dad got to feeling better he said he'd try the water haul for a bit while I got some more schooling. Well it lasted just two days. I was a big old kid—fifteen—and half a head taller than the boys who were my age and some even older. Of course my schoolmates had to take on 'the new kid' the first thing, just like they do even now, I guess; and they were just looking for something—anything—to start an argument over. When I opened my dinner bucket they found it.

"All kids carried a lard pail with holes punched in the lid for ventilation, and most of those lard pails contained much the same food—sorghum molasses with a chunk of butter stirred in, a biscuit with a slab of salt meat, and some gingerbread or sugar cookies. Well, I had that but, in addition, I had a teacupful of butter beans. One of the boys who was eating near me noticed those butter beans, and the hazing started. It got louder and rougher and more abusive by the minute. There was snow on the ground, and someone threw a snowball at me. I threw one back. The next ones were squeezed tighter and harder, and stung more; and pretty soon someone put a small rock inside one and took me up side the head.

"I was mad by then and I was holding Frank Kerr, the preacher's kid, on the ground slugging it out when George Hayden, another big fellow, called out to me 'Watch it, Roy!'

"I glanced up just in time to see a stick of stove wood coming my way. I've forgotten the name of the boy who threw it as his family moved away pretty soon after that, but I was good and mad. That kid and I really went to 'fist city.' We were pretty equally matched and I'll never know who would have won, for about that time the teacher, a young woman named Miss Dora Hall, appeared in the schoolroom door and commanded us to 'Stop that fighting this instant!'

"Even then, we were so mad that we'd have kept on until one of us got licked good and proper, if the other boys hadn't grabbed hold and torn us apart. The boy I was fighting was two years older than I, and had certainly asked for trouble by throwing that stick of wood at me, but because I was the biggest the teacher laid it all onto me.

"Telling me to go forward to the platform, she made fun of me before the whole class by telling them to look at a great big overgrown boy who'd jump on a smaller boy. I took that for about two seconds and saw red again. I looked over to where my sister, Nana, sat and I told her to bring my books home when she came, that I was going home.

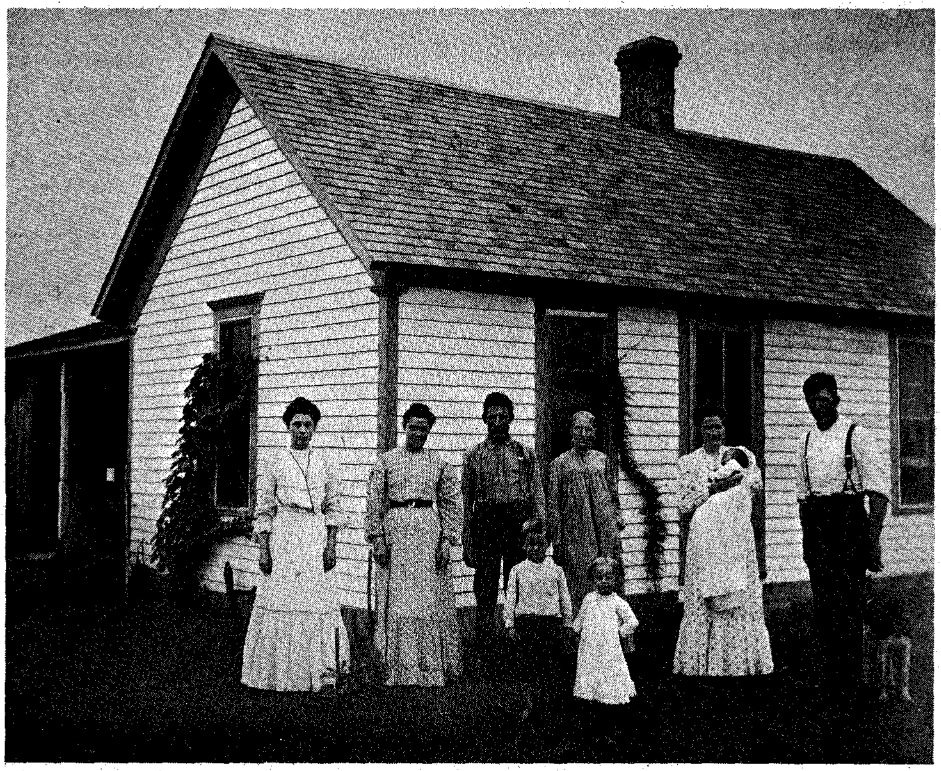
"Miss Dora said, 'Oh, no, you aren't going home!'

"Well, I started and she called out to the boys not to let me out the door as she was going to punish me. They tried to stop me but I did go home—quite a lot worse for wear, I admit, but I went. That was my schooling. Pa was not really able to do that water hauling anyway, so I guess it was just as well.

"THE FOLLOWING year, 1893, I got a job shocking wheat for a Bohemian farmer named Frank Bacervick. The Bacervick farm was northwest of Yukon about three miles, and I carried my lunch and walked the six miles a day and put in twelve hours' work. For this I got a whole dollar a day, so you see I had doubled my wages. I was coming up in the world!

"Back then, farmers got the wheat in the shock, and then the big day would come when the threshing machine pulled into the fields to finish up. The thresher was one of the old horse-power machines, and believe it or not I went to work as a bandcutter, kid though I was. It's a pretty responsible job. You stand up there on a little platform, and beneath you the working gears of the old machine whirl in deadly danger. One slip of the foot, one misstep, and you could go into the working gears a living man or boy, and come out chewed up like hamburger. Or one slip of your knife and you could cut off the fingers of the feeder. Slowly and carefully I was taught just how to reach in with that bandcutter's knife, which was kept whetted to razor sharpness, and slash the twist of wheat that held the bundle together. The feeder's hands were within inches of the deadly knife, and cutter and feeder had to develop a rhythm like clockwork.

Left to right: Alice Preston, Grandmother and Grandfather Renfro, Aunt Jane McAlhanan, Lucy Johnston holding one-month-old Alva, and Roy Johnston in front of the Johnston family's house. Standing in the foreground are little Ralph and Hazel Johnston.



"When night came I had trouble getting to sleep. Tired as I was, I could not relax; I could still feel the strong vibrations of the horse-drawn power, and my legs trembled at the long hours of strain put upon them by standing in the same position for twelve hours at a stretch. But I kept the job.

"The next year when it was threshing time the owner of the rig, a man named Salisbury, needed a feeder. 'Roy, your arms are good and long, and I think you'd make a good feeder. You're good at bandcutting so you should be good at dodging the bandcutter's knife,' he quipped. I fed the thresher for a season and I got $2 a day for this job.

"I'm a pretty good-sized fellow and at sixteen was as large as I am now. Tom Cox, owner of the biggest meat market in Yukon (there was only one more), offered me a job in his market, and I took it. I stayed with Tom Cox for twelve years. John Hackett was the sheriff, and I knew him well. He was a fine man and a good officer. He had a sense of humor and often laughed at himself for letting a prisoner get away, or some such thing; so we all kidded the sheriff a lot. I guess this really started me out as a lawman. Dad had carried a badge for years, and I was proud of his record as a square-shooter with both sides, and had thought some about becoming a marshal, but you know how boys are. My uncle, Dad's brother Jim, was also a deputy sheriff and he and Dad worked closely with Sheriff Hackett.

"WELL, there was this half-breed called 'Sure Thing Jimmy.' He was mean as a lobo wolf when drinking, which was whenever he could get enough firewater to get drunk on. He'd got liquored up and gone out to his in-law's place where his wife was, and had shot up the house good and proper. The darn little house was just full of holes; even the windows were shot out, and glass windows were much prized in the 1890s' I can tell you.

"Someone had come in and told Sheriff Hackett about the ruckus Sure Thing Jimmy was raising and Hackett rode out to arrest him. He found Jimmy seated on the front porch with a double-barreled shotgun on his lap, and when he approached the yard gate Jimmy said for Hackett to just come one step inside the gate and he'd get both barrels. Wise man that he was, the sheriff backed off from that buckshot charge and returned to town for reinforcements—namely my dad and Uncle Jim.

"Here's where I kidded the sheriff at the wrong time. He'd come to the meat market to see if I knew where Dad was, and I started joking him about being afraid of one crazy drunk half-breed kid. Sure Thing Jimmy was married, but was only about nineteen.

“I guess Hackett was stung at being forced to walk away from Jimmy's house for he was an absolutely fearless lawman but one who had the good sense not to invite certain and sudden death. As for me, I did *not* have sense enough that day to see the sheriff had business on his mind, and that it was no time for kidding around. I just kept needling him and pretty soon he turned on me and, with a glint of steel and disgust in his eyes, said, ‘All right, boy, you're so brave I'm going to make you a deputy sheriff to go bring in Sure Thing Jimmy.’

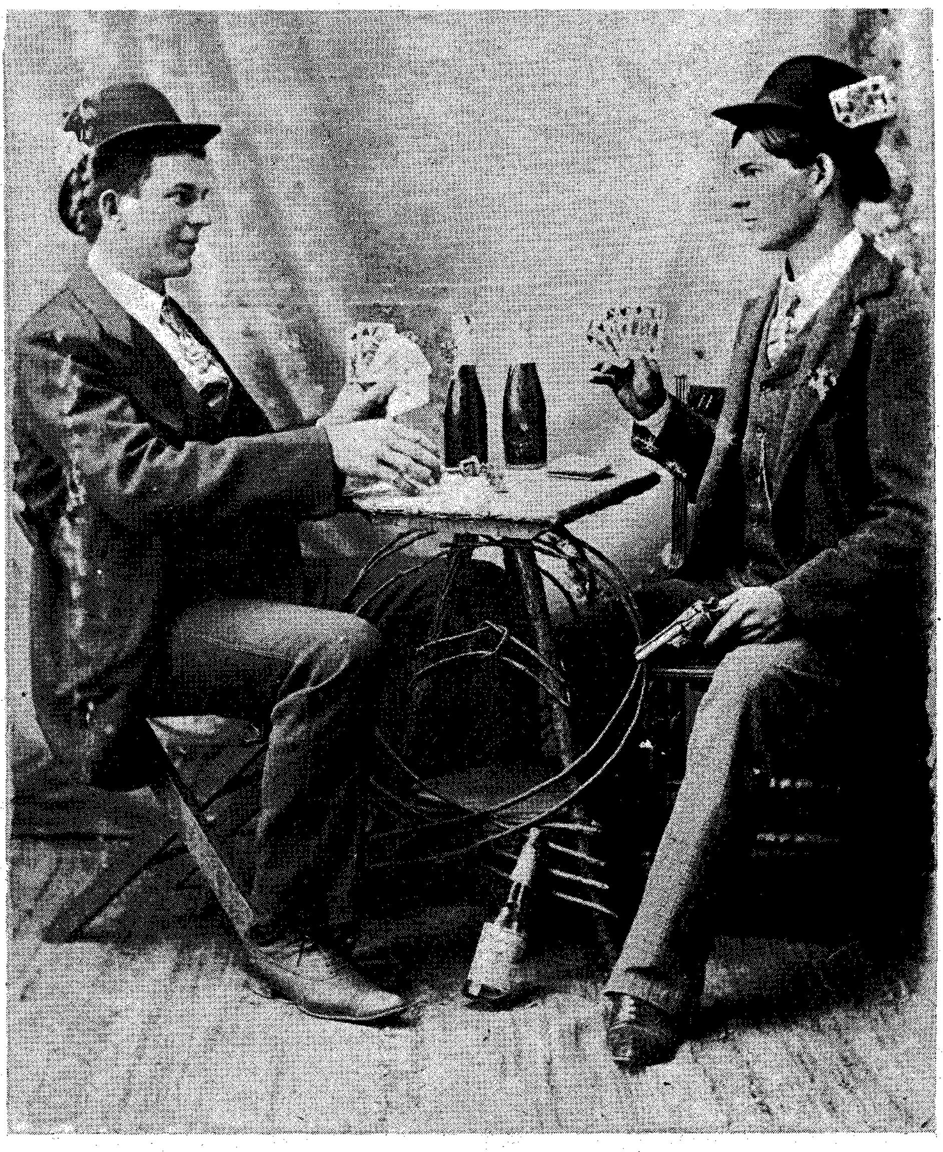
“Boy, was I in a pickle. I know my face turned brick red, then pale. ‘You can't send a man out without a written commission,’ I answered. I was darn glad for the excuse, too, for I didn't want to face a double-barreled shotgun either. But my big mouth had got me in trouble.

“‘I don't need a written commission,’ Sheriff Hackett snapped. ‘Mr. Cox here is witness that you are a deputy. Now put your nerve where your mouth is and get going.’

“Man, was I scared; but to show fear or to back down spelled finish to any man, and I had to go through with it. I had my gun under the counter, and I borrowed Mr. Cox's buggy and horse and got on my way, shaking in my boots but mad clear through. I had let myself in for something I was not ready for, but it sure taught me one thing—to never run off at the mouth if I couldn't back it up. I knew Jimmy well, had known him a long time, and we'd been sort of friendly like young fellows will. Now I had to arrest him or be laughed out of town.

“When I got near the house where Jimmy was, I got out of the buggy and tied the horse in the shade of a big tree, and cut across the pasture to the house. I wanted to walk up like I'd been out hunting or something. I waded horse weeds as high as my head, higher even, and got the darn things down my shirt collar—and do they ever set you to itching and burning!

“Jimmy was gone. The in-laws said he'd gone toward the North Canadian River bottom. I went back to the buggy and drove to the river. I found the tracks all right where Jimmy had waded the deep sand, and as it was summer and the river was narrow, I could see easily across the stream. There on the opposite bank, the wet imprint of his wading ashore was plain as could be.



Young Roy Johnston, right, celebrates his appointment as a deputy marshal with his cousin Walter Johnston. Together they borrowed a surrey and, dressed in their Sunday best, drove to Oklahoma City to have the photo made.

“I TIED UP the buggy pony once again and then I, too, waded the North Canadian following my man's trail. I felt pretty sure he was just hiding out for a bit, waiting to see what Sheriff Hackett would do, for he surely knew Hackett wouldn't let up. But he never thought of me following him.

“I got across the river and was beating it down a little trail between the horseweeds when I met an old, almost deaf man named Pete Rayston, who was leading his mule down to the river to water him. We talked for a moment, and I asked him if he had seen Jimmy. I had to talk so darn loud that I knew if Jimmy was in the bottoms anywhere near he'd hear us, so I told Mr. Rayston, when he answered that he had seen no one, that I was just wanting to talk to Jimmy but I was going back to town as it was too hot. This was, of course, to throw *Jimmy off, for I had no intentions of* going back to town.

“I went on a little way farther and came to an old deserted house which I felt sure Jimmy was making for by the way his trail led. I sat a long time watching the old house, and I guess trying to get up my nerve to go in. I could just imagine that old double-barreled shotgun poking out the doorless opening at me as I approached, but after calling out to Jimmy I wanted to talk to him, I went on in when there was no answer.

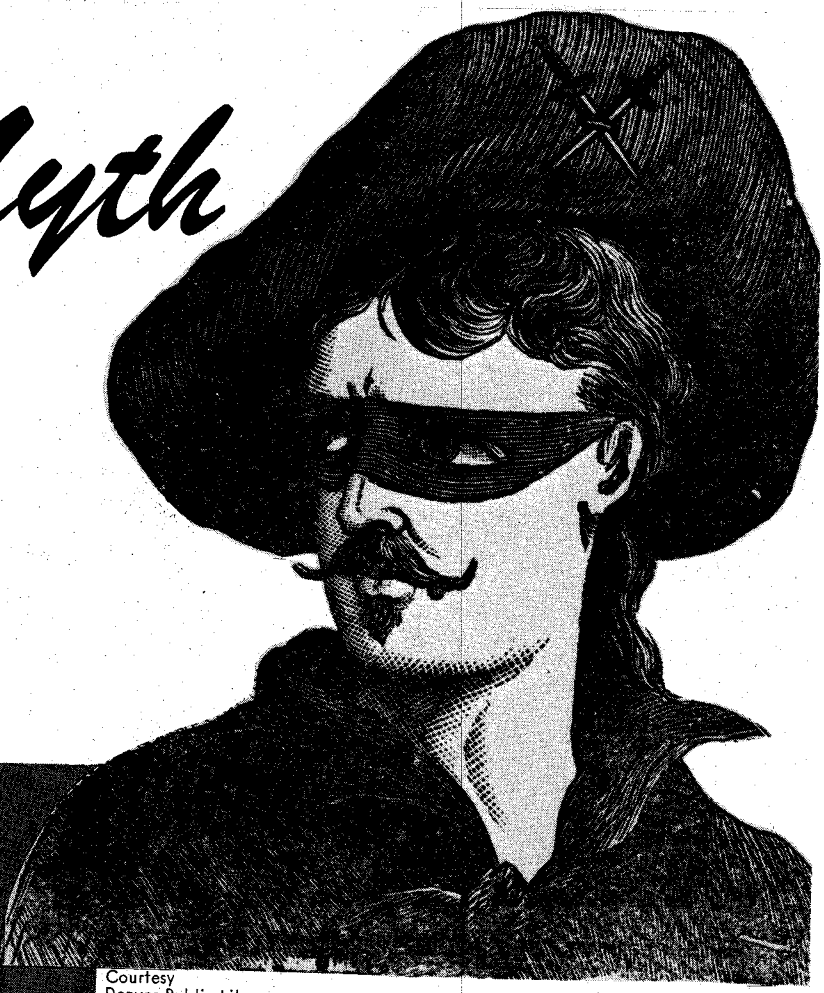
“I found where he'd gone through the old house and out the back door, and the high horseweeds showed plainly that he had headed right back toward the North Canadian. I headed back, too. I'd gone only a short way when I saw the old man Rayston and his mule stopped by the side of the trail. He was talking in a loud voice, telling Jimmy that Roy Johnston had been looking for him but had gone back to town. I couldn't hear Jimmy's answer, but the old man started on down the trail and I faded into the horseweeds. How I hate the smelly, scratchy things to this day.

“I took a short cut and got back on the little path which had been made by cows and horses going to the river to drink. I waited for Jimmy to come along. Just as he passed me I stood up and had a bead on him when I called out, ‘You're under arrest, Jimmy.’ He made a quick motion toward his gun but I warned him, ‘Draw it and you're dead!’

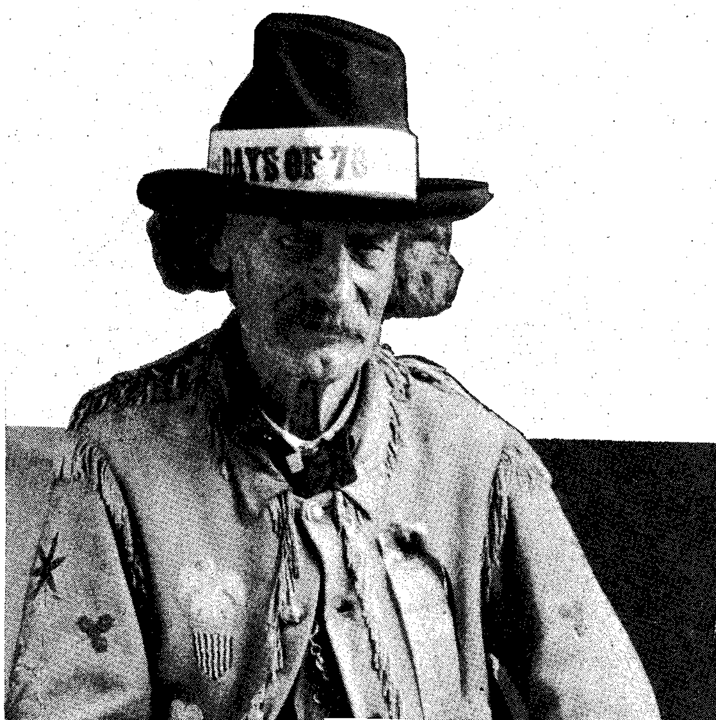
“He came along peacefully then and when we got to the buggy I handcuffed him as I could not drive and watch him close enough. He called me a lot of names, and I told him I was a duly appointed officer of the law and just doing my job. I will never forget how the sheriff

(Continued on page 41)

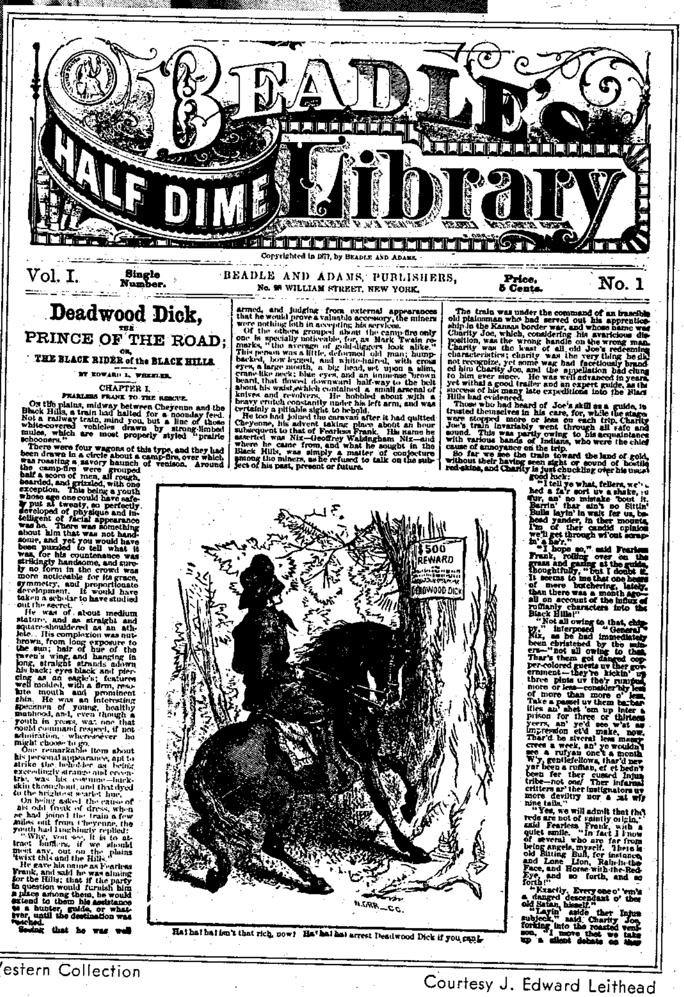
The Myth



Courtesy
Denver Public Library
Western Collection



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection


$500
REWARD
DEADWOOD DICK
H. ORR—CO.

BEADLE'S HALF DIME Library

Copyrighted in 1877, by BEADLE AND ADAMS.

Vol. I. | Single Number. | BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, No. 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK. | Price, 5 Cents. | No. 1

Deadwood Dick,
THE
PRINCE OF THE ROAD;
OR,
THE BLACK RIDER of the BLACK HILLS.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

CHAPTER I.
FEARLESS FRANK TO THE RESCUE.

On the plains, midway between Cheyenne and the Black Hills, a train had halted for a noonday feed. Not a railway train, mind you, but a line of those white-covered vehicles drawn by strong-limbed mules, which are most properly styled "prairie schooners."

There were four wagons of this type, and they had been drawn in a circle about a camp-fire, over which was roasting a savory haunch of venison. Around the camp-fire were grouped half a score of men, all rough, bearded, and grizzled, with one exception. This being a youth whose age one could have safely put at twenty, so perfectly developed of physique and intelligent of facial appearance was he. There was something about him that was not handsome, and yet you would have been puzzled to tell what it was, for his countenance was strikingly handsome, and surely no form in the crowd was more noticeable for its grace, symmetry, and proportionate development. It would have taken a scholar to have studied out the secret.

He was of about medium stature, and as straight and square-shouldered as an athlete. His complexion was nut-brown, from long exposure to the sun; hair of hue of the raven's wing, and hanging in long, straight strands down his back; eyes black and piercing as an eagle's; features well molded, with a firm, resolute mouth and prominent chin. He was an interesting specimen of young, healthy manhood, and, even though a youth in years, was one that could command respect, if not admiration, wheresoever he might choose to go.

One remarkable item about his personal appearance, apt to strike the beholder as being exceedingly strange and eccentric, was his costume—buckskin throughout, and that dyed to the brightest scarlet hue.

On being asked the cause of his odd freak of dress, when he had joined the train a few miles out from Cheyenne, the youth had laughingly replied:

"Why, you see, it is to attract buffers, if we should meet any, out on the plains 'twixt this and the Hills."

He gave his name as Fearless Frank, and said he was aiming for the Hills; that if the party in question would furnish him a place among them, he would extend to them his assistance as a hunter, guide, or whatever, until the destination was reached.

Seeing that he was well armed, and judging from external appearances that he would prove a valuable accessory, the miners were nothing loth in accepting his services.

Of the others grouped about the camp-fire only one is specially noticeable, for, as Mark Twain remarks, "the average of gold-diggers look alike." This person was a little, deformed old man; humpbacked, bow-legged, and white-haired, with cross eyes, a large mouth, a big head, set upon a slim, crane-like neck; blue eyes, and an immense brown beard, that flowed downward half-way to the belt about his waist, which contained a small arsenal of knives and revolvers. He hobbled about with a heavy crutch constantly under his left arm, and was certainly a pitiable sight to behold.

He too had joined the caravan after it had quitted Cheyenne, his advent taking place about an hour subsequent to that of Fearless Frank. His name he asserted was Nix—Geoffrey Waldingham Nix—and where he came from, and what he sought in the Black Hills, was simply a matter of conjecture among the miners, as he refused to talk on the subject of his past, present or future.

The train was under the command of an irascible old plainsman who had served out his apprenticeship in the Kansas border war, and whose name was Charity Joe, which, considering his avaricious disposition, was the wrong handle on the wrong man. Charity was the least of all old Joe's redeeming characteristics; charity was the very thing he did not recognize, yet some wag had facetiously branded him Charity Joe, and the appellation had clung to him ever since. He was well advanced in years, yet withal a good trailer and an expert guide, as the success of his many late expeditions into the Black Hills had evidenced.

Those who had heard of Joe's skill as a guide, intrusted themselves in his care, for, while the stages were stopped more or less on each trip, Charity Joe's train invariably went through all safe and sound. This was partly owing to his acquaintance with various bands of Indians, who were the chief cause of annoyance on the trip.

So far we see the train toward the land of gold, without their having seen sight or sound of hostile red-skins, and Charity is just chuckling over his usual good luck:

"I tell ye what, fellers, we've hed a fa'r sort uv a shake, so fur, an' no mistake 'bout it. Barrin' thar ain't no Sittin' Bulls layin' in wait fer us, behead yander, in ther mounts, I'm of ther candid opinion we'll get through wi'out scrapin' a ha'r."

"I hope so," said Fearless Frank, rolling over on the grass and gazing at the guide, thoughtfully, "but I doubt it. It seems to me that one hears of more butchering, lately, than there was a month ago—all on account of the influx of ruffianly characters into the Black Hills!"

"Not all owing to that, chippy," interposed "General" Nix, as he had immediately been christened by the miners—"not all owing to that. Thar's them gol danged copper-colored guests uv ther government—they're kickin' up three pints uv the'r rumpus, more or less—considerbly less of more than more o' less. Take a passel uv them barbarities an' shet 'em up inter a prison for three or thirteen yeers, an' ye'd see w'at an impression et'd make, now. Thar'd be sev'ral less massycrees a week, an' ye wouldn't see a rufyan one't a month. W'y, gentlefellows, thar'd never yar been a ruffian, ef et hedn't been fer ther cussed Injun tribe—not one! Ther infernal critters ar' ther instigators uv more deviltry nor a cat wi' nine tails."

"Yes, we will admit that the reds are not of saintly origin," said Fearless Frank, with a quiet smile. "In fact I know of several who are far from being angels, myself. There is old Sitting Bull, for instance, and Lone Lion, Rain-in-the-Face, and Horse-with-the-Red-Eye, and so forth, and so forth!"

"Exactly. Every one o' 'em's a danged descendant o' ther old Satan, hisself."

"Layin' aside ther Injun subjeck," said Charity Joe, forking into the roasted venison, "I move that we take up a silent debate on ther

Ha! ha! ha! isn't that rich, now? Ha! ha! ha! arrest Deadwood Dick if you can!

Courtesy J. Edward Leithead

BACK IN THE horse-and-buggy days the boy who found time to sit in the shade of the barn and read had no hero more thrilling than Deadwood Dick. Whether Dick was fighting Indians or holding up a stagecoach, he was a man to be admired. His character as a frontier desperado was softened by his return of watches to the boys and to women victims their purses with a bit of change. Unlike the obviously exaggerated tales of Paul Bunyan, those about Deadwood Dick were plausible enough to be believed by many readers.

In the case of most legendary figures, such as Robin Hood, it is impossible to learn much about the original person who gave rise to the stories or to trace precisely the steps by which reality became encrusted with fiction. In the instance of Deadwood Dick, however, a curtain can be opened to reveal the origin of the myth and some—though not all—of the stages in its evolution.

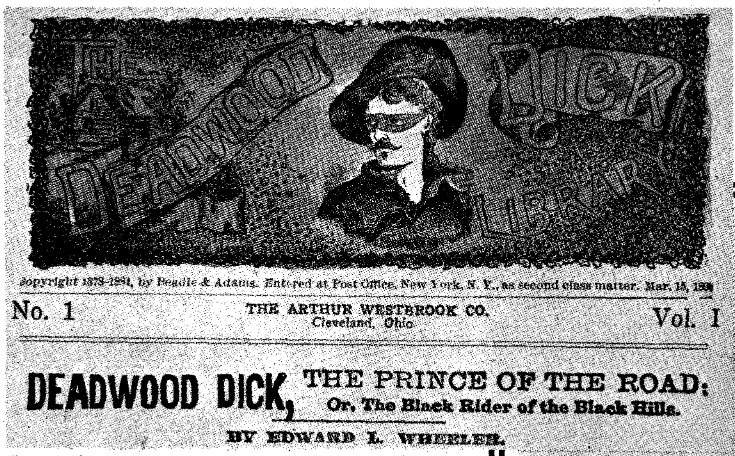
While most folk heroes probably had their origins in real persons, Deadwood Dick sprang into life full-blown as a purely fictional character. Only later did flesh-and-blood men claim to have been

Left, the cover of the original *Beadle's Half Dime Library* which introduced Wheeler's fictional character. The masked rider in the drawing reads the $500 reward poster and exclaims, "Ha! ha! ha! isn't that rich, now? Ha! ha! arrest Deadwood Dick if you can!" At far left is Richard Clarke as he looked when he paraded in the 1924 Deadwood Chamber of Commerce's "Days of '76."

# of Deadwood Dick

Six men vied for the honor of being the "hero" who never existed!

By WAYNE GARD


Copyright 1878-1884, by Beadle & Adams. Entered at Post Office, New York, N. Y., as second class matter. Mar. 15, 189

No. 1 THE ARTHUR WESTBROOK CO. Vol. I
Cleveland, Ohio

DEADWOOD DICK, THE PRINCE OF THE ROAD;
Or, The Black Rider of the Black Hills.
BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

From Ralph F. Cunningham Collection

the person on whose experiences the fictional tales were based.

Thanks mainly to that scholarly work, *The House of Beadle and Adams,* by Albert Johannsen, published in 1950, we know that Deadwood Dick was created in late 1877. He was the chief character in the opening number of the Beadle and Adams Half-Dime Library.

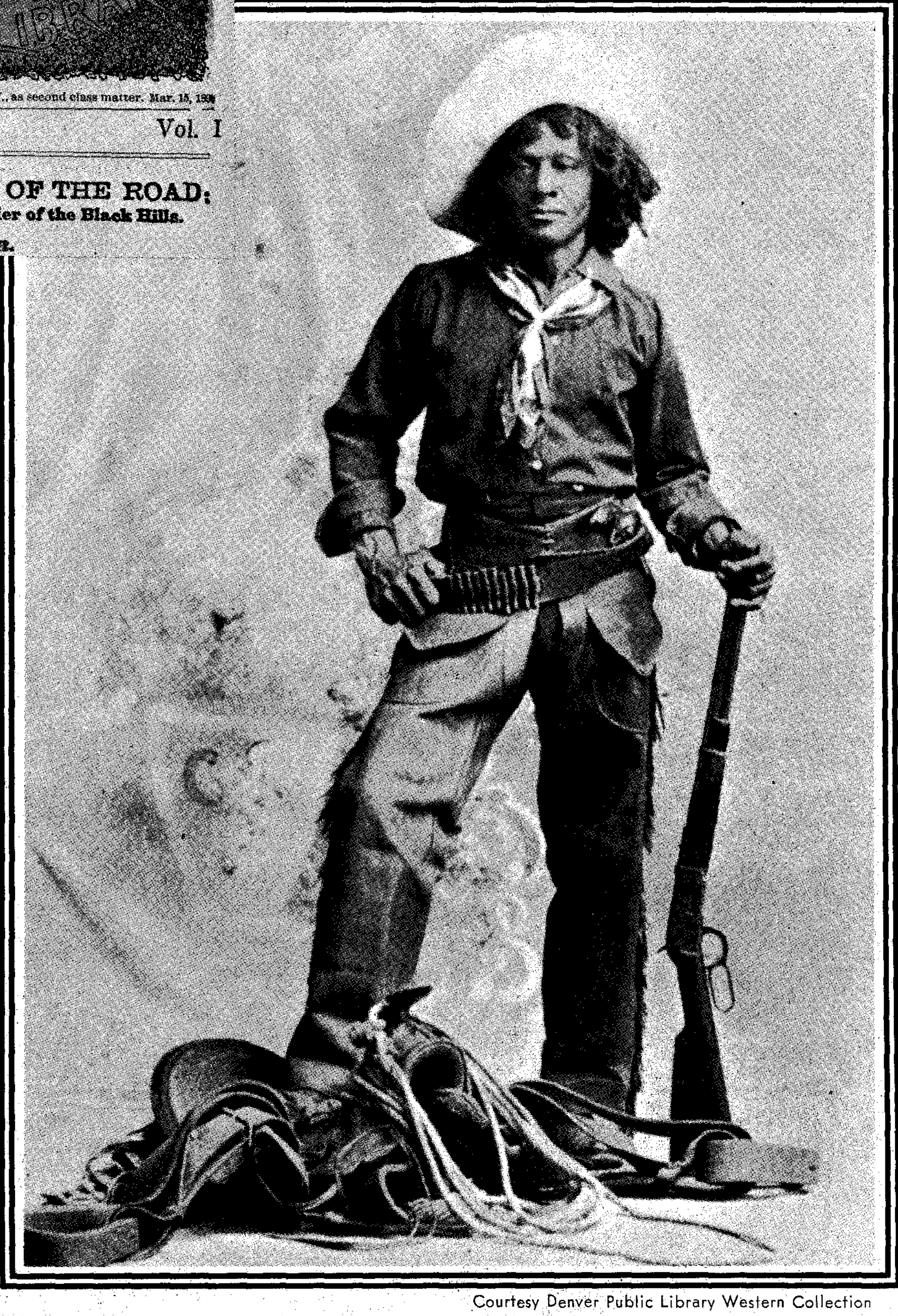
The author of this short paperback novel and its sequels was Edward Lytton Wheeler of Philadelphia, who had written some fiction for periodicals and for other pocket libraries. Wheeler, who dressed conventionally and wore a Stetson hat, had been born in Avoca, New York, in 1854 or 1855. His family had moved to Titusville, Pennsylvania, in the early 1870s and to Philadelphia in 1875. Doing fairly well as a writer, Wheeler married a West Philadelphia girl in 1878.

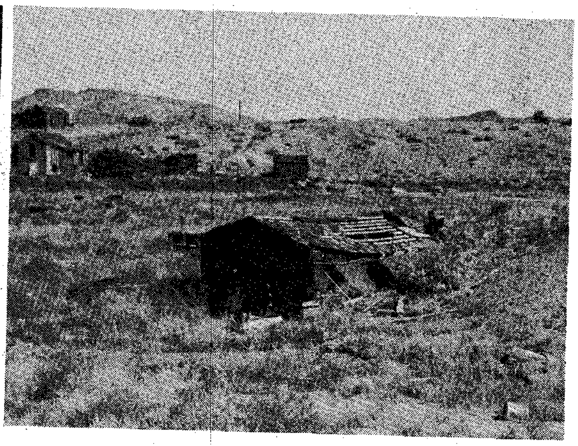
When the first of the thirty-three Deadwood Dick novels appeared, dated October 15, 1877, the mushroom mining town of Deadwood, in the Black Hills of Dakota Territory, had been in existence only a year and a half, following the discovery of gold in its gulch. The town had had much publicity. Wild Bill Hickok had been killed there, Kitty LeRoy was dancing at the Gem Theater, Calamity Jane was making a name for herself, and Sam Bass and other brigands were robbing stagecoaches.

Without having been in the West, Wheeler made some errors in the geography of Deadwood and the Black Hills, but his settings were accurate enough to be convincing to most readers. He wrote with considerable skill, making use of

(Continued on page 48)

Left, heading from the 32 page pocket size edition of the ***Deadwood Dick Library,*** **Volume 1, Number 1, March 15, 1899, shown here at three-fourths of original size. Below, Nat Love in his "fighting clothes." Nat wrote what he claimed was his life's story in a 1907 book entitled,** ***The Life and Adventures of Nat Love, Better Known in the Cattle Country as "Deadwood Dick."***

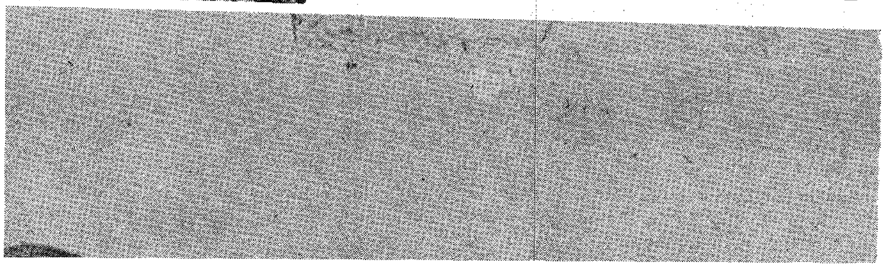

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

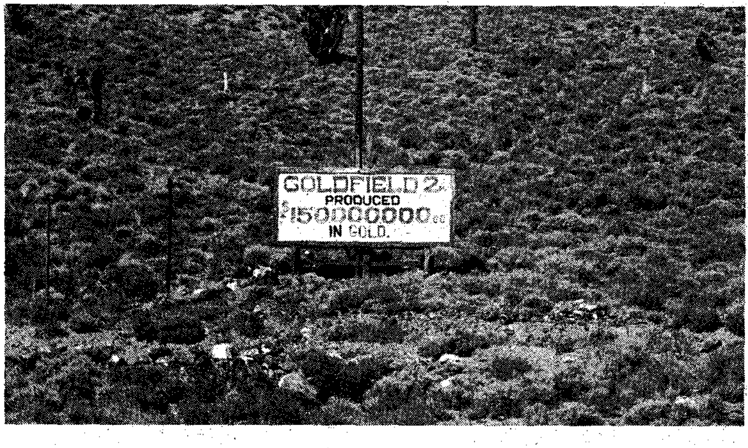


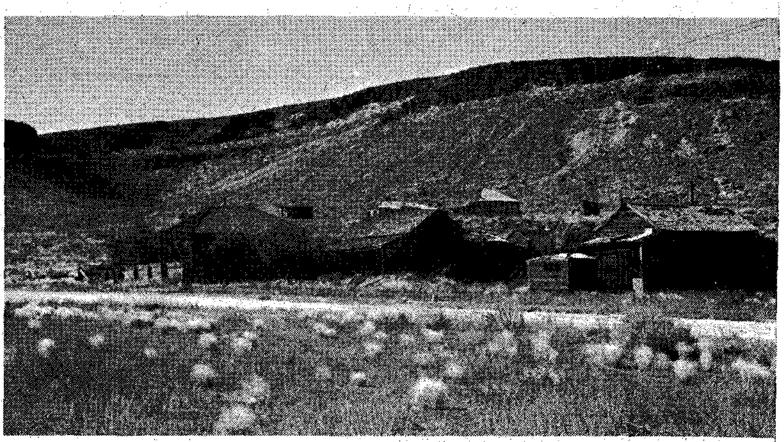
By TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

NOISY,







Even now the shell of it makes you wish you could have been around earlier—to light Tex Rickard's cigar and tip the kid who'd run in with the news that your stock in some mine had suddenly doubled...

SINFUL GOLDFIELD

YOU CAN'T write about—or talk about—a ghost town until you've listened to it. Sometimes only the rusty complaint of a weather-bleached sign, stirred for a moment by the wind, will send a tiny fragment of some long dead civilization spinning across the years to enrich the musings of a seasoned ghost town listener. So it was with Goldfield and me.

Today Goldfield, Nevada is only a pale and sullen reflection of the tawdry, turbulent town that produced $150 million in gold sixty years ago. I state this with authority because I've wandered the old camp's scarred ridges and wind-stripped mesas while we pondered its incredible past together.

Life in the high plateau country of west-central Nevada varied between blight and boom during the latter part of the nineteenth century. The gold rush of the 50s had pinched out by 1880, and for twenty years the mines slowly died, one by one, and at least half of the population abandoned their homes to the elements, But boom times weren't dead—they were only away—and they would return to make Goldfield the most productive and exciting camp of our Southwest's history.

The curve turned up sharply in 1902 when Harry Stimler and Billy Marsh made a strike so rich that the ore was assessed as jewelry rock, bringing as much as $100 a pound. By 1904 the boom had spread south to Rhyolite and north to Tonopah, with Goldfield the hub of a frenzied prosperity that would endure for ten roaring years.

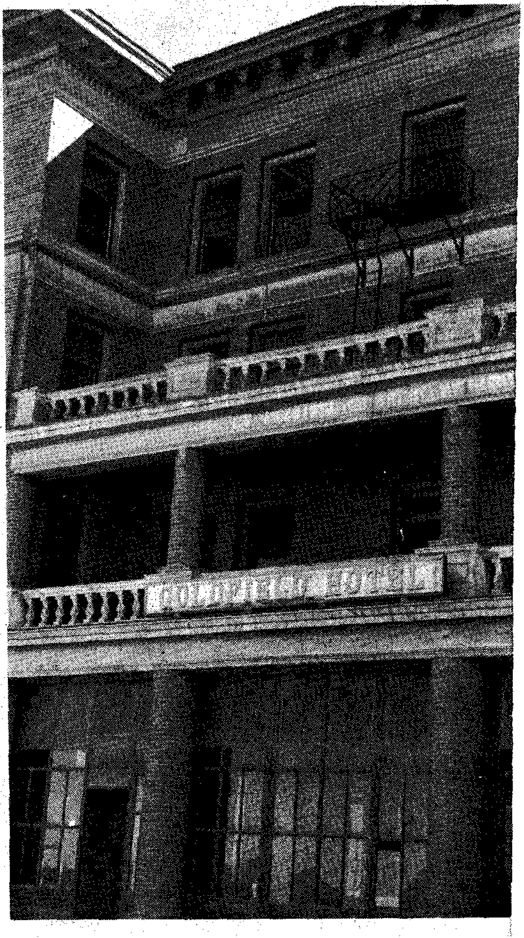
The real "seam bustin'" era became evident in 1906 when three banks moved into Goldfield, including the Nye & Ormsby Counties System which also opened branches in the nearby towns of Tonopah, Wonder and Manhattan. Surveyors appeared on the scene, followed closely by right-of-way agents, and soon Goldfield and its smaller satellite camps were laced together by steel rails of the Las Vegas & Tonopah, Denver & Rio Grande, and Tonopah-Goldfield-Bullfrog Railroads.

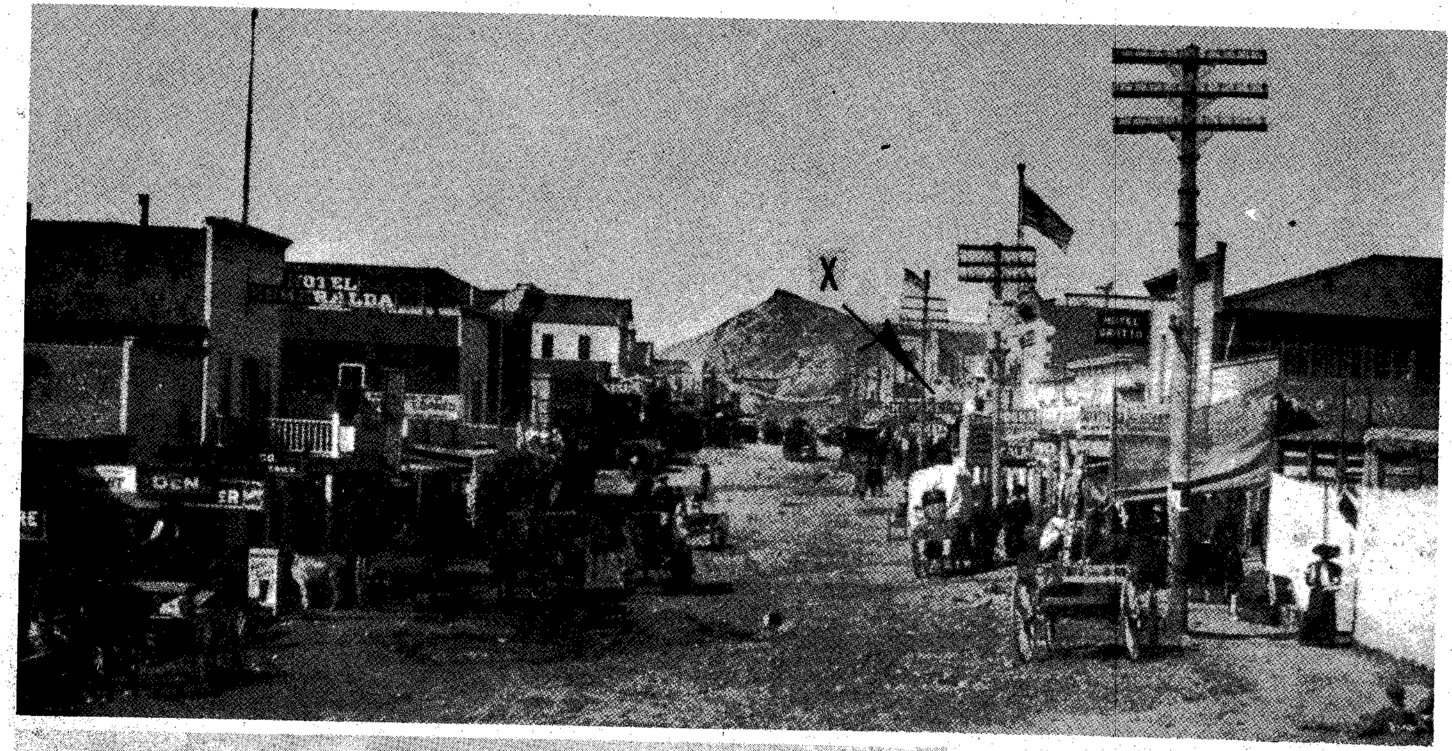
With the advent of transportation Goldfield's population exploded. The miners returned to reopen their homes, followed by prospectors and highgraders, gamblers and touts. A tenderloin, unmatched before or since, spread along Main Street, a maze of gambling houses, dancehalls and accommodations for several thousand girls. The Goldfield Hotel was erected on a full quarter of a city block at Third and Columbia Streets—a three-story brick edifice with all the gilt-edged glamor of the day.

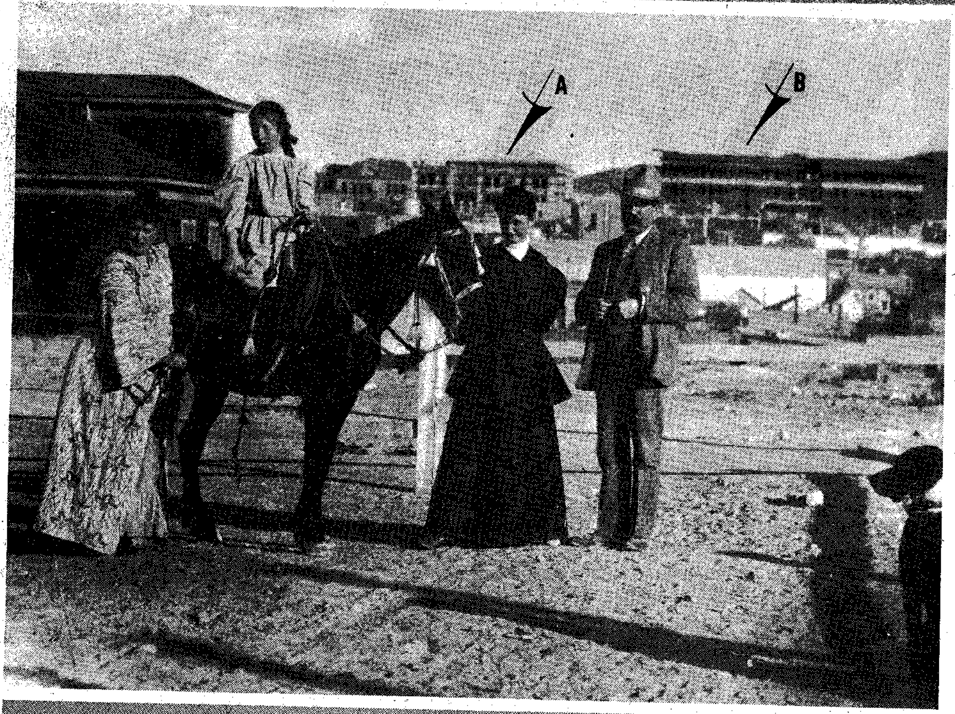
By the summer of 1906 the town had a population of 30,000, a stock exchange had opened with quotations listed daily by direct wire from the New York Exchange, and city lots were selling for as much as $45,000.

In addition to the Goldfield, the Esmeralda and Grotto Hotels on Main Street were favorites among visiting mining men and drummers. Jake's Dancehall, the Hermitage and Palace gambling houses, together with many less famous pleasure palaces, were open twenty-four hours a day, every day of the week, to serve the constantly increasing multitude. All of the casinos, dancehalls and saloons had their walls covered with blackboards where clerks moved along

Columbia Street entrance to the vacant Goldfield Hotel. Most of the rooms in the old hotel are still furnished although the roof has begun to leak.







Above, Goldfield's main street, 1907. The arrow points to "The Northern," Tex Rickard's saloon and gambling house. At left, Ida Marshall Miller, age 10, on horse, two unidentified women and gunfighter Jack Davis. In the background, arrow A points to the courthouse and arrow B, the Goldfield hotel, 1905.

Bottom left, the old Rickard home. Below, Ida stands in the snow, 1906. Arrow 1 shows the hotel and arrow 2 points out Jake's Dance Hall where the Gans-Nelson fight took place.

on raised scaffolds, chalking up stock quotations as they were brought by runners from the Exchange. These boards were closed at 10 P.M. and scaffolds made available as sleeping quarters for drifters until morning.

It seemed that Goldfield was affording the ultimate in convenience and splendor by the fall of 1906. Surely nothing could be added to the business availabilities, nor to 'round-the-clock' entertainment. Local theatres even presented such celebrities as Nat Goodwin and Edna Goodrich—but then Tex Rickard arrived on

Goldfield Stock Exchange, 1906. The only man identified is John Marshall (see arrow).

the scene, and the town learned that it "hadn't seen nothin' yet."

TEX was fresh from other mining camps of the West where he had divided his time between dealing faro and promoting prizefights—financial straits and opportunity dictating which. And he came to Goldfield with a dream that would astound even the fast-buck, "try anything once" gamblers of Nevada.

His first move was to open the Northern Saloon where he put twenty-four bartenders on duty and installed the customary stock exchange blackboards. Then he dropped his bomb squarely in the laps of the town's businessmen—he suggested that Goldfield should host a world championship prizefight!

The response was immediate, explosive, and something less than cooperative. Tex leaned back, puffing a cigar, and listened patiently to the comments being thrown at him from all sides: Was he out of his head? Where, in the middle of the desert, did he expect to get people to make up the gate? How about an arena? How about supplies and accommodations for the visitors? How did he plan to let the world know? An actual eye-witness to that meeting told me that Tex was unruffled, and hesitated only long enough to snuff out his cigar. Then he rose, and with complete composure said, "Gentlemen, all of those arrangements are being taken care of. The bout will be held, and it will be held in Goldfield." And, as always with Tex during his long and colorful career, he meant precisely what he said.

On September 3, 1906, Lightweight Champion Joe Gans defended his title against Battling Nelson in an open-air stadium next to Jake's Dancehall. The purse of $30,000 had been raised several weeks before and placed on display, all in gold coin, in the window of the John S. Cook Bank. Gans and Nelson fought forty-two bloody rounds under a broiling sun before the challenger was disqualified for a foul. That the fight was a success is confirmed by *Ring Record Book*—the gate was $69,715! On two following occasions Nelson stopped Gans by knockouts, but the first clash between those two ring greats will remain a part of the Goldfield story.

And Tex Rickard? He moved on to promote many of the great fights of ring history. At the time of his death in 1929 he had counted among his closest friends Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier, Gene Tunney, Wyatt Earp, and silent film star William S. Hart. But today the old Rickard home, red brick with stained glass windows, stands lonely and silent, contemplating the empty fields and crumbling foundations where, for one short moment in history, focused the eyes of the sports world.

My interest in Goldfield's history led me on one occasion to southern California and the quiet, vine-sheltered bungalow of Ida Marshall Miller. Mrs. Miller was a girl in Goldfield during its golden years, where her father, Jack Marshall, was manager of the Nye & Ormsby Counties Bank. As we relaxed in the dim coolness of her study I listened to this charming lady reminisce about her girlhood in the most riotous mining camp of all time.

"Although I was only twelve, I recall the Gans-Nelson fight very well," she said, "and the Tenderloin, as they called it. That was where the girls were, you know. Well, I wasn't allowed to go down there, but it was always the source of most of the really exciting news, like stabbings, beatings and such. My! Such goings on." She smiled and paused for a moment to find a picture. Handing it to me, she continued, "That's me taken in our yard at Third and Crook Streets when I was thirteen." I recognized the Goldfield Hotel in the background.

"The building to the right of the hotel—the tall one—is Jake's Dancehall." She passed another picture to me in which she pointed out a well-dressed gentleman whom I mentally catalogued as a mining broker, or possibly a banker. "That's Diamondfield Jack Davis, one of the West's most famous gunmen," she said. "He was a guest at our house on many occasions."

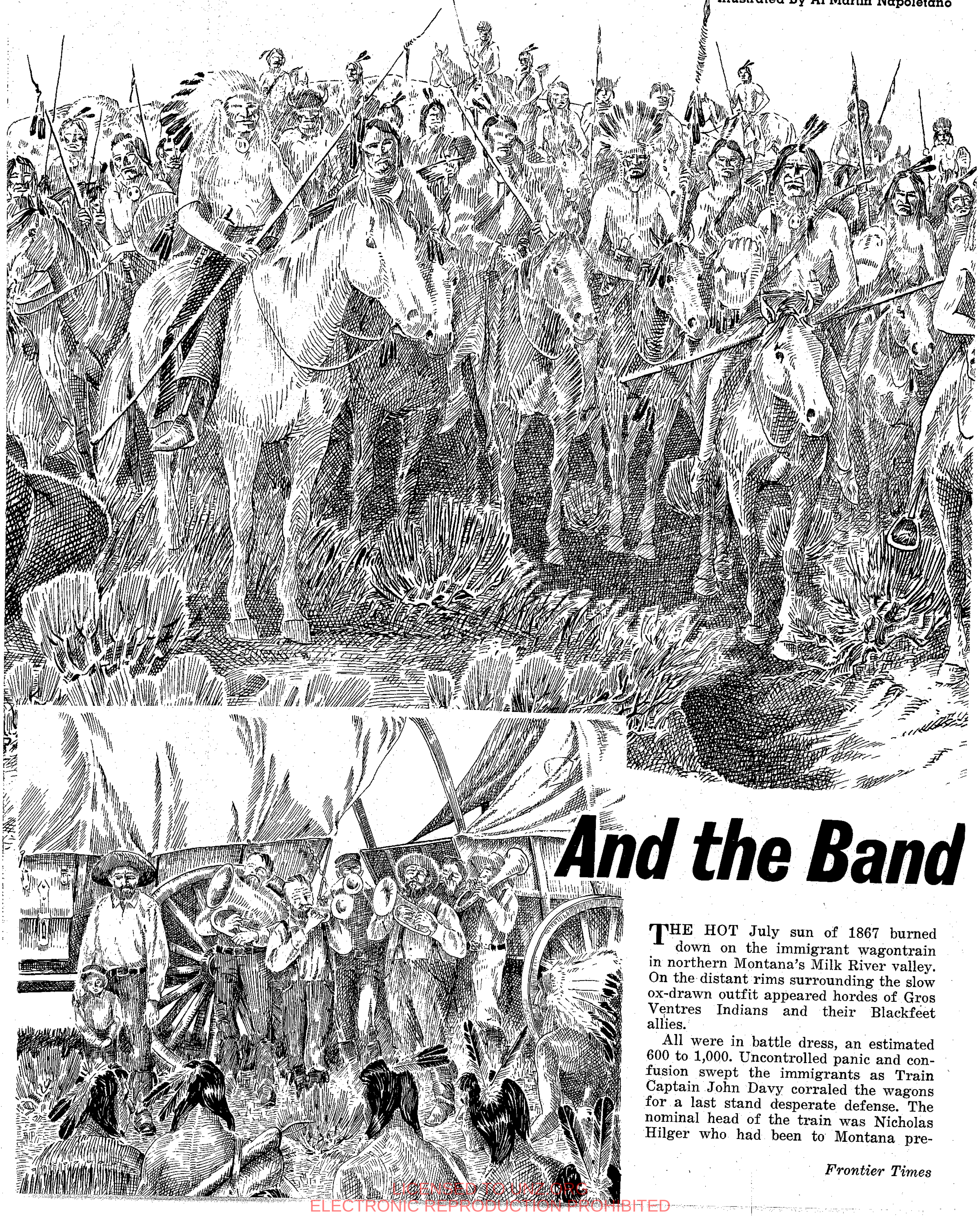
"How did it happen that your family

(Continued on page 38)

You don't "take five" when your Indian audience is trying

By CHARLES McADAMS

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

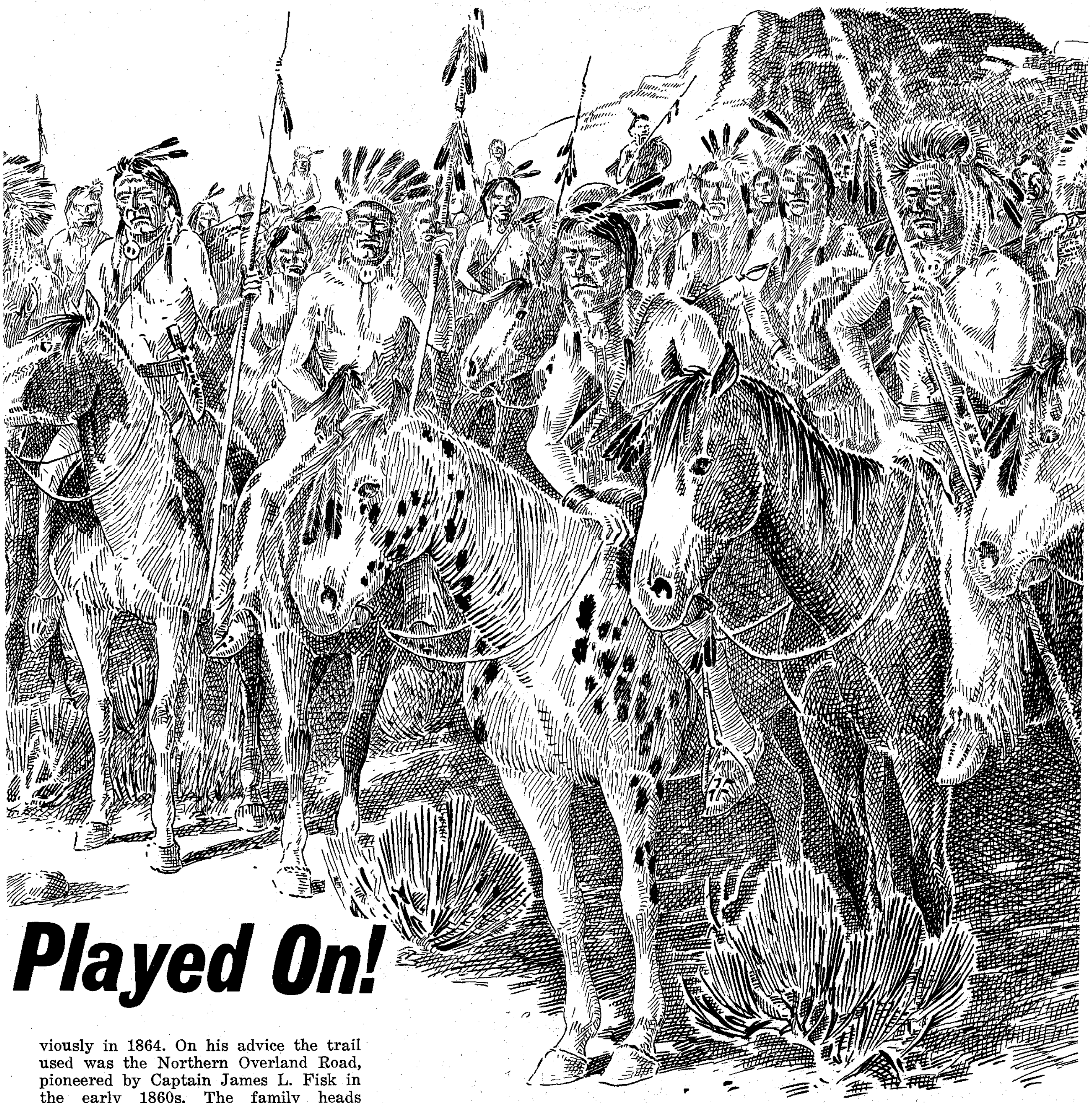


And the Band

THE HOT July sun of 1867 burned down on the immigrant wagontrain in northern Montana's Milk River valley. On the distant rims surrounding the slow ox-drawn outfit appeared hordes of Gros Ventres Indians and their Blackfeet allies.

All were in battle dress, an estimated 600 to 1,000. Uncontrolled panic and confusion swept the immigrants as Train Captain John Davy corralled the wagons for a last stand desperate defense. The nominal head of the train was Nicholas Hilger who had been to Montana pre-

to make up its mind whether to shake your hand or shoot you in the gullet!



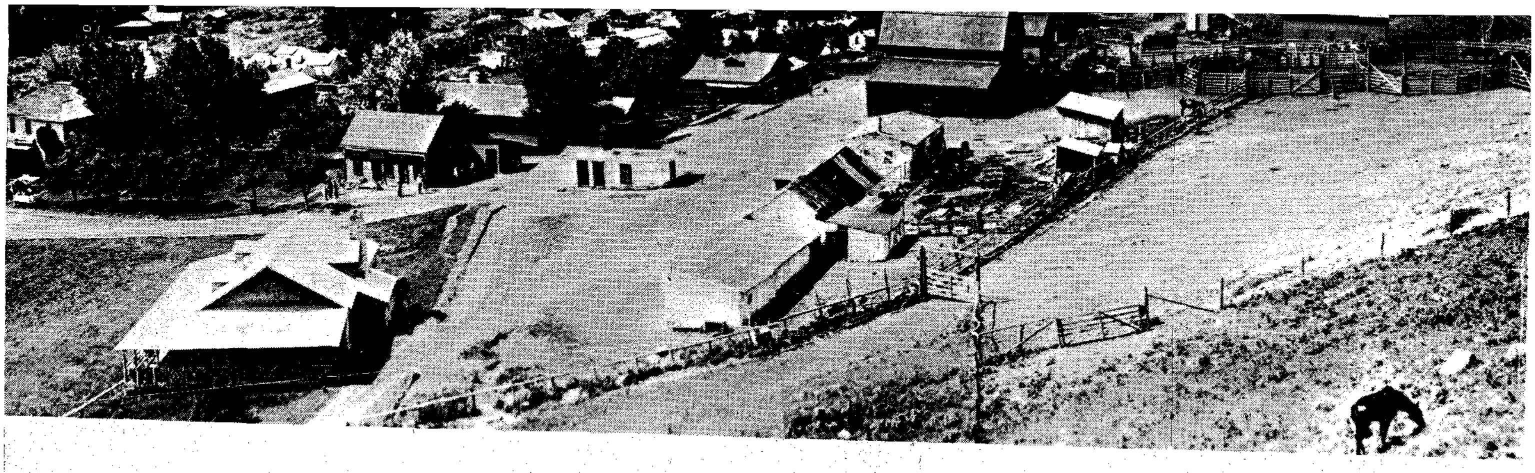
Played On!

viously in 1864. On his advice the trail used was the Northern Overland Road, pioneered by Captain James L. Fisk in the early 1860s. The family heads gathered with Hilger and Captain Davy to assess the crisis as dust raised by hoofs and wagon wheels gradually settled.

So far the Indians had not moved from their observation position but their huge force dismayed the immigrants. There were not enough fighting men in the train to stand off such a horde of redskins. An attack, then murder, looting and burning was in the making. What could be done?

Suddenly the heavily armed, mounted Indians in full warpaint started moving into the valley. It was then that Hilger conceived a daring and imaginative plan. He quickly summoned the members of a brass band which had been organized at the beginning of the westward march. They assembled in the square formed by the circled wagons and on his instructions began blaring out the loudest military marches that they knew.

(Continued on page 64)



WRANGLING DUDES in Yellowstone

By DORIS WHITHORN

Photos Courtesy Bill Whithorn, From the Collections of Henry Kitchens, Paul Hoppe and Mrs. Charles Murphy

HOWARD EATON looked over his ranch at Wolf, Wyoming and made a decision which was going to change the course of his life. For a long time now—possibly too long—he and his brothers, Bill and Charles, had been playing congenial hosts to an endless stream of visiting friends from their old hometown of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The more hospitable the brothers were, the more guests they had, and oftener, too. And it wasn't that the visitors were conscious of taking unfair advantage of the Eatons, they were just plain fascinated with life in the Wild West. So, Eaton reasoned, why shouldn't he capitalize on the fascination by specializing in catering to guests—strangers as well as friends? Before too long, Howard had fashioned plans which would earn him the unquestioned title of King of the Dude Ranchers.

Howard Eaton

From the time he had come to the Plains at seventeen in 1868, horses had been Eaton's life blood. Two of his famous ones in later years were Geronimo and Danger. The Eaton boys originally had begun ranching with the Custer Trail Cattle Company near Medora, South Dakota with A. C. Huidekoper backing them. Huidekoper supplied money for the purchase of stock and supplies and the brothers did the work. Profits were divided.

"Howard Eaton," said Huidekoper, "sat on his horse as though he were a centaur, with clean-shaven cheeks, blue shirt, sombrero and neckerchief with flaming ends."

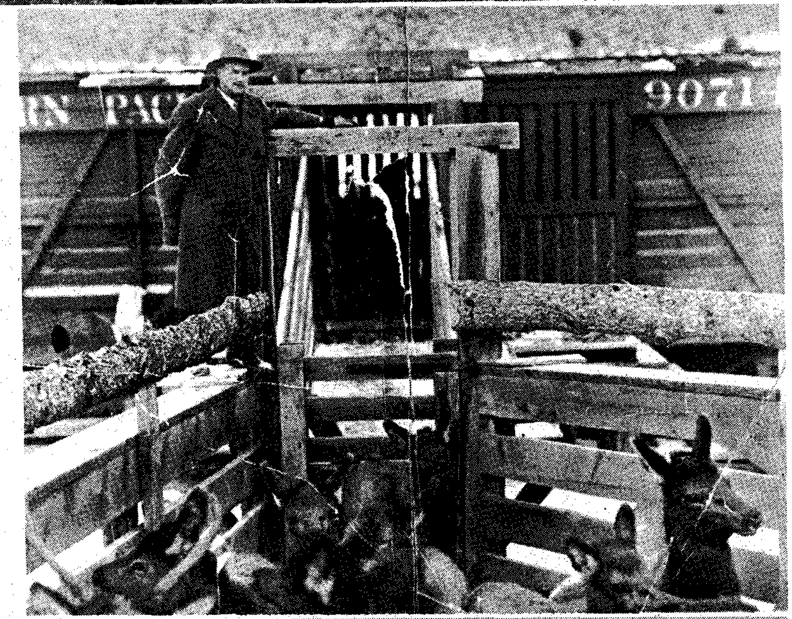
By 1898, he was maintaining a large herd of cows to fulfill a contract to furnish milk to Yellowstone Park hotels and transportation companies. In 1902, he and Buffalo Jones were responsible for obtaining for the park fifteen buffaloes from the Flathead Reservation. Eaton is pictured at right in March 1912 helping with the first move to resettle 400 elk from the northern herd in Yellowstone to several locations in western Montana and Washington.

But the Eatons were ranching in

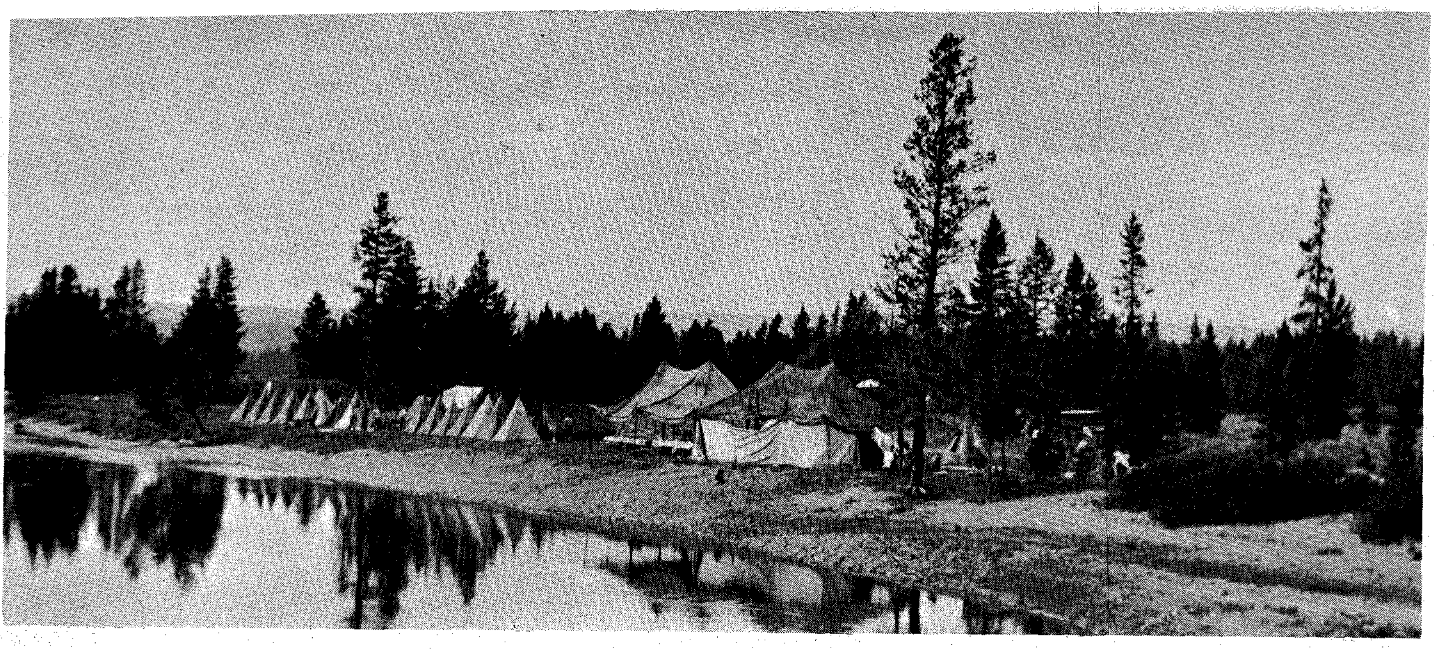
Group conducted by Doc Shore, fourth from left, in Gardiner, 1910.

Wyoming when the dude ranch idea came alive in 1904, and the success of the venture can be credited to the personal charm of Howard. He was always the same—friendly, fearless and energetic. As a raconteur, he was unsurpassed. He told tales of the old frontier with word pictures that rivaled the drawings of Charles Russell. He had a fine library of western history books and a collection of Indian and western relics, including a Spencer rifle and bugle lost by soldiers under Custer who were on their way to engage the Sioux at the Little Big Horn.

Eaton found that guests enjoyed horse-

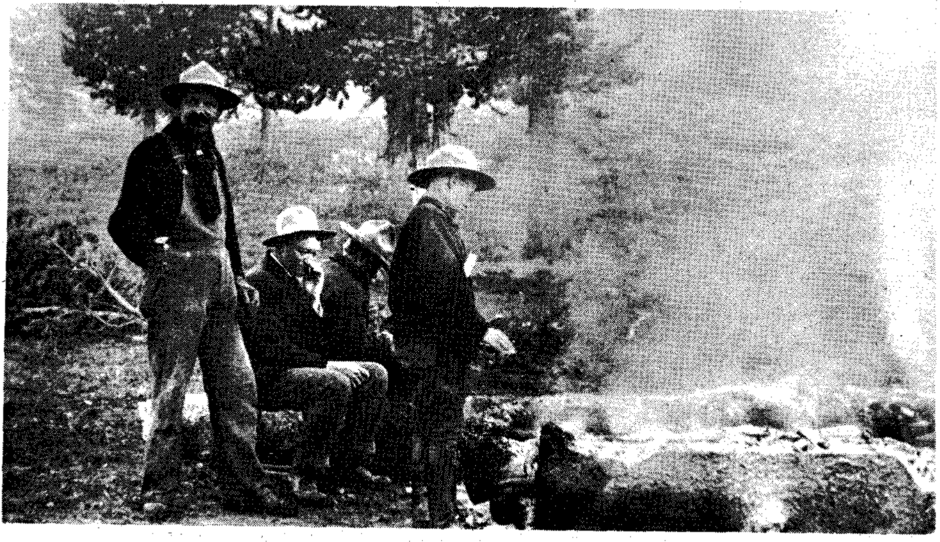


Below, dudes setting out from Gardiner, 1916. Left to right: Mrs. Al Kitchens, Bessie Randall, Howard Eaton, Mrs. C. B. Scott, Lola Davis, Winifred Mead and Harriet Tyler.



back tours of scenic places, and in his years of dude ranching he made 100 trips as a guide through Yellowstone Park, twenty through Glacier and several through interesting sections of Arizona. By shipping his own horses and camp equipment to the areas, he gave the vacationer from the East a deluxe outing the tenderfoot could get in no other way.

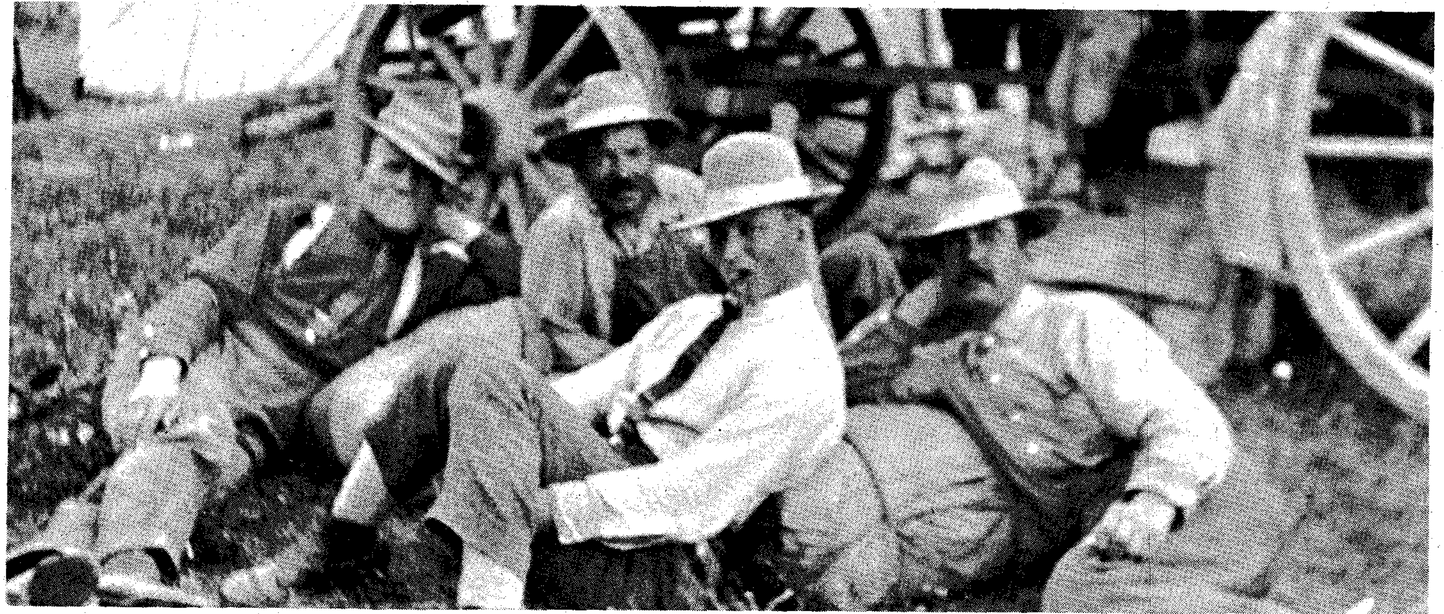
By 1917, the brothers had over 7,500 acres, 500 horses, several hundred cattle and accommodations for 125 guests. The fame of this pleasure ranch made it a mecca for big game hunters and notables of both America and Europe.

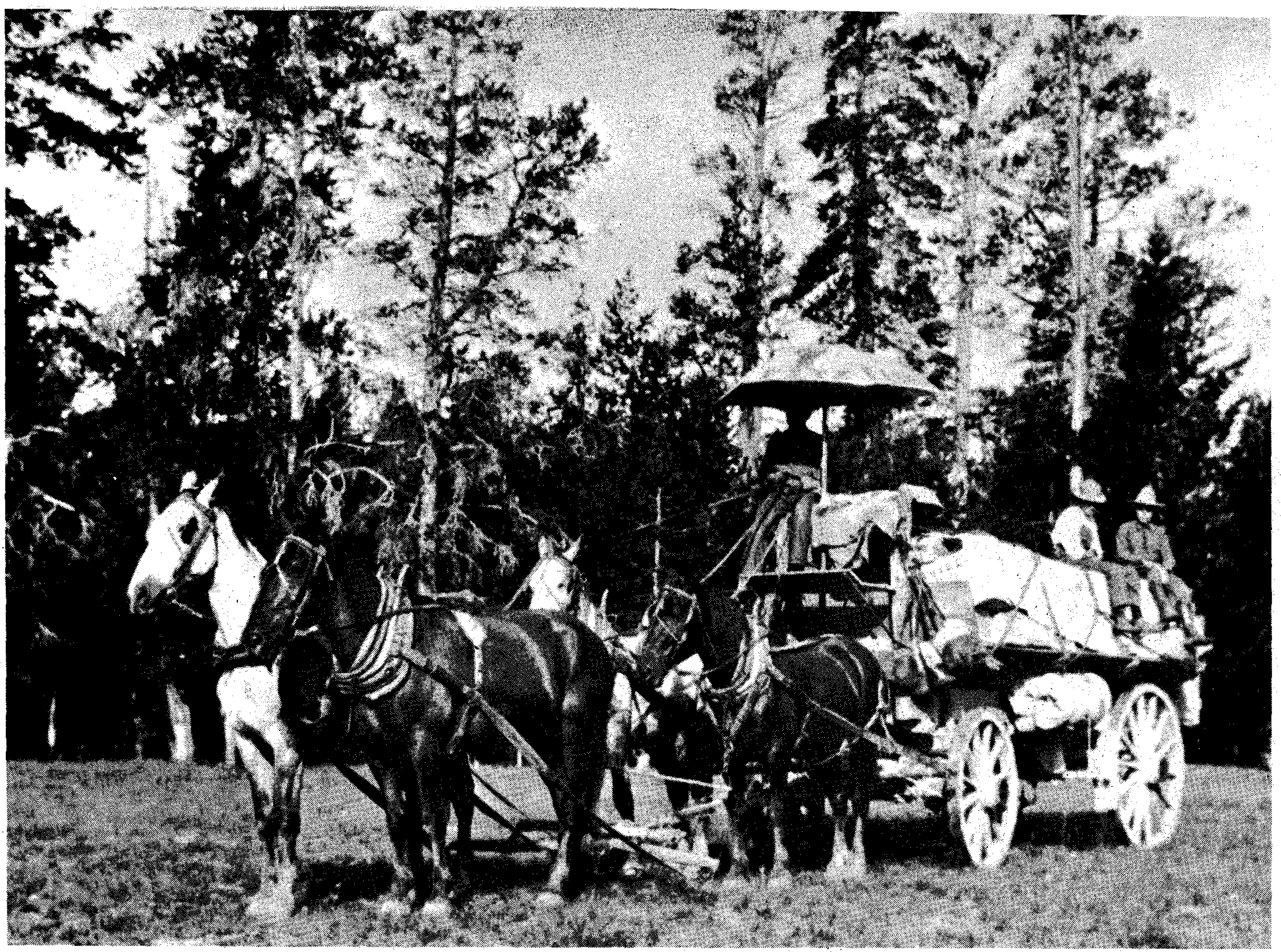


EACH YEAR Eaton conducted a twenty-two day packtrip in Yellowstone starting from Mammoth the first week in August, traveling past Norris toward Old Faithful to Lewis Lake by way of Shoshone, around or across Yellowstone Lake, and on to Canyon, Tower and Mammoth to complete a loop similar to that made by the present roadway.

When Howard Eaton started making trips with dudes, the trails of the park were not maintained by the government. Each year, many trees would be blown down along the way and Eaton had to send a trail crew a week ahead of his dudes to cut out the downed timber. With the change from army supervision to the newly organized National Park Service in 1917, however, money was appropriated for trail maintenance.

The camp at Lewis Lake is shown above as it looked in 1916. There were seventy-five dudes that year. The tents, teepee style with a sunfly, could be set up in a minute. Four stakes placed in a square held the lower corners while two poles supported the top. To take the tents down, the poles were detached and the canvas dropped on the bedding that was left on the sewed-in bottom. The





whole thing could then be rolled up and laid atop a packhorse. The row of women's tents was next to their outhouse—the long dark tent. The large white tent was a part of the cooking facilities. Cooking and dining room tents were large in comparison with the sleeping accommodations. Brother Bill usually accompanied the group as far as Old Faithful and then returned to the home ranch. He was a cattleman and did not particularly enjoy wrangling dudes.

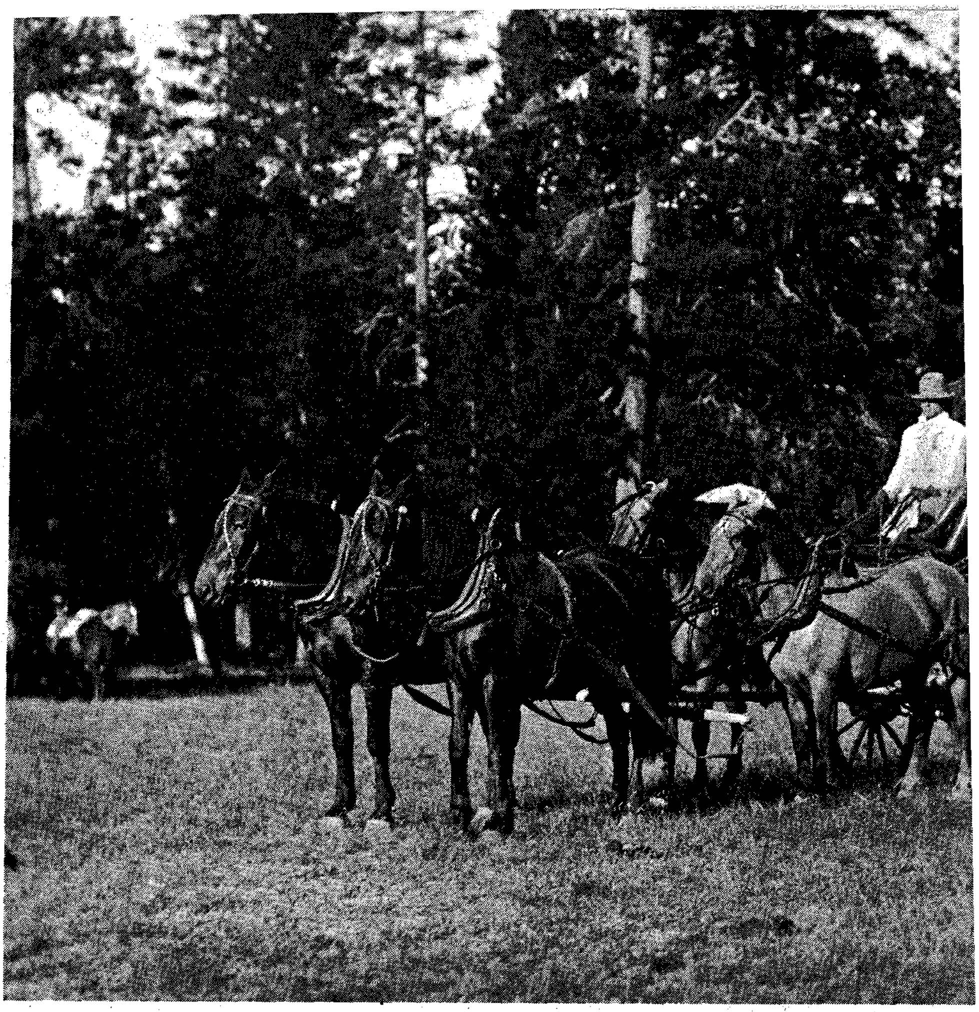
Evening campfire was a highlight of the trip. "Howard Eaton was a storyteller with such picturesque and vivid narrative that his auditors considered him a sort of superman," said Howard Hays, manager of the Yellowstone Parks Camp Company in 1922. "In spite of his skill as a hunter, explorer, rancher and guide, he will be best remembered for his qualities of heart and soul and they were a part of his stories." Around the fire shown at left are freighters Jimmie Main and Billie Sallee, night wrangler "Honey Boy," and a vacationing youngster who is remembered to have had a severe case of diarrhea cured by the crew's blackberry brandy.

The four men pictured at lower left, Hank Kitchens, Jimmie Main, Billie Sallee and Claude Roberts, were part of the crew. Some had previously worked for other guides. Eaton's men knew their job so well so that when he arrived at an evening campsite, the tents were waiting for his party and supper was ready to be served.

Al Kitchens drove his own horses on the cookie wagon above in 1915 and met the Eaton outfit at Canyon. The long trip was started with supplies sufficient for the twelve days required to arrive at Canyon. The W. A. Hall Company of Gardiner then sent enough supplies there to last the remainder of the trip. On the twenty-two days outing, Kitchens laid over several days near the confluence of Buffalo Fork and Slough Creek near where "the transfer" to the Silver Tip Ranch was later built.

ONE FEATURE of the long trip was a boat ride on Yellowstone Lake from West Thumb to the Lake Hotel for those who wished to travel on water. Others continued around the lake on horseback. This trip was made on the Jean D, a gasoline-powered boat. Inside the boat, Howard Eaton, extreme right, talks with one of the dudes. His foreman, Duncan, is second from the left. The hatless man with dark glasses was an eastern millionaire and writer who came for several years to make trips with Eaton.

E PRESERVERS
DER SEATS



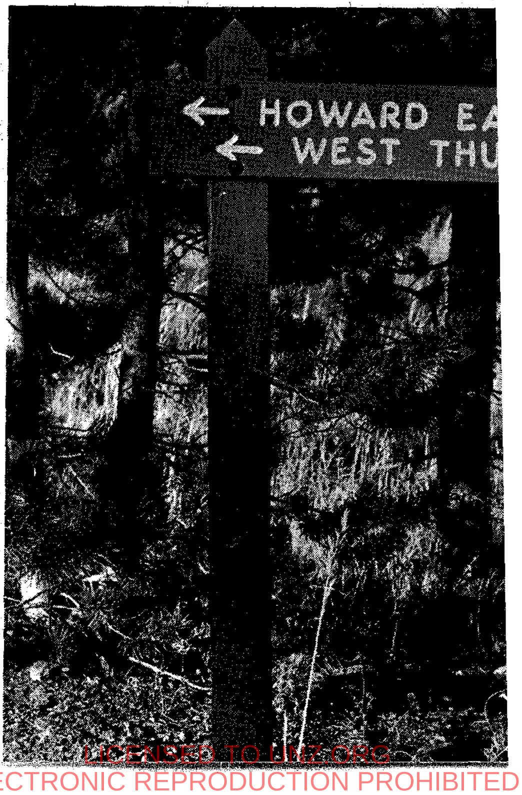
Though such writers as Ernest Thompson Seaton and Dan Beard made Eaton-conducted tours, the most famous of his frequent visitors was Mary Roberts Rinehart. Among her writings was "Through Glacier Park with Howard Eaton." A local news item in August 1917 said she had expected to be with him that year but had left for France as a war correspondent.

Evelyn Wight was one of the dude girls with Eaton's outfit in August 1916. At right she is riding Billy, Henry Kitchen's horse.

The Concord Coach above was made especially for touring Yellowstone Park, having all seats facing forward. Regular stagecoaches had seats facing each other with a jump-seat between and were not so well adapted to sightseeing. Officially called the "Fatigue Coach," this vehicle was dubbed the "Sore-ass Wagon" by those who herded the guests. Any dude who became weary of the horseback trip on the trail could dismount and wait by the road for this Yellowstone coach. The girl on the front seat is the one shown so proudly astride the horse in the previous photo.

Shortly after Howard Eaton's death on April 5, 1922, Yellowstone Park Company announced saddle horse tours would start from Mammoth four times during July and August. Each would last fourteen days and cost $196 per person for saddle horse, meals, tent and transportation of personal baggage. Tex Holm of Cody was guide for four years. Then Clyde and Bess Erskin, working from the OTO, led the Park Company's pack trips for another four years.

The more than two million annual visitors in Yellowstone National Park seldom see the signs which dot the back country. Only a "trail head" is indicated along the paved roads, but secluded markers, such as this one near the Lake Lodge, show cross-country distances to points of interest. In the history of Yellowstone Park, Howard Eaton occupies a unique position, never since gained by any other guide or outfitter. The Howard Eaton Trail was officially opened in 1923, a year after the death of the famous guide.



Nature's Booby Trap

QUICKSAND

By HENRY N. FERGUSON

THE PAIR of youngsters, Ross Tolliver and Jim Kilpatrick, spent the night at the picturesque Vines Hotel in tiny Saratoga, Texas. Both juniors in college, they were preparing to spend their Easter vacation exploring the awesome Big Thicket in East Texas. Early the next morning, packs on their backs, they hiked steadily into the dark fastness of that huge, mysterious region. An hour later they were skirting the edges of a stagnant slough, brushing aside whiskers of gray moss which hung from the trees.

Suddenly Tolliver, in the lead, gave a strange, choked cry. "I'm in trouble! Don't come any closer!"

The dry, sandy surface had crumbled beneath his boots and he was already floundering ankle deep in a soft treacherous ooze. Frantically he tried to lunge to one side toward firmer ground; as he did he sank to his knees in the marshmallowy quagmire. He panicked.

"I'm caught in quicksand!" he screamed. "Help me!"

Instead of plunging in to his friend, Kilpatrick coolly jerked the hatchet from his belt and ran into the forest. Choosing a small sapling, he hacked through it and raced back to the edge of the quicksand.

"Drop your pack," he told Tolliver, "it's pulling you down." As he spoke, he pushed the small tree toward the victim. "Now fall backward on the branches," he instructed. Tolliver obeyed. Even with his weight supported by the tree, it took more than an hour to free his submerged legs, but finally the task was accomplished. The boys had survived a harrowing and almost fatal experience with one of nature's deadliest booby traps.

"Quicksand" is a word with sinister connotations; it brings up vague recollections of fantastic tales from childhood—of the insidious power it has to suck its victims down to a terrible death. Through the centuries this malevolent phenomenon has furnished the ingredients for one of man's oldest nightmares. By no stretch of the imagination could there be a more horrible way to die. Because of this, fiction writers have exploited its possibilities with relish (frequently using it as a convenient device for disposing of unwanted characters). Notable examples of its use in literature appear in Wilkie Collins' *Moonstone* and in *The Bride of Lammermoor* by Sir Walter Scott. Victor Hugo wrote in *Les Miserables* that any attempt a victim of quicksand makes to free himself only buries him deeper.

Quicksand was also a popular conversation piece around campfires during pioneer days. In this era of automobiles and paved roads, few people ever encounter it. Yet quicksand is still with us, and is the more dangerous for being less familiar.

HOW can you detect this stealthy killer? Not by sight alone, for sand that is to all appearances perfectly firm may suddenly collapse and trap anyone who puts his weight on it. This is particularly true when the top sand has dried and crusted in the sun. In such cases a fast walker can sometimes get safely across, but anyone following in his footsteps is almost certain to be mired. The only way you can be sure is by testing sand before walking on it. Anyone who walks along the shore of a sandy lake, through swamp country, or along a river course where the sand may be quick should carry a pole or long stick for test probing.

But the one important thing to remember: *If you keep your head you will float in quicksand just as you will in water.* Your body will only sink in it until it displaces its own weight—then it will float. The problem then, of course, is how to get back to solid ground, and there are many tales of panic-stricken men who were unable to manage it. Still others have remained cool, allowed their bodies to sink straight down until they found a solid footing while their heads were still free of the sand. But then, unable to free themselves, they starved to death.

Trapped in true quicksand, you will soon sink to your knees, and will sink farther if you stand still or struggle. You must act quickly and without panic. You should promptly fall on your back (which is really the only direction you can fall) and stretch out your arms. If a companion is at hand to help you out, your situation is not usually serious. Contrary to the popular notion, quicksand does not suck objects down, and even at its worst it will support a great deal more weight than water will.

A platform may be built on the sand to extricate a victim. Most any available material will serve the purpose—fence rails, branches from a tree, a blanket, or a ladder. The mired person must be pulled out slowly and gently, for the sand maintains a tight grip and the victim may be injured by well-meaning rescuers.

A different situation exists, however, if you stumble into quicksand alone. Your only hope of survival lies in keeping your wits about you. Your first move, after falling backward, is to rid yourself of any burden you may be carrying. If you are fortunate enough to be carrying a pole you should work it beneath your back to help you "float." Then stretch your arms out at right angles to your body. In this position you could float in water; most certainly you can float on sand. Now you can yell for help; if none is available you can begin to extricate yourself on your own. It's not easy, and it requires dogged patience, but your legs must be pulled free of the mire one at a time—a task that can consume a couple of hours. Once this has been managed, select the shortest route to solid ground, then begin rolling slowly toward it and out of the danger area.

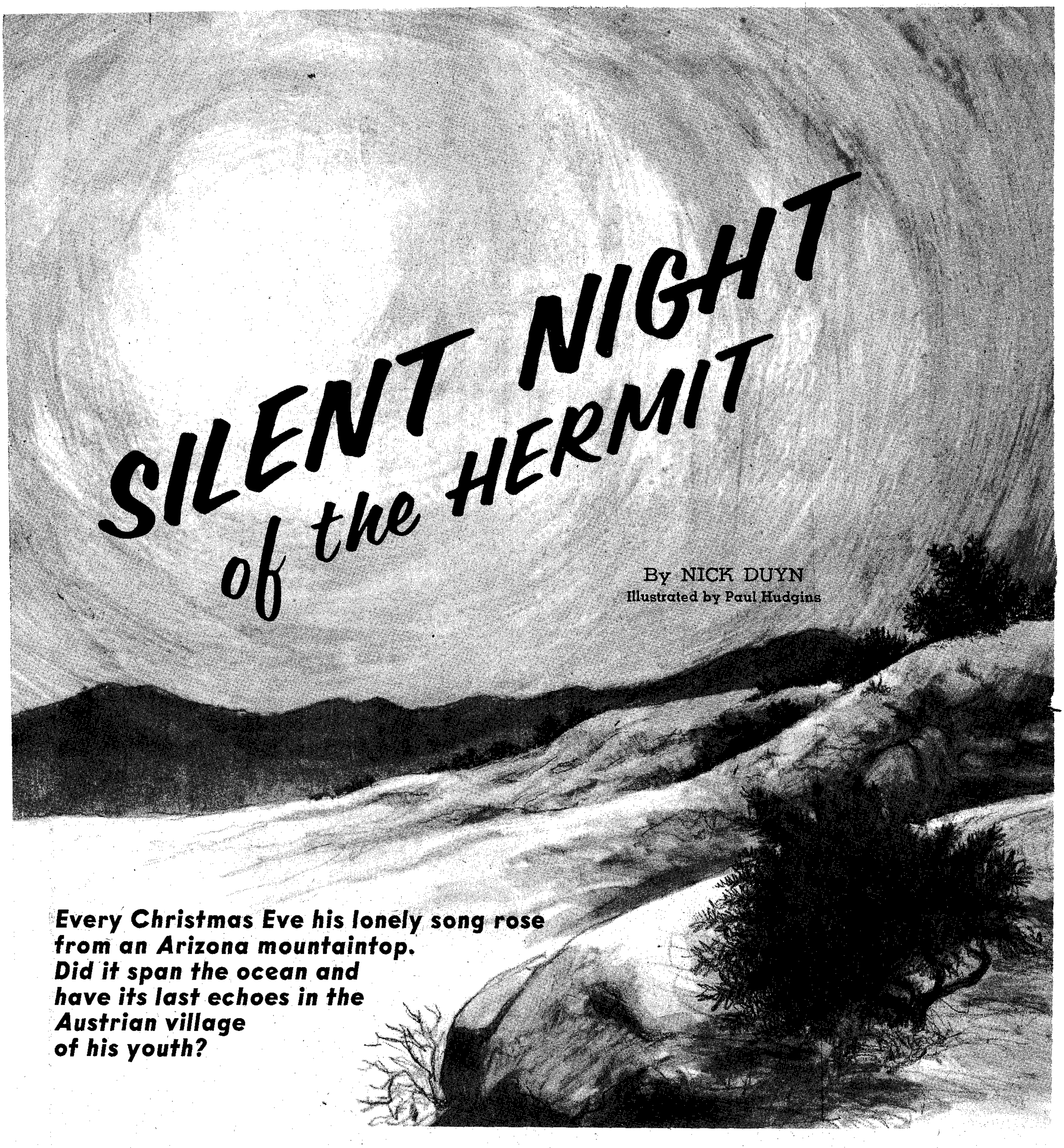
ANIMALS caught in quicksand react in different ways, and many of them are unable to free themselves without help. A dog can usually succeed, but only if his master gives proper encouragement. By making frantic, jack-rabbit jumps, a horse can often force its way to safety. Its rider must guide it out in the shortest direction, however, otherwise it will quickly exhaust itself and

(Continued on page 38)

SILENT NIGHT of the HERMIT

By NICK DUYN

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

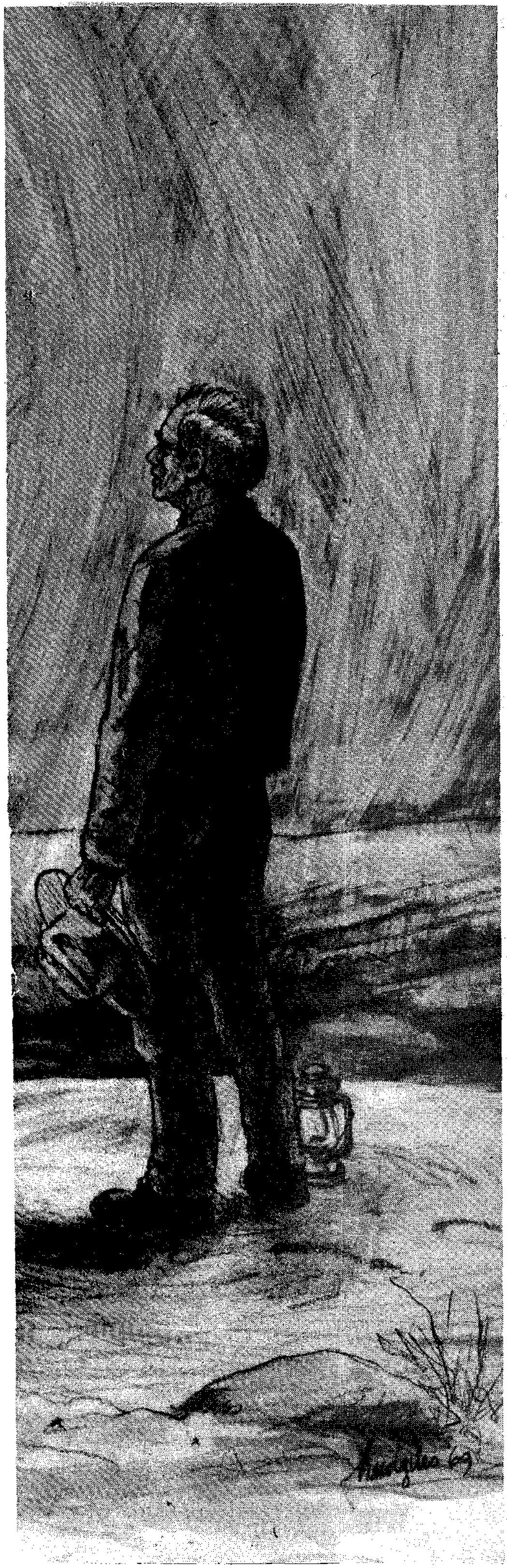


Every Christmas Eve his lonely song rose from an Arizona mountaintop. Did it span the ocean and have its last echoes in the Austrian village of his youth?

DURING the last World War my partner and I had obtained a government loan to dewater an old copper mine. We then had to repair the 400-foot shaft and sample every drift and stope in order to determine the advisability of putting the mine back in operation. The copper situation could become critical and it was important that the work be done within a short time, which made us work under a certain pressure. Even so, the job was going to take us several months with a great deal of equipment and a crew of several men.

I had recently returned from Africa where we had successfully operated a gold mine and a tungsten mine. However, at our first chance to sell out at a good price, we took it. I had steered clear from all tropical diseases and had decided to return to the land of my first love, the desert of southern Arizona, where the climate is healthy, where you sleep without a mosquito net, and where you don't have to boil your water.

I had fallen in love with this desert twenty-five years before. It would be difficult to find a country so different from where I had just come, for I was born on a farm in Holland, not far from Amsterdam in the center of the Edam cheese district. My greatest ambition had always been to go to America and to the wide open spaces of the Far West. It is strange how one's desires and ambitions have a way of materializing if one does something about it. We were four boys and four girls. Two of the boys went into farming and two into business. I



was the only one who was sent to college, and even that was unusual for a farmer's boy in those days. After I had finished, I went to work for my oldest brother who had already established a good business in Brussels, representing an English rubber footwear manufacturer and an American manufacturer of foot appliances. When the American manufacturer visited Europe in 1912, he was very much pleased with my brother's results in Belgium. He then offered me the opportunity to come to his factory in Chicago, learn all about his full line of articles, and take an extensive course in Russian in order to represent his firm in that country. My "going to America" was practically thrown into my lap. I landed in New York on a cold day in February 1913.

But when I reached Chicago, my future employer had suffered a very severe nervous breakdown and had been moved across the lake for a complete rest. The manager was not even allowed to contact him, and as he was not acquainted with our arrangement, he suggested that I come back in three or four weeks. That suited me perfectly, for I did not have much desire to start learning Russian to sell foot appliances in that country, even if at that time the czars were still ruling and the words "Bolshevik" and "Communist" were practically unknown. I had paid my own fare to Chicago, so I felt myself entirely free to forget about that job. The important thing was that I was in America!

Naturally my first concern was to find another job, for my financial situation was not very strong. Although my accent was very pronounced, I spoke English quite well and my knowledge of the grammar was perhaps as good as that of the average American. Besides French and German I had had five years of English in school. I soon got a job in the office of a large furniture factory at a salary of $12 a week, on which I could live at that time.

A FEW MONTHS later a friend told me about the good wages made by operators of moving picture projectors in theatres. He knew, for his father dealt in projection machines; so I enrolled in an evening course that had just started. When I had about finished the course, there came to my friend's office a gentleman from a large California real estate firm with a novel idea of selling California land by showing moving pictures to Middle West farmers. He had seven salesmen, and the plan was to show their films in medium-sized towns. He purchased a modern moving picture projector and, when he inquired where he could find an operator for the machine, I was recommended and hired.

We set up our outfit in different towns in Indiana and Iowa, but the results were very poor. Farmers were reluctant to buy land without having seen it, and by the middle of December the main office decided to stop the project and call the entire crowd back to Los Angeles. I had expected they would send me back to Chicago but, as they intended to continue the system in their main office, they took me along.

Of course, the group was sorry about the failure of the trip, but everyone was happy to spend Christmas with his family in Los Angeles. After the holidays I set up the projector and screen in a corner of the large office, and the firm started advertising the land in different newspapers. Since I spoke German, they put my picture in a local German newspaper, for there was a great number of Germans in Los Angeles. Under my picture was the caption: "This is Nick Duyn, the manager of our German division, who knows every acre in the San Joaquin Valley and who says there is no better land than that particular tract."

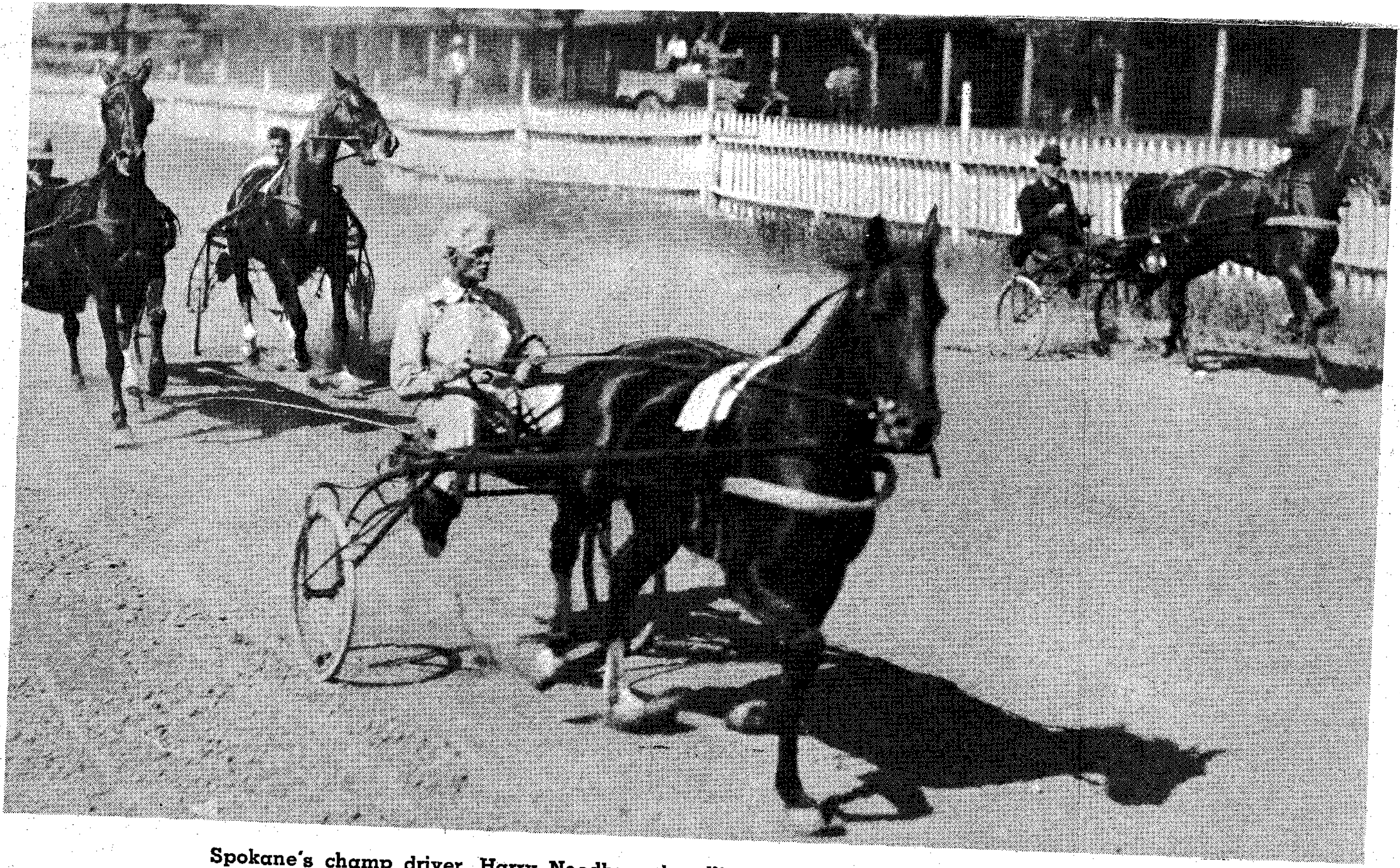
When I told the manager that I had never seen the land and that I had to get an atlas to find out where the San Joaquin Valley was, he countered, "You know by now as much about it as any of us, and it is without doubt excellent land; otherwise we would not sell it. It is as good as any for hundreds of miles around and probably even better than much of it." I think he added that last sentence in order to make me believe in it, for in order to sell a product successfully a salesman must believe in it. In spite of the good quality of the land, however, and the real effort we all put behind it, the land again did not sell, and after two months the project was dropped.

During this venture I had learned that big cities did not appeal to me; what I wanted was the wide open spaces. Farming was not the answer, but I had read much about mining and it held a great fascination. In California I had learned enough about it that I made up my mind "that was going to be my work." I did not have the money to take a full mining engineering course in a university, but I could begin with a course in assaying and ore analysis. For this, a school had been started in Los Angeles two years previously, and I enrolled at once. In addition I took an International Correspondence course in geology and mineralogy. All this certainly kept me busy; but in addition I had to sell a newly patented lamp door-to-door to make my living expenses.

When I had finally completed my courses, a classmate and I secured a lease on a small silver mine deep in the Arizona desert, sixty-five miles from Tucson, not far from the Mexican border. However, we lacked sufficient capital and after a great deal of hard work, we had to give up. But I learned to love the desert with the blue sky and distant mountains on all sides, those unforgettable sunsets, the beautiful moonlight nights, that serene quietness and peace. And now, after many years and many adventures in distant places, I was back in the Southwest I loved.

THE OLD copper mine was located in the northern part of Arizona, about ten miles over a mountainous road from Prescott. Soon after we started operation an old man appeared on the grounds. He was a little below average height, slightly greying, but is spite of his age he walked with a steady tread. His face was old and tan—the kind of tan that never comes off—and in his neck were deep diamond-shaped furrows, the effect of long exposure to sun, wind and weather. He seemed to be much interested in our work but we were too busy and preoccupied to speak to him. He walked around for awhile among the pipes, pumps, lumber and dismantled hoist, with cable and gasoline drums piled up and thrown all over the grounds.

(Continued on page 54)



Spokane's champ driver, Harry Needham, handling the reins on one of his prize horses.

FASTEST TRACK WEST

—some unforgettable races in old Spokane

EVERY TRUE western frontier community has its own historical legend for the "how come" of the eccentric twists or looping turns of its so-called Main Street. For some, the story goes that Main Street was once a worn cow trail which led from the town-founder's pasture to his homestead cabin. For others, Main Street was the roadway approach down which the horse-drawn stage reached the remount station which gave birth to the community.

Spokane is no exception, except that its explanation of the wide swing of Riverside Avenue along the Spokane River bluff from Monroe to Hangman Creek is more in character with the town's social life of those pioneer days. Riverside Avenue was once a popular horse race course.

Back when Papa Glover's general store and horse corrals near the river on Howard Street was the town center, Riverside was a roadway which held to the bluff above the Spokane River's south bank, west to Hangman Creek. Here it made a graceful curve south to follow the Hangman Creek bluff rimming what is now known as the Coeur d'Alene Park area. At about where Third Avenue now is, the roadway curved east to sweep in an obstacle-avoiding course back to Pop Glover's Spokane Falls domain.

In the early 80s, a horse race was considered as much a community event as a homecoming or anniversary. From the elite to the rank and file, horse racing was the top sport of the town's growing populace. No Fourth of July celebration was planned without featuring horse races, from Indian free-for-alls to horse and buggy events for town rigs. Glover's was the take-off point.

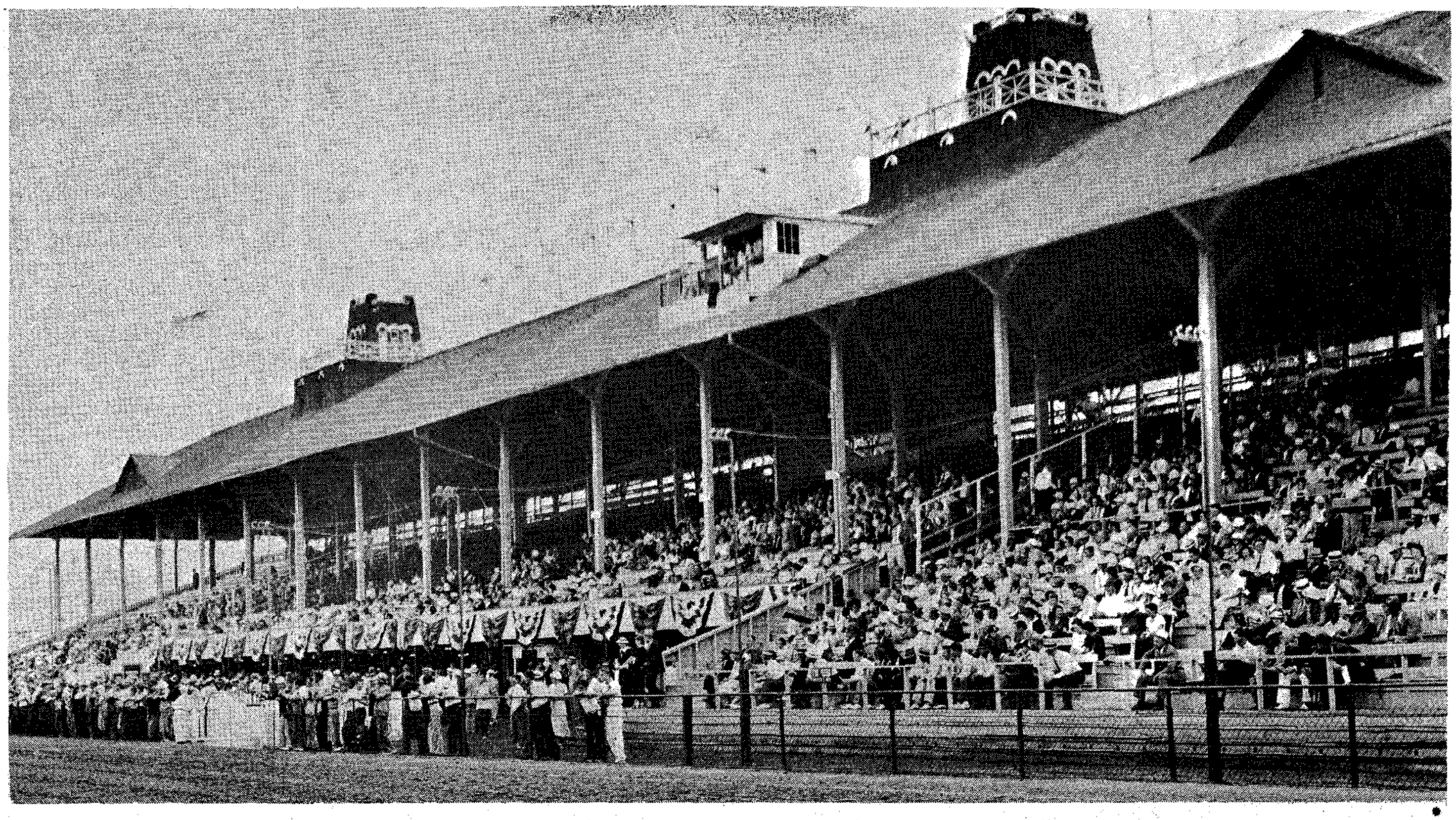
During Spokane's Golden Jubilee celebration in 1931, I was privileged to listen to Spokane's first marshal, Joel Warren, reminisce about the Fourth of July in 1883, when a horse race nearly ended in a town riot. As Warren told it, the town was pretty well crowded with miners, cowhands and soldiers, along with a few Indians, all awaiting the big event of the day, a horse race open to all comers. The fee was ten dollars, and a line of pole stalls had been erected alongside Glover's stable for the horses.

"There was a considerable amount of betting going on, with a clique of the town's gamblers covering all bets by backing a fine looking stallion entered by a cattleman from Walla Walla," Warren explained. "The soldiers in turn were laying money recklessly on a long-legged, sleepy-eyed gelding with a U. S. Army brand on its rump.

"I SAW Spokane's old pioneer Dan Drumheller in the crowd and figured he would know something about the Walla Walla horse the gamblers were backing. The stallion had beaten every horse in the Walla Walla-Pendleton area, Dan told me and he didn't think any of the other contenders had a chance.

"About that time a grizzled-faced cavalry sergeant came up to me and remarked, 'If you hear some gunfire up the road a piece, think nothing of it,

Right, Spokane's riding clubs display their mounts and owners in a grandstand parade at the Spokane Interstate Fair Track on Derby Day, 1912.

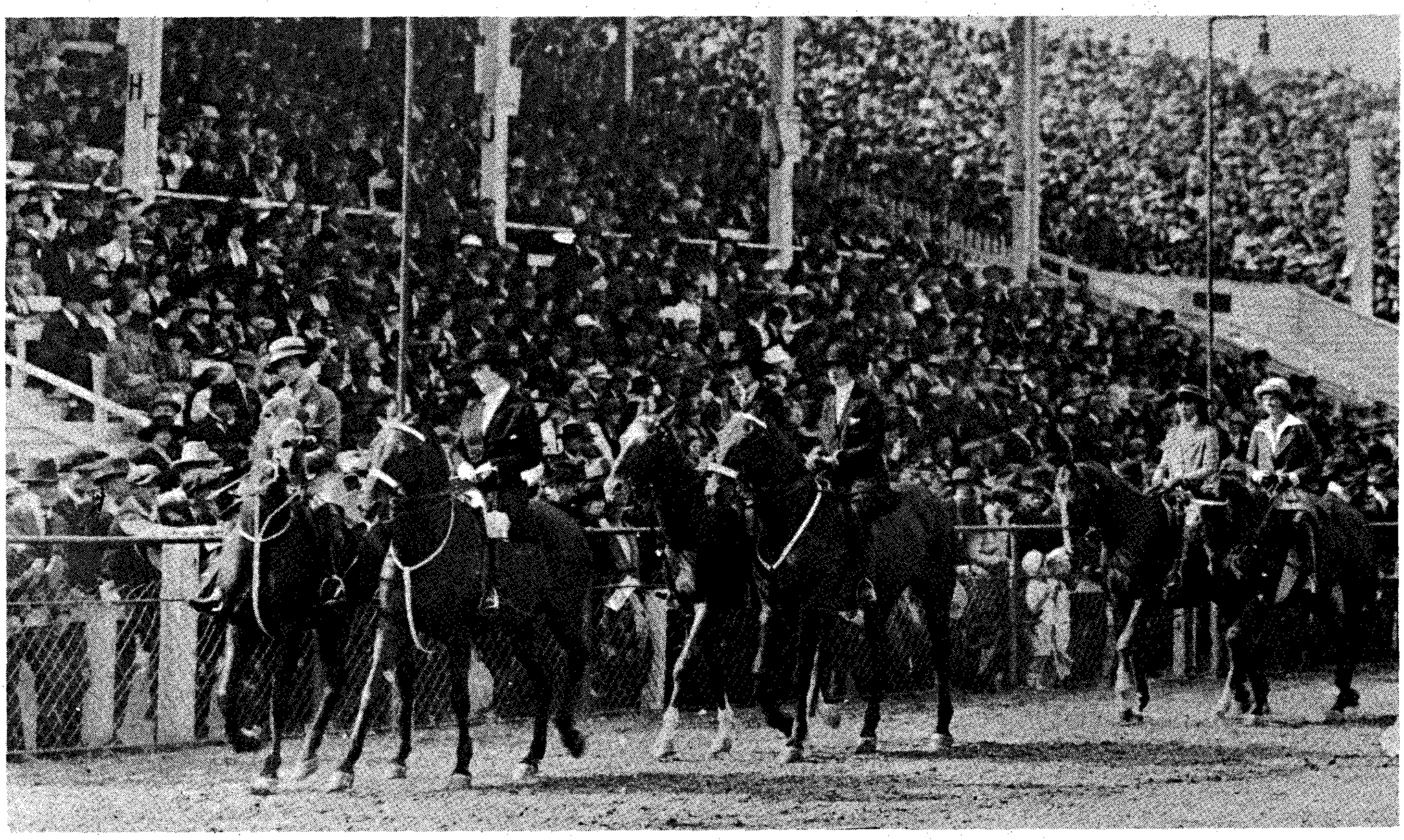


Opening day at the Spokane Interstate Fairgrounds Race Track in September 1915. Both running and trotting races were a part of each day's program.

# of the MISSISSIPPI

By JAY J. KALEZ

Photos Courtesy Author



Thomas Calhaun, winner of the 1910 Derby at the Spokane race track receives his laurels at the finish line. Owner Daraux and Genevive Paterson stand proudly by.

Marshal. Some of my boys have a barbecue going up there and may be letting off steam by race time.'

"Ten horses lined up for the 'dropped flag' start," Warren went on. "As the runners tore up the Riverside road, the Walla Walla animal took the lead. The river road race course was better than two miles long, so as the horses began disappearing from sight near the Hangman Creek curve, the crowd at the starting line drifted up the straight-away approach for a glimpse of the runners as they came down the long home stretch.

"They didn't have long to wait. Just as the horses swung into sight from the Hangman Creek curve, I heard a blast of gunfire from that direction. Remembering what the old cavalry sergeant had told me, I thought nothing of it at first. Then from the shouting and yelling along the straight-away course, I knew something was happening.

"If you can imagine a horse shot out of a cannon, that's what the finish of that race looked like. The sleepy-eyed gelding with the U. S. Army brand came charging down the home stretch so fast it took the Indian lad riding him a good half-mile to rein-up. The soldier-backed animal won by five lengths.

"The gamblers refused to pay off until all the riders had been questioned on a possible foul. All they could say was that coming down the stretch the gelding simply had come from behind with a burst of speed no one could believe.

"Dan Drumheller tipped me off to the answer and I swore him to silence on the spot or there would have been a riot. Dan said, 'Now I remember that gelding with the U. S. rump brand! The Army quartermaster at Fort Spokane had him up for sale last spring after he'd bolted in a parade line and put a couple of troopers in the hospital. That damn horse is gun-shy loco. Fire a shot near him and he goes berserk like a spooked deer trying to run away from himself.' "

IT WAS early in 1887 that Spokane Falls blossomed out with a "Gentlemen's Riding Club." Gay-painted, spindle-wheeled buggies with trick gaited, high spirited horses became the man of distinction's mark. Fancy harness and buggy whip salesmen began living high. A family head was rated socially as much by the gloss and gait of the horse he drove or rode as by his bank account.

A second such organization soon sprang up, the Spokane Driving Club. "Money-on-the-line" rivalry in turn encouraged a third, the Falls City Racing Club. Naturally, a racing club with no place other than the town's main street to exercise its purpose, could result in but one thing. In March 1887, the citizens of Spokane Falls formally subscribed to a $5,000 fund for the purchase and construction of a race track. Within weeks a site was secured and a race track was under construction on the north side of town at what is now Corbin Park. By September a half-mile track with a thirty-stall stable was complete and the race club began promoting its first meet.

"The Fastest Track West of the Mississippi" became the slogan, and the Spokane *Chronicle* recorded daily attendance as high as 2,000. Opening day, October 11, 1887 saw more than $15,000 checked through the "Pool Box" as the approved system of race horse betting of that day was known.

Both running and trotting horses were listed on the first program. As an added attraction a baseball game was scheduled, one inning being played between each race. The afternoon's special program was a pistol shooting contest, with prizes ranging from a bushel basket of champagne to a gold-studded belt for the champion.

In 1888 the Falls City Racing Club meet was repeated in the fall with even greater success. Horses from as far east as the Mississippi were shipped in. Following the meet the profits were poured back into the grounds, beautifying the track property. A drive through Corbin Park today reveals landmarks of the old race course and its infield.

It was about this time that the Washington-Idaho Fair Association came into being. With combined exposition building, fairgrounds and racing program planned, the Spokane Racing Club quickly agreed to change its racing date to participate. Spokane's first "Fruit Fair and Race Meet" was a tremendous success.

The following year it became even greater. Trotting and running horses were brought in from distant tracks, and the Spokane Derby Race was inaugurated. By 1908 the Spokane Derby had gained national attention through some of the records which had been broken there. Unfortunately, 1908 also became the year of reform for horse racing in the State of Washington. Legalized betting was outlawed. Horse race fans met the challenge with a quickly devised system of cuff-betting and to some extent bookies maintained their track status despite the law.

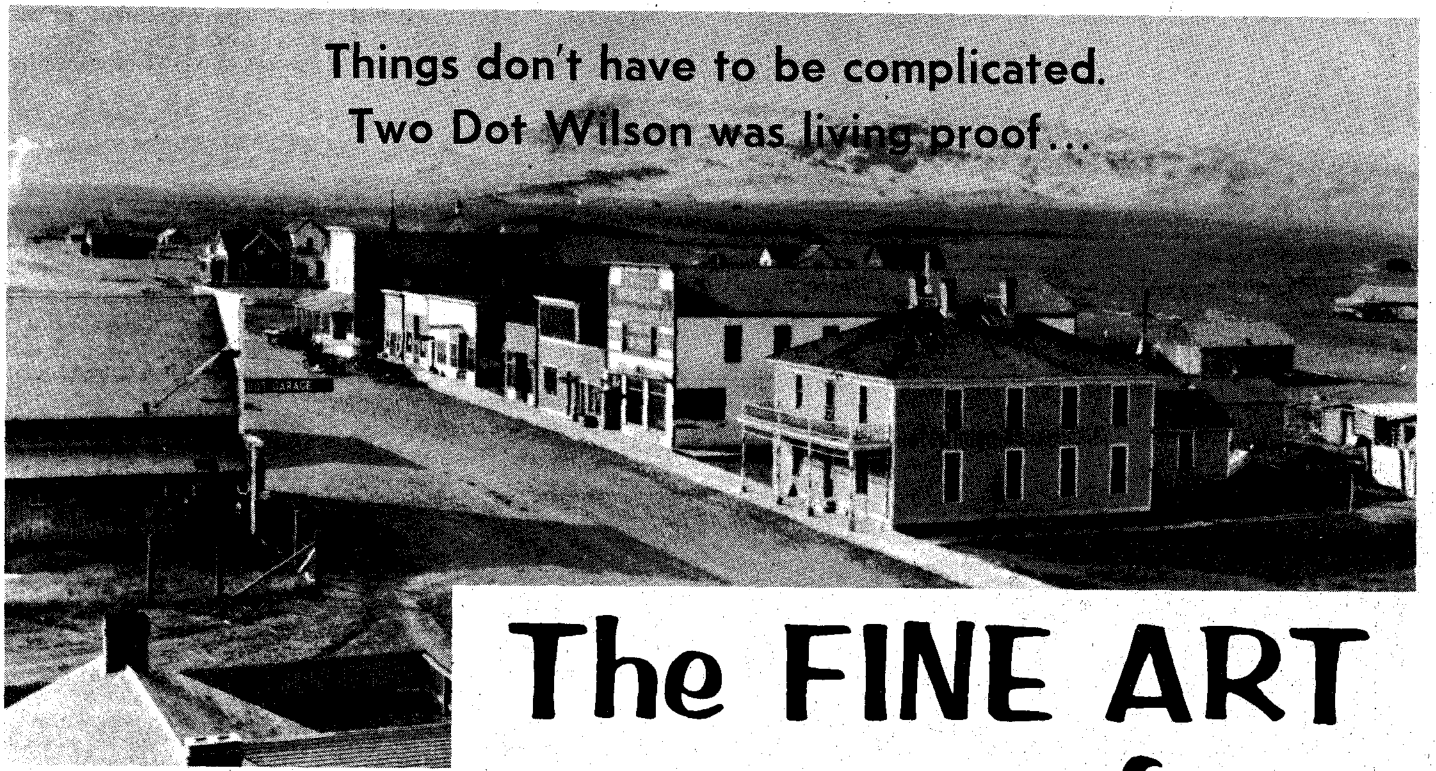
In Idaho legalized betting remained. Within a year a horse race track was built at Alan a few miles across the Washington-Idaho state line near Post Falls. The Spokane and Inland electric line to Coeur d'Alene ran special trains from Spokane to meet the track program throughout the four weeks' race meet. Idaho's Alan plant however did not alter the Spokane Interstate Fair. Its two weeks' program of trotting and running races remained, with grandstand crowds as large as 20,000 recorded on Derby Day.

It took the depression of the 30s to smother Spokane's horse race fever. The pounding of hoofs at the fair track was replaced by stock car racing, rodeos and polo games. Indian pony races were thrown in occasionally, but thoroughbred racing seemed forgotten.

Then in 1936 a San Francisco promoter, Jack Jerome, gave horse racing in Spokane a chance at revival. A state law had just been passed which allowed a pari-mutuel system of betting. Hoping for a legalizing of dog racing, Jerome put on a free dog race meet at the Interstate Fairgrounds track. When the dog race bill failed to pass, Jerome leased the track for horse racing.

A short time later a group of Spokane citizens organized the Playfair Association and purchased the track grounds from the city. Since that time, track improvements at Playfair have been many but it will take more than gaudy flags, special club facilities, paint and slogans, to ever equal the memories of what was once the old Interstate Fair grandstand and the horse race center of the community.

Things don't have to be complicated.
Two Dot Wilson was living proof...



Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

The FINE ART of IGNORING TROUBLE

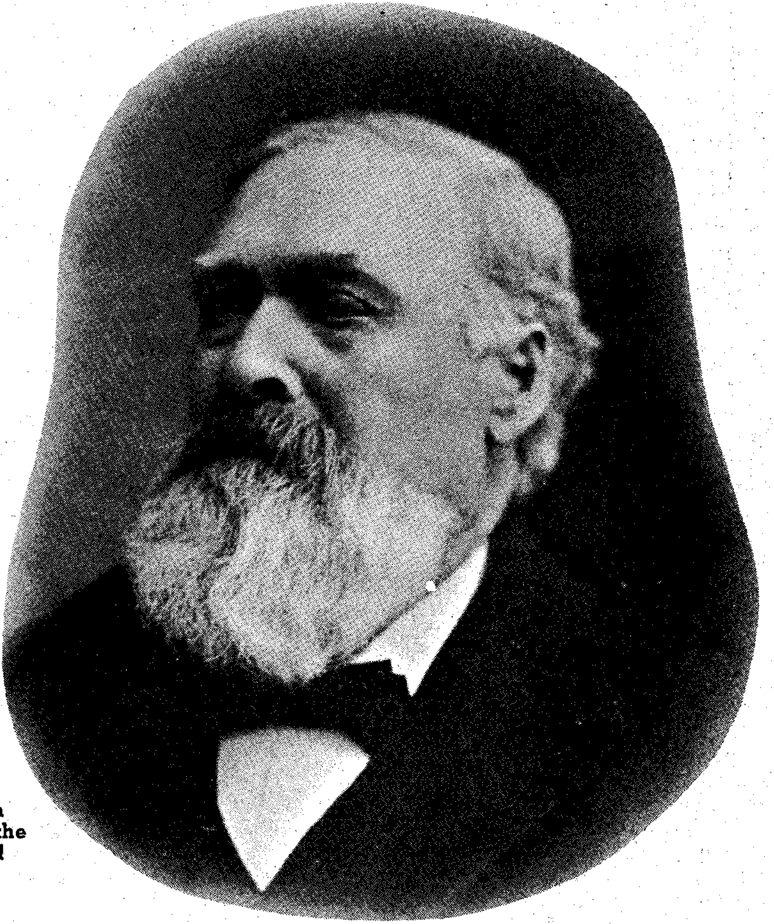
By ART H. WATSON

ON THE Milwaukee Railroad between Martinsdale and Harlowton, Montana, is the little town of Two Dot. The town derives its name from George R. "Two Dot" Wilson. I never knew him, but he has been described to me by my father and many of the old-timers who did know him, as being a brilliant though eccentric character.

His hair and whiskers were unrestrained and grew as God made them. He never wore a hat and never used shoelaces in his shoes. There was too much time lost tying the laces. He was a human dynamo, slept little, ate little, and worked by daylight, not by the clock. His brand was two dots on the ribs, and as legend has it, Two Dot used any sized dot that was required to blot out any existing brand. Few men around him used the same side of the animal to brand on, because the bottom of a frying pan could cover up any brand. I have no way of knowing whether these tales were true or false, but Two Dot became very wealthy and counted his cattle by the thousands. He ranged from the Yellowstone River to the Musselshell River and widely up and down both.

In the fall he would ship a trainload

(Continued on page 45)

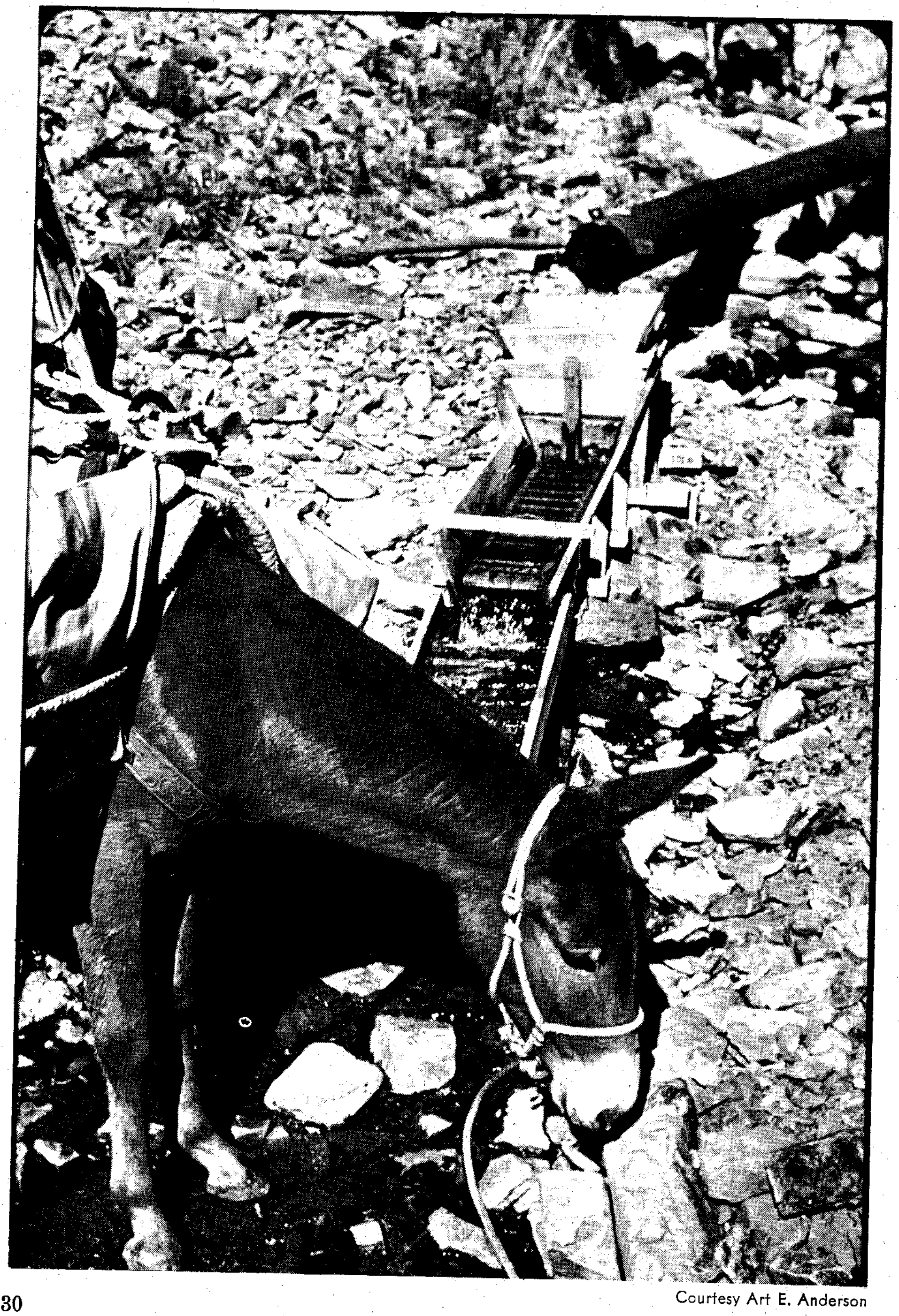


G. R. Wilson shown below the town named for him.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

BURIED RICHES ON OLD HORN'S PEAK

"If I don't return from this trip alive," George Skinner wrote... and his premonition was right



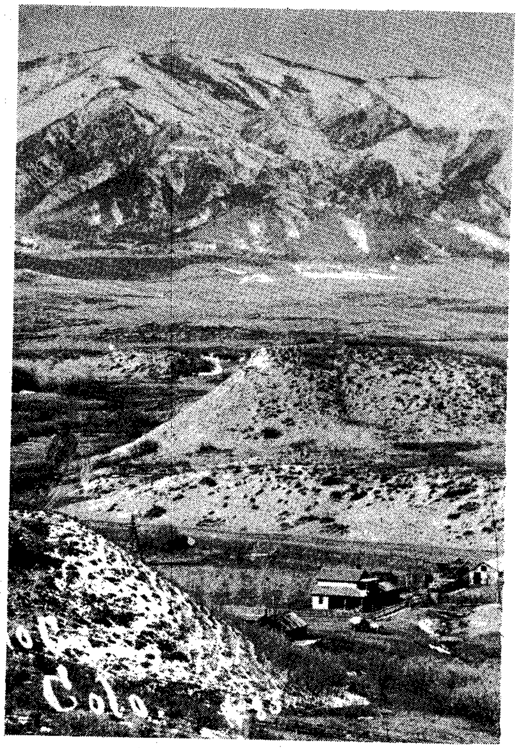
Courtesy Art E. Anderson

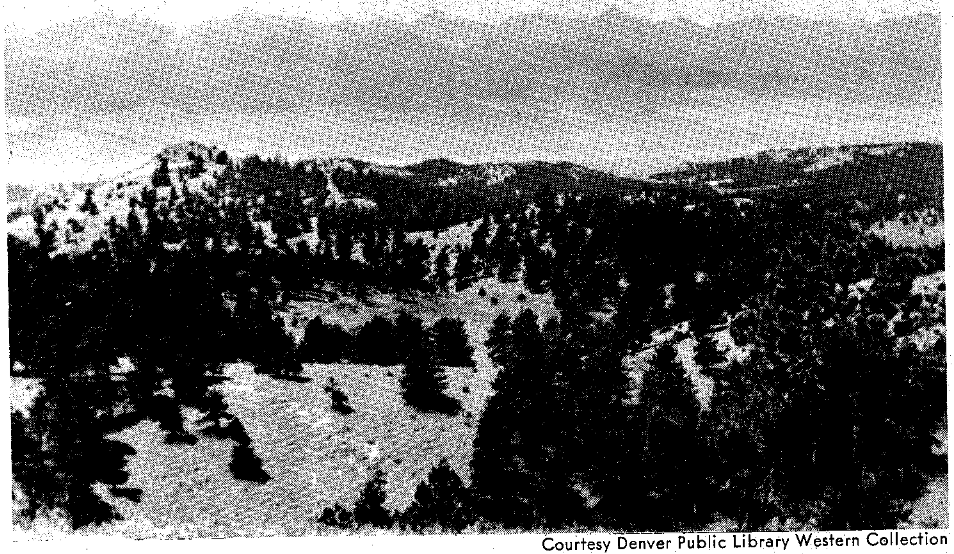
Submitted by
LEON C. PALMER

Explanatory note: The following account appeared in the Wet Mountain Tribune, Westcliffe, Custer County, Colorado, March 5, 1915.

NOT long ago a party of mining men gathered at one of the principal hotels in Denver to discuss matters and things of interest to the mining business. Some of them had made large fortunes in mining and not a few had had actual experience in prospecting and its many hardships. The conversation naturally turned to the early days of mining in the State, and after several incidents of interest had been recounted, one of the

Greenhorn, Colorado, 1889.





Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

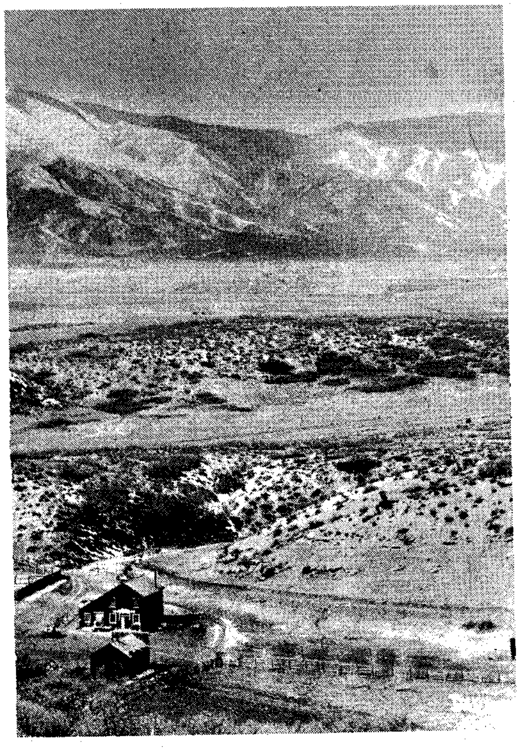
Rosita Hills in the foreground, Wet Mountain Valley in the center, the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in the background.

party drew from his pocket a buckskin bag, from which he produced a large gold nugget of considerable value and in appearance unlike anything usually seen in that part of the State.

"This nugget," he said, "has a history which is extremely interesting. Its possession cost one human life, besides years of hardship and anguish. The exact spot where it came from is unknown at present and I confidently believe many years will elapse before it is known.

"In the early part of 1860, when the country generally in Colorado was in its primitive form, inhabited for the most part by coyotes and redskins and before its natural attractiveness had been marred by money-making contrivances, a lone prospector set out from Denver to explore the then uninhabited region in the vicinity of the Greenhorn and Sangre de Cristo Ranges in the south-central part of the state some 200 miles from Denver. No one knew who he was or where he came from—few questions were ever asked regarding a man's antecedents. It was sufficient to know he was there and one of them.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



"At the place where he bought his supplies, however, he gave the name of George W. Skinner and said he was outfitting a trip to the Sangre de Cristo country. Besides paying for what he purchased, he deposited with the proprietor of the store a sum of money which he did not care to take with him to the mountains, saying he would call for it when he returned in the fall.

"Several years passed by and nothing was heard of the lone prospector. The beautiful Wet Mountain Valley which lies at the foot of the Sangre de Cristos was the home of a German colony which had come from the East and settled there. Very little prospecting was done by these pioneers as they found their time too much taken up with caring for themselves and their families.

"One day early in the spring of 1868 a middle-aged man drove up to one of the more pretentious looking ranch houses in the valley and asked to be housed for the night. His request was promptly granted and after the evening meal when the family was ranged about the fireplace anxious for news from the outside world, the stranger told them the nature of business which had brought him to that part of the country. He came from Illinois, he said, and was in search of a missing brother whom he had traced that far and was anxious to find. The brother had left home to come to Colorado in the early days of the western fever, since which time nothing had been heard of him.

"Becoming alarmed at his continued absence, this brother had come to Colorado and upon arriving at Denver had learned from a friend who was in the grocery business there that a man by the name of Skinner had bought a bill of goods from him early in 1860 giving the Sangre de Cristo country as his objective point and had left a sum of money on deposit which had never been called for.

"The brother therefore made his way to the valley in hopes of finding some trace of the man who called himself Skinner. The following morning the German rancher accompanied the younger Mr. Skinner through the valley but not one of the residents had ever heard tell of such a man as he was in search of.

"Somewhat discouraged by the failure of his mission the discouraged brother procured the services of an old hunter and guide and started into the mountains in the hope of obtaining some information. Some months were thus spent without finding a trace of the man for whom they were searching and as the summer season was rapidly drawing to a close, Mr. Skinner and his guide started for the valley where they proposed to winter. They would take up the search again in the early spring. One night they camped just at the timberline on the eastern slope of Horn's Peak near what apparently had been at one time the camp of a prospector. Mr. Skinner's curiosity prompted him to make some explorations in the gathering twilight and while removing the brush and debris which had evidently formed the floor and roof of the cabin, he found an old leather pocketbook partly rotted away and carefully tied up with wire. Worn out with the travel of the day, he put his find in his pocket, intending to examine it in the morning.

"IN THE night one of the snowstorms so common in the mountains at that time of the year came up, and when the travelers awoke in the morning they found several inches of snow awaiting them with no signs of the storm's abating. Hastily getting their camp fixtures together they packed their burros and made their way as rapidly as possible to the home of the German in the valley below, where they arrived safely in the course of a day's travel. Not until the animals had been safely housed and everything made snug for the winter did Mr. Skinner think of his find in the cabin.

"When he finally unfolded the pocketbook the secret of his long search was revealed. Carefully rolled up in the inside of the wallet was a letter written by his brother more than eight years before which said, 'My weary search is ended and my efforts crowned with success. Tomorrow I start for the settlements to return in the spring to uncover and work the valuable mine which I have discovered. Realizing the fact that I am a long way from civilization and liable to meet with a serious mishap, if not death, before I reach the outer world I am prompted to make the following statements which may reach the hand of some friend should misfortune overtake me. This letter I will leave in my cabin hoping that I will be on the ground again

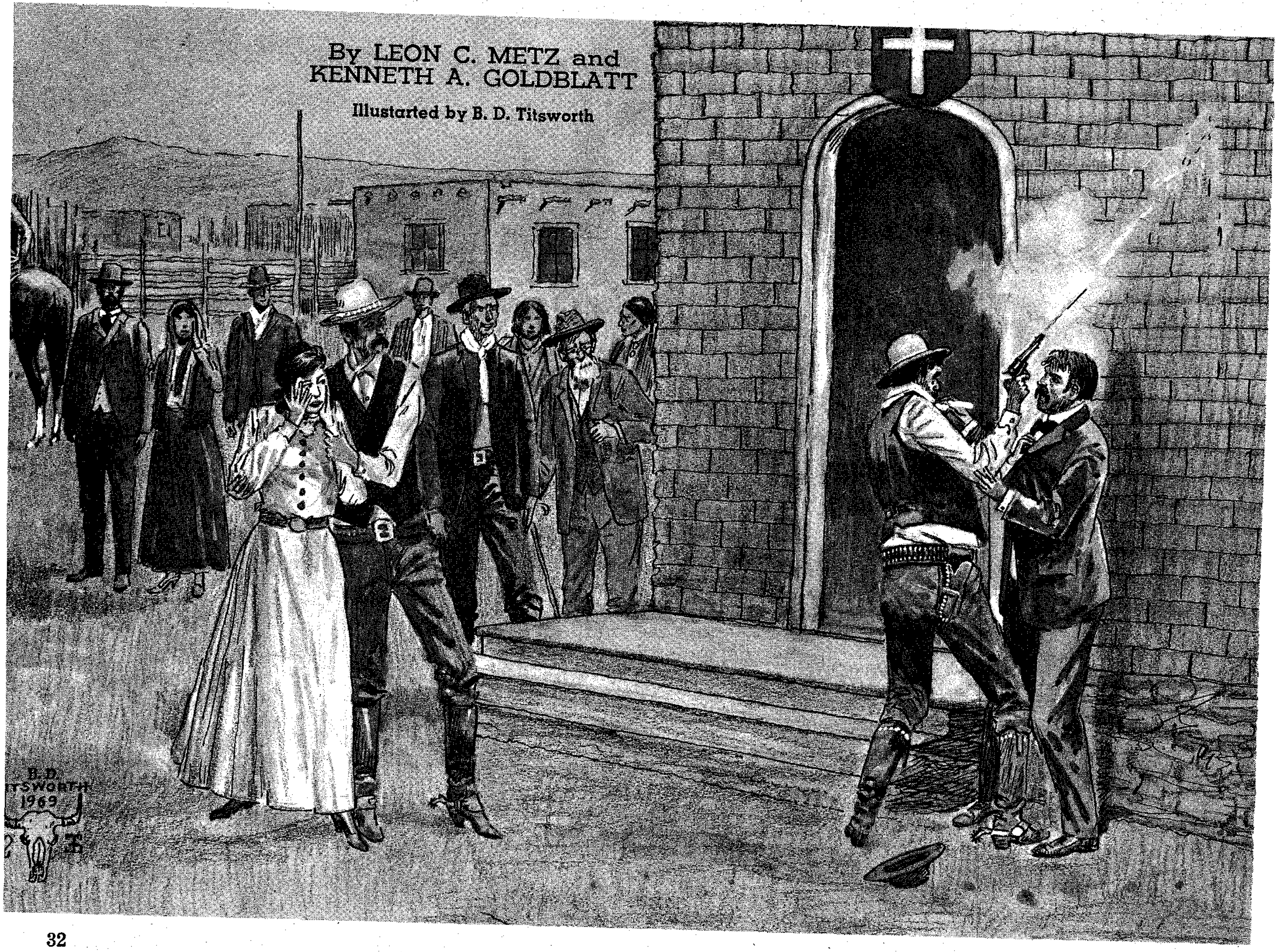
(Continued on page 54)

Hate has a long reach. It can pluck its victim from a house of prayer or from the coach of a speeding train...

MURDERED IN CHURCH

By LEON C. METZ and KENNETH A. GOLDBLATT

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth



IN 1880 Socorro, New Mexico, was a town whose citizenry regarded each other with hatred, distrust or contempt, as the case might be. Situated in the central portion of the Territory, not over one hundred miles south of Albuquerque, the predominantly Mexican community had long experienced the bite of *gringo* justice, with its land disappearing without explanation or trial into the coffers of the greedy *Americanos.*

Still, the peace of Christmas Eve took precedence in the village, and in the

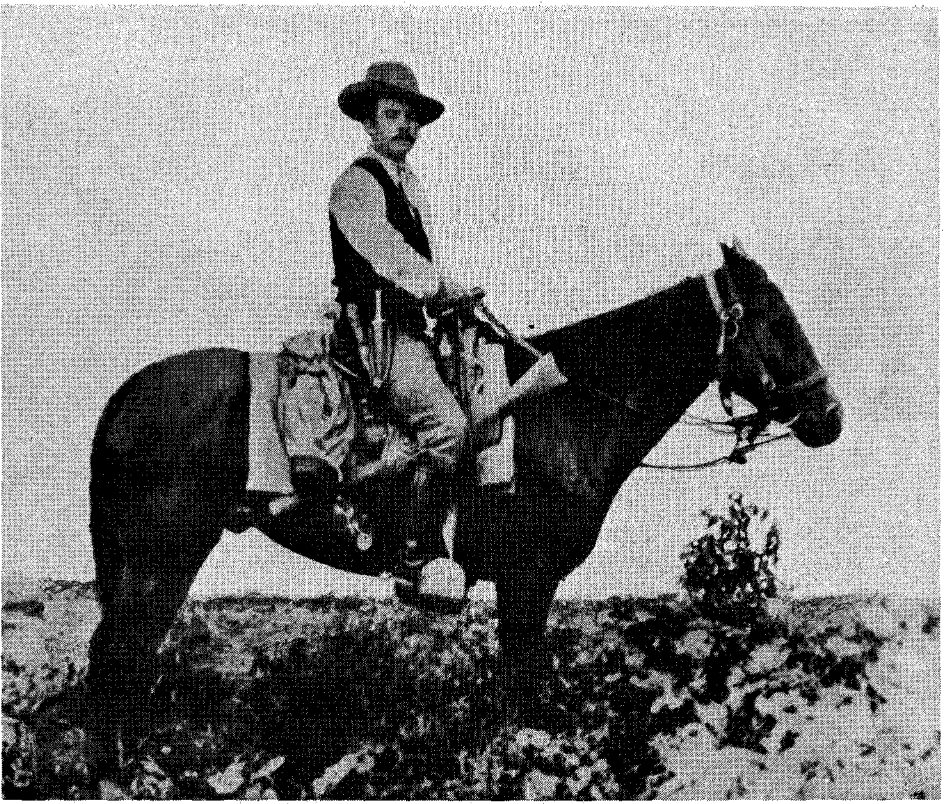
Catholic and Protestant chapels good will prevailed. Both races smiled, nodded, and exchanged *"Buenas noches"* as they hurried through the evening on their way to pray. Through the stained glass windows of the churches, frosted by the cloudy breath of so many onlookers, visions of gaiety and handshaking were revealed. Men laughed and chatted, assisted their wives with scarves and coats, and loudly called a "Merry Christmas" to everyone nearby.

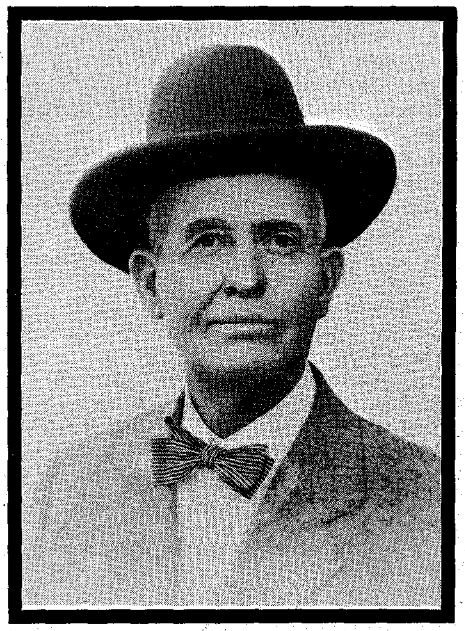
Inside the Catholic cathedral numerous statues of Jesus Christ—*Santos* the natives called them—filled the niches or Stations of the Cross. The Protestants substituted paintings of the Savior and noticed that their practice of fervent missionary zeal was paying off. All of Socorro had been invited to the services and, surprisingly, a few Mexican families had attended, moving quietly into the pews set aside for them.

But the devil, too, had taken a seat and patiently sat weaving his strands of evil for the community, the Baca brothers, and the eloquent editor of the Socorro *Sun*, A. M. Conklin. No one suspected that within hours the town would enter upon a period of great unhappiness, that before this night's activities were finished, lawlessness would split the Territory into factions, that Mexico and the United States would threaten armed reprisals against each other, and that the Texas Rangers would write a disreputable and controversial chapter into the lawbook of international relations.

THE MOLD from which old-time newspaper editors were formed and hardened seems to have been ground into a fine powder and scattered aloft into the lusty winds. At best the trade was dangerous, for editors fought with virtually everyone. Western editors in particular could cause more damage in a few minutes with their pens than a corral full of gunmen during their most homicidal period. Editors could be libelous, insulting, infuriating; they could be unkind to anyone but an advertiser, and sometimes even these persons took their licks like everyone else. Perhaps the old-time editors were simply frustrated preachers at heart, for they loved to rage against sin. Scarlet ladies were always good for an editorial, and almost equally favored were the politicians. Because they were distrusted anyhow, people stood ready to believe any accusation printed about public officials. And near the bottom of the sinners' pile, in disarray and disrepute, lounged the law officers and gunmen. Conklin attacked all of these in his various editorials, and in so doing wrote his own death warrant.

Conklin had not always been editor and owner of the *Sun*. Like most of the American community, he had drifted in from "back East" which, in this instance, meant Indiana where he had previously managed and edited the Indianapolis *Sentinel*. Then the Civil War beckoned and the slightly built, mustachioed Conklin enlisted and served a stint in the Union Army, finally rolling up his discharge papers and settling in New Mexico where he returned to his newspaper career. He worked on the *Gazette* in Las Vegas and published the *Herald* in Albuquerque before moving to Socorro.


Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library


Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Texas Ranger James B. Gillett mounted on "Dusty," 1879. Right, Gillett in later years.

Early in 1880, he objected to the forcible possession of the polls on election day by a party of armed men. Next he condemned the murder of a local police officer, J. C. Thomas, by what Conklin called a "hired assassin." Unfortunately, the issues of the *Sun* which carried these editorials are no longer extant. However, the editor of the Las Vegas *Daily Optic* noted that there existed "little doubt that the assassins went to the church on Christmas Eve with the intention of killing him [Conklin] because of his standing on these matters."

THE CONKLIN FAMILY barely noticed the Bacas in the crowded church. Both parties took their respective seats, Conklin sitting a few pews behind a young Anglo lady struggling with the pins in her shawl. As she lifted it off and draped it beside her on the bench, Enofrio Baca arose, stepped quietly across the aisle, sat down directly behind her, and thumped one of his muddy boots down atop the scarf.

Indignation is hardly the term to describe what happened when the young lady witnessed mud and snow suddenly scattering across her clothing. Conklin, seeing the insulting behavior (as it was probably planned that he should), jumped off the bench and hoarsely demanded that Baca remove his feet at once. When the response did not come quickly, Conklin personally kicked Baca's feet onto the floor, and a cursing struggle immediately followed. Abran and Mesias Baca seized the editor and tried forcing him from the building, but the act was stopped by the intervention of bystanders. Vowing vengeance, the Bacas stomped angrily from the premises.

An uneasy service followed, but by eleven p.m. nearly everyone had convinced himself that the trouble had blown over. Slowly the worshippers crossed through the open portals and started walking toward their homes. Conklin, linked arm in arm with his wife, followed slowly at the rear. Beside him chatted an old friend, Mr. McFarland, an associate on the *Sun*.

Standing beside the church door the Baca boys waited, and when Conklin stepped outside, his wife was roughly shoved from him and he felt himself

(Continued on page 62)

NUGGETS

THE SMALL GOLD STAR

By I. L. Pfalser

A SMALL GOLD STAR marks the spot on the sidewalk in Winfield, Kansas which on October 26, 1893 ran red with the blood of a man who was a friend to every resident of the community.

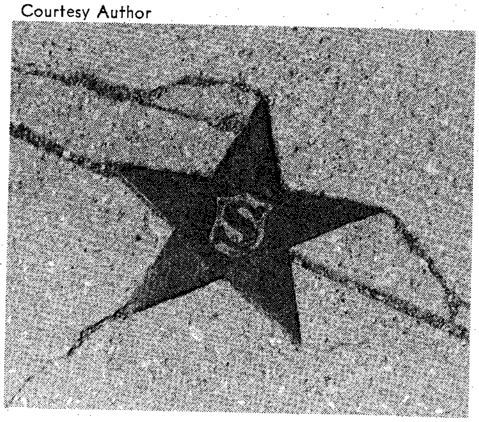
Pioneer lawman, Capt. H. H. Siverd's death came as a shock to everyone, especially his best friend, a newsman for the Winfield *Courier*. The mortally wounded Siverd passed the last few minutes of his life lying on the *Courier* office floor as his friend wrote a special report on the happenings of the previous few minutes. As life ebbed, the presses rolled with the following story.

"As we go to press, all that remains of Capt. H. H. Siverd, as true and noble friend as ever held the breath of life, lies on our office floor, true to his friends, true to his principles, true to his duty, in the full prime of his manhood, his life goes out. He has faced shot and shell on many a battlefield, but the assassin's bullet in the hands of villainy and hate has done its work."

Thus the newsman wrote, racked with frustration at his inability as well as that of others who had gathered, to save their dying friend. Sick with the thought of this brutal slaying, he wrote his account of the slaying and events leading up to it.

The gold star cast in the sidewalk in honor of pioneer lawman Captain H. H. Siverd at the corner of Ninth and Main in Winfield, Kansas.

Courtesy Author



Cowley County, and the Winfield area in particular, was settled shortly after the Civil War by veterans of the Union Army. A member of this group, Capt. Siverd was greatly respected and a very popular figure in the community, and was soon elected constable.

Winfield was a raw, growing community, typical of the Kansas plains. Law and order at times were lax but Capt. Siverd set about trying to quiet things down. Wandering renegades from Indian Territory were always a matter of concern, along with general thievery and whiskey running, so border lawmen had little peace.

On that fateful October 26, Siverd had received a warrant for the arrest of a young man for illegal sale of liquor. The suspect, Wilber Norton, was soon found and, after a show of resistance, was formally arrested. Proceeding up the street with his prisoner, Siverd had just reached the northeast corner of Ninth and Main streets when Norton's friend and companion, Morgan Wright, blocked the way. Intent on getting his man to jail only a few blocks away, Siverd at first paid little heed to Wright; however, Wright's threatening gestures and his demand for Norton's release brought the two men face to face. Siverd, not fearing either of the two young hoodlums, stood his ground.

Suddenly Norton jerked loose and sprang to one side, momentarily knocking Siverd off balance while at the same time calling to Wright to "Shoot the s-o-b!" Siverd went for his gun but Wright pulled back a coat he was carrying on his right arm, revealing a fire-belching .45. Fired at point blank, there was no chance for the bullet to miss and it entered Siverd's body just above the heart. The constable crumpled to the sidewalk mortally wounded, his gun still in the holster. Both Norton and Wright ran down the street away from the gathering crowd and disappeared into an alley.

Doctors Emory and Hornaday, who were standing nearby, rushed to give aid but immediately realized Siverd had only minutes to live. They carried him to the nearby office of the Winfield *Courier* where he was laid out on the floor as his life ebbed away. The shooting occurred at 3:15 p.m. and at exactly 4:00, Siverd died.

An aroused citizenry, in company with the city marshal and his deputies, set out on the trail of Norton and Wright. By nightfall, both had been flushed out of hiding and lodged in jail on the charge of murder.

The two men were quickly brought to trial in Cowley County District Court. Norton, who had given the command to fire the fatal shot, was sentenced to hang on December 27, 1893, while Wright, who had actually pulled the trigger, received a twenty-year prison term. Since there was no capital punishment law in Kansas at that time, Norton was sent to the state prison at Lansing to serve out a life sentence. On January 14, 1910, Governor Hock commuted his sentence and he was discharged three years later on May 15. Wright was let out on parole.

The state's population had grown considerably by the time both were released. The old wild days were almost a thing of the past. In a short time both dropped out of public life and were never heard of again.

The Winfield G.A.R. Post, which Capt. Siverd had served as commander and which was later renamed in his honor, elected to erect some type of monument to his memory. After much discussion, it was decided that a gold star should be placed in the sidewalk to mark the spot where the mortally wounded Siverd fell. Lodge members pooled their gold lodge pins, which were melted down and cast in the form of a five-pointed star with the letter "S" inscribed in the middle.

The star was cast into the new concrete sidewalk where it remains today, worn somewhat by the passage of time and thousands of feet. It serves as a testament that the taming of the West did not come easily.

FISHING IN IDAHO

By Roscoe LeGresley

"THE STEELHEAD are running! The steelhead are running!" Long ago this annual cry traveled up the Clearwater River from Lewiston via the bush telegraph, for there were no roads and few telephones which reached into the remote area along the river. The message reached out not only along the main Clearwater but all of its tributaries as well, especially the largest, the Middlefork.

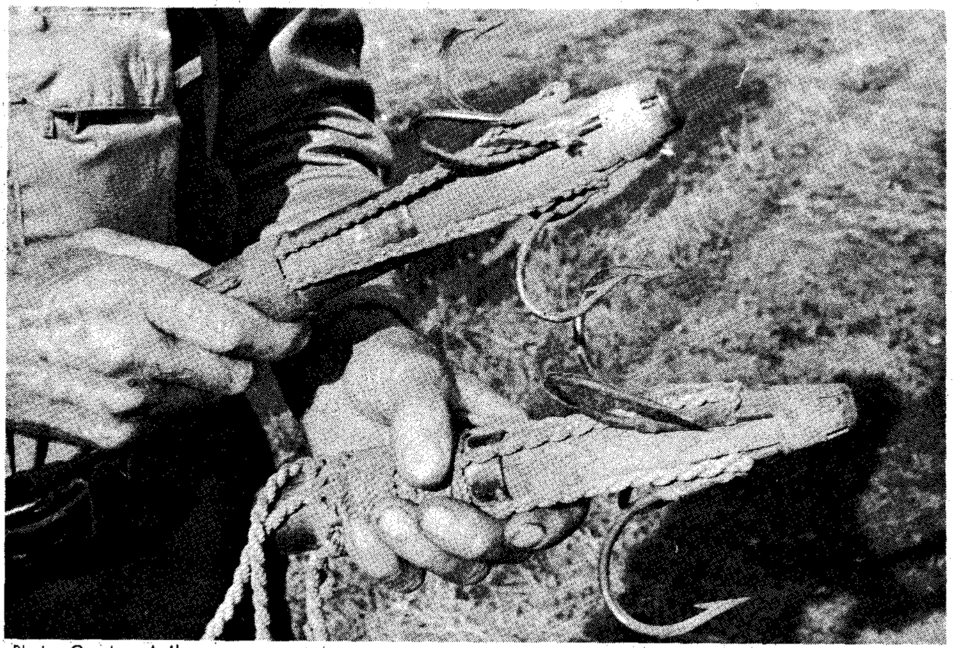
Feverishly the natives went to work moving boats to the water's edge. Everyone began to check gear; fire jacks were inspected; huge piles of pine pitch, cut days ago, were checked and rechecked with the utmost important tool of all, the fishing spears, receiving special attention. For these latter, new handles had been cut to insure no steelhead would snap rotten wood and escape the fisherman. The spears themselves, some with only one hook, others with as many as four or five, were inspected for sharpness, then laid close at hand for the first night of fishing. This event was something all the natives looked forward to, not only to provide more food for their families but to add to their meager income.

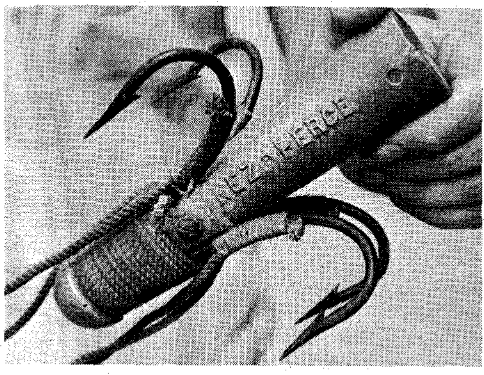
In the early 1900s spear fishing was legal in Idaho. Quite a few persons in this part of the country can still remember this type of fishing, but none can recall it quite so vividly as Lennis Engle, sixty-two-year-old Grangeville resident who was born and reared in a log house on the banks of the Middlefork, fifteen miles east of the present town of Kooskia. At a tender age he had mastered the dangerous job of poling a boat up and down the river at night, fishing with spears.

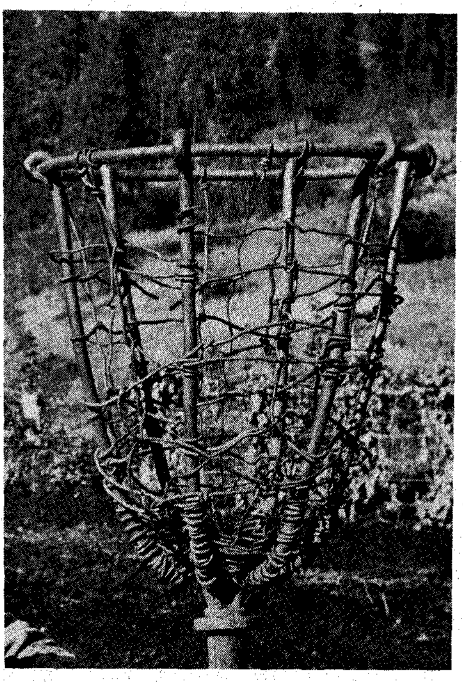
After spending all day in school Lennis would hurry home anl make sure the fishing gear, boat spears and pine pitch were ready for the evening's work. When darkness fell, he and a companion, Ferrell Trenary, would push their boat into the water, light the pitch in their fire jack, and start drifting down the river with the current, controlling the boat by the means of a long pole.

As they moved out into the river the sputtering, almost blood-red light from the burning pitch, placed in a wire basket and mounted on a steel pipe five or six feet above the boat, would penetrate the water better than any other light. Steelhead and salmon, as they moved lazily along under two or three feet of water or lay still as if resting, could be seen for many feet. When one was spied, the spearman stood at the prow of the boat, cast his spear, and hauled the huge fish aboard.

This would go on all night sometimes, or until they had a load. The boys would then pole the boat back upstream to the starting point to unload and clean the fish which were strung on racks. When morning came Lennis' father hauled the catch by wagon to Camas Prairie, twenty miles away, where the fish would bring 20c a pound from the ranchers and farmers.







Photos Courtesy Author

Above, spear heads invented by Engle. A piece of pipe on the end provides a holder for the handle which was a long, straight sapling. Lines which fastened to the hooks were braided from whatever heavy cord available. Below, the sophisticated version of the Engle invention, manufactured by Andy Hjort and sold commercially. The heads were cast aluminum. Why the words Nez Percé were cast into the piece no one knows. Right, fire jack—metal basket which held the lighted pine pitch for the night fishing.

LIN ENGLE, Lennis' father, started searching for ways to improve his spears which up to now had been nothing more than a long shaft with some sort of metal point, ground sharp and a barb added. Most fishermen would straighten a heavy hook for this purpose. It worked well, but because the point was fastened solidly the lively fish would sometimes either snap the shaft or tear loose and swim away.

The elder Engle went to work designing a number of different types of spear points, some with two hooks, others with three, which raised the odds of catching a steelhead but did not solve the problem of the fish's tearing itself loose or breaking the pole before it could be landed.

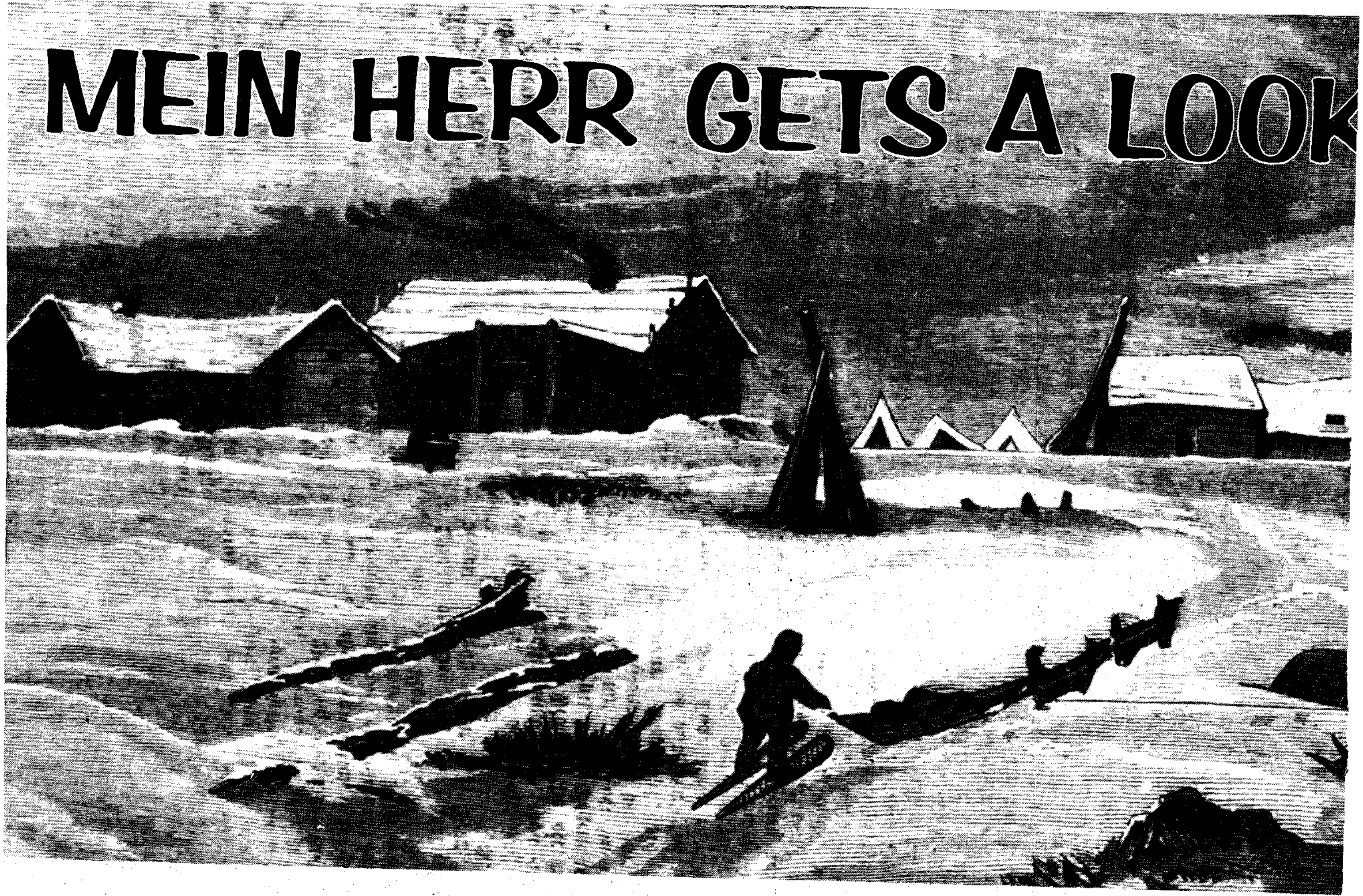
Finally Engle conceived the idea of making a cluster of four hooks, each fastened to a heavy cord about two feet long. To hold them in place when striking with the spear, he wrapped a number of turns of heavy cord around the nose of the spear point, then slipped the shank of the hooks under the coils. This worked so well that his friend, Andy Hjort, who owned and operated a small machine shop in Kooskia, made a deal with Engle to patent and manufacture the spear. It sold for three dollars.

When everyone spear fished for steelhead during the annual runs in the early spring and late fall, thousands of the fish were on the move; and even though many were caught, this type of fishing never damaged the "runs," nor did they slow down. It was only after a dam was constructed at Lewiston, on the Clearwater River, that the fish runs were impeded enough that it was feared spearing would kill too many females before they reached their spawning grounds. Consequently, in 1946 a law forbidding everyone, including the Indians, to spear fish went into effect.

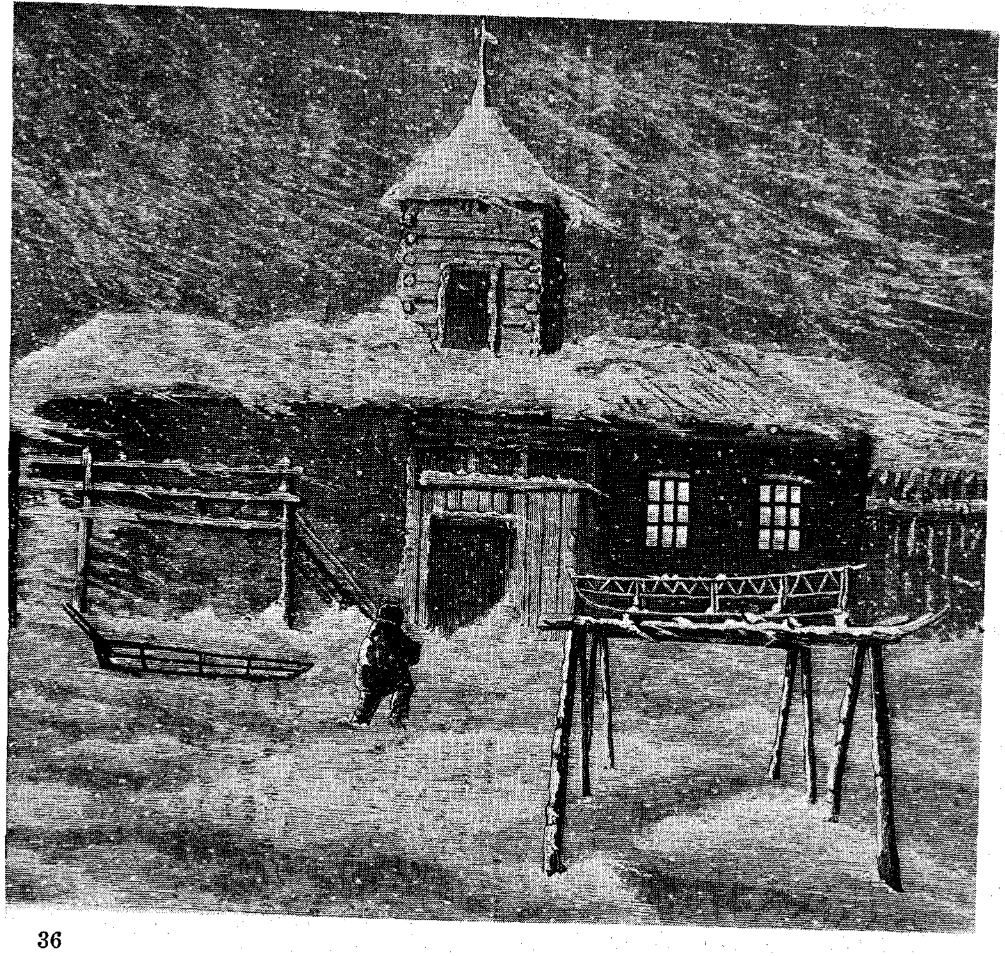
In the '50s the Indians appealed to the courts which declared the law unconstitutional because of a treaty made in 1855.

(Continued on page 50)

MEIN HERR GETS A LOOK



Above, Aljaska Land, formerly Russian America. Trading center of the Russian-American fur company on Unalachet River. Below, inner compound of the trading center in Nulato.



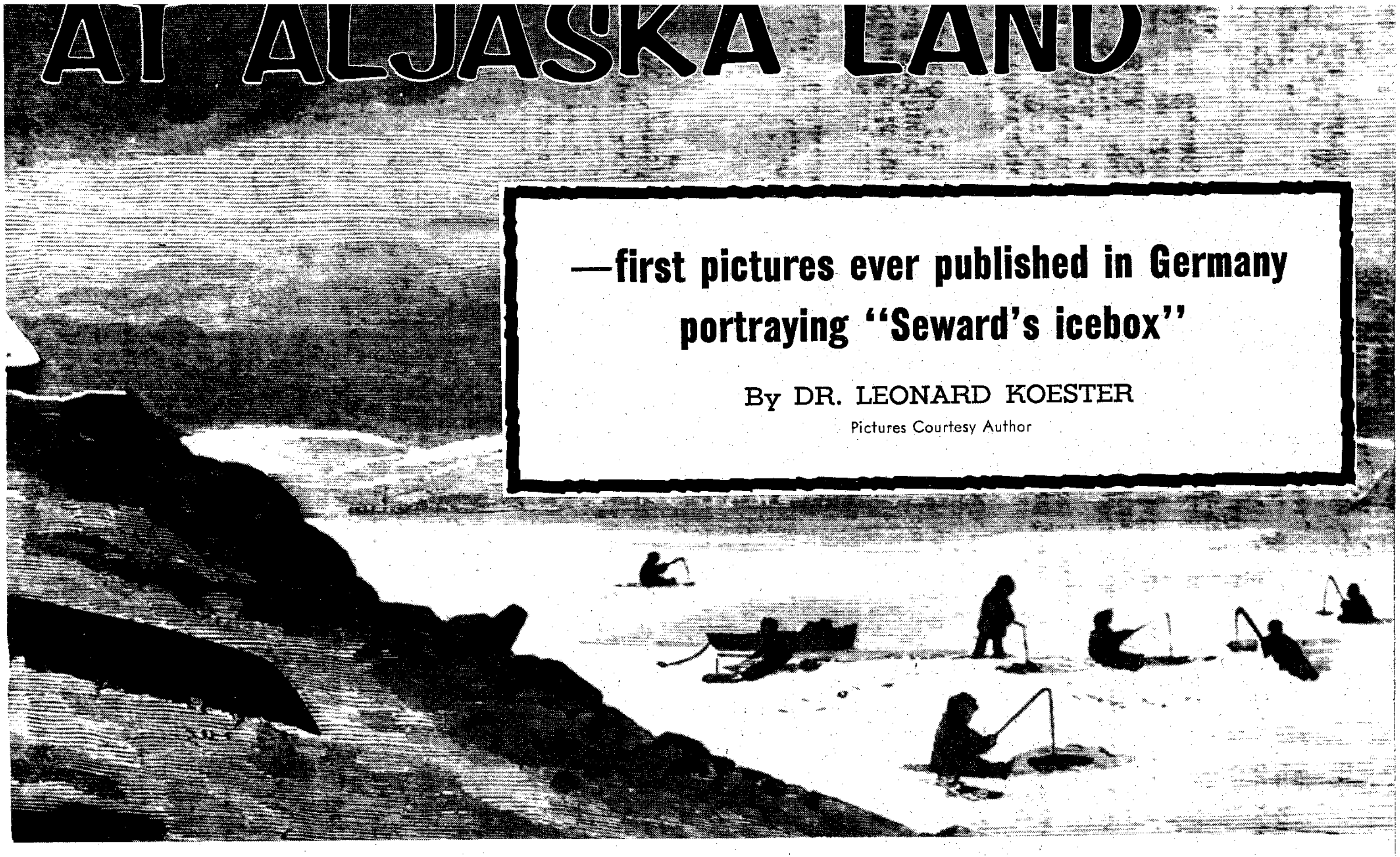
DURING AUGUST 1868, more than a hundred years ago, the first pictures of American Alaska for the German reader appeared in an illustrated magazine entitled *Ueber Land und Meer.* They were part of a report on the American acquisition of Alaska which had taken place almost one and a half years previously, but it took considerable time to present a news item with pictures from one part of the world to the other.

In spite of the delay, subscribers to the German illustrated were rewarded with a lively description and three pictures of a far-away country inhabited by Indians, Eskimos and white trappers, and imagination was excited to a degree we today can scarcely comprehend. For us, too, the illustrations and article are interesting, but in a different way. Mainly, we note or are amused at how North Europeans looked at the Great Land, Aljaska. For this reason, I have tried to give an exact translation of the article, which in some respects is overly romanticised and at times even in error. However, we can afford to be generous in our appraisal, for we recall that the age of romanticism was not long past and that the aids of communication we have today did not exist. Granted the author was naive, but surely he was innocent of any willful propaganda or evil intentions. The illustrations are signed by X. A. & E. Helm, the article by A. Wellmer, names long forgotten.

Aljaska Land—formerly Russian America

RUSSIA'S misfortune, the eternal handicap for the czars in their cultur-

AT ALJASKA LAND



—first pictures ever published in Germany portraying "Seward's icebox"

By DR. LEONARD KOESTER

Pictures Courtesy Author

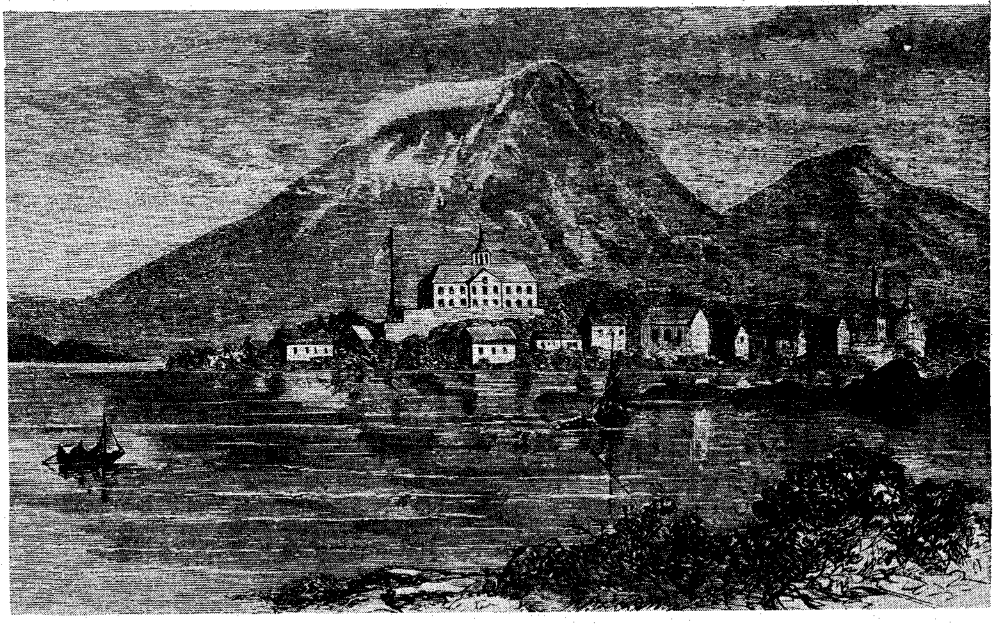
al endeavors, is its magnitude in square miles! Every giant is clumsy and slow, and Russia is a giant in the superlative. While its feet are resting on the Black Sea amid myrtle and roses, its icy gray head reaches up into the dismal, eternally wintry Polar Sea. A normal circulation of healthy blood through the entire body and a fresh, regular pulsebeat can hardly be possible. The discomfort was not to be avoided . . . so the giant shook and trembled—and he was so happy to cast off one of his most aching, constantly frozen limbs: his possesions in Northwest America—Aljaska Land. So-called Russian America has ceased. For seven million dollars it came into possession of the United States.

Russian North America is in its interior still rather unknown. It extends from forty-five degrees northern latitude along the coast up to sixty degrees and toward the north into the Arctic Sea. In the east it is bounded by British North America, the so-called Indian lands, westward by the Sea of Kamchatka and the Bering Strait. The Cordilleras extend into the interior.

Here prevails an almost eternal winter. Only rarely are the coasts free of ice. Of culture and agriculture traces can be found only at the most favorable points. The inhabitants, composed of native Indians and Eskimos, excepting a few Russians and recently Americans, are therefore almost entirely dependent on what nature gives them freewillingly. The chief wealth of the land consists of its fur-bearing animals: otter, foxes, marten, bears, wolves, squirrels—which yield to the spoiled children of fortune on the whole globe the famous Russian pelage. Also of edible animals there is no lack. Here there are reindeer with the most delectable tongues, elk, stags, rabbits, and—tender mice. For the kitchen there are swimming in the rivers and bays salmon, cod, flounder, crabs, sepia (inkfish), and for the big copper lamps, which burn in the huts day and night for lighting, heating and cooking, whales and seals with their abundant fat and oil. The many large and small aquatic birds on the seacoasts are as good as a well provided chicken house; they give eggs and fowl in quantity and do not need to be fed. With vegetation, however, it is quite difficult. Besides dwarf willows and other miniature trees the frigid soil yields in the few summer months all kinds of berries, wild roots and herbs, which are carefully collected by the settlers and are applied with much success as the only remedy against the devastating scurvy. The mineral wealth, hard

(Continued on page 68)

Sitka or New Archangel.



Publish Your Book Now!

Our special imprint, Lochinvar Books, is reserved for Western Americana works of high quality. With thirty years of publishing experience, we edit, publish and promote each book to professional standards. Because we combine complete facilities at one location, your book can be published in three to four months—only one-third to one-half of the usual time! FREE: Two fact-filled brochures; send your MS for editorial and cost appraisal without charge or obligation.

Please write to Dept. 172G

EXPOSITION PRESS
50 Jericho Turnpike, Jericho, N.Y. 11753

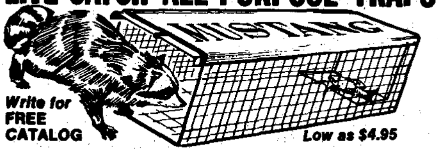
FOR ONLY $5.95 POSTPAID YOU GET:
- HEAVY DUTY 10" STEEL GOLDPAN!
- ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTION BOOKLET!
- QUARTER-POUND OF GOLD-BEARING CONCENTRATES WITH OVER 50 PIECES OF PURE GOLD!

EDUCATIONAL, GREAT GIFT ITEM!

PAN YOUR OWN GOLD ©

SEND TO: "PAN YOUR OWN GOLD"©
BOX 431, MIDWAY CITY, CALIFORNIA 92655

LIVE-CATCH ALL-PURPOSE TRAPS



Write for FREE CATALOG

Low as $4.95

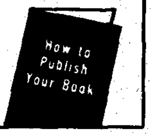
Traps without injury squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, mink, fox, raccoons, stray animals, pests, etc. Sizes for every need. Also traps for fish, sparrows, pigeons, crabs, turtles, quail, etc. Save on our low factory prices. Send no money. Free catalog and trapping secrets.

MUSTANG MFG. CO., Dept. N-11, Box 10880, Houston, Tex. 77018

BOOK AUTHORS!

FREE

Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Send for FREE report on your manuscript and copy of **How To Publish Your Book.**


How to Publish Your Book

CARLTON PRESS Dept. TWW
84 Fifth Ave., New York 10011

FREE Western Wear CATALOGUE

"Western Hat Center of the World"
Boots—Coats—Riding Accessories

LUSKEY'S WESTERN STORE
DEPT. T 101 NORTH HOUSTON ST.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS 76102

INDIAN HEAD CENTS

Authentic—Nice Condition
(mixed dates—G-F)
1 Roll—$15.50
Half-roll—$8.25
Samples—3-$1.00
Prompt Service. Complete Satisfaction Assured.
MONTEREY COINS, Dept. TW-4
311 Homeland N.W., Albuquerque, N.M. 87114

Quicksand

(Continued from page 23)

begin sinking. A mule's native intelligence comes to its rescue in quicksand. It merely drops on its belly, with its feet tucked under its body. In this position it will not sink, and if relieved of its burden, will get out by itself.

Cattle may seem to be the calmest of beasts, but they invariably panic in quicksand. There is only one way to save such an animal in this predicament—tie a rope around its horns or neck and pull it out very slowly, with a dependable team or a tractor. But be careful when the rescue has been completed—a cow is a most ungrateful beast and is likely to show her gratitude by charging her rescuer. An animal that has already sunk to its neck is beyond saving, and should be mercifully put to death to spare it an agonizing ordeal.

Before his death, Gerard H. Matthes of the U. S. Geological Survey was probably the leading quicksand expert in this country. "Anyone who ever steps off the pavement should know about quicksand," he was fond of saying to Boy Scout troops, hiking clubs, farm groups and others who frequently ventured into the wilds.

His admonition came from years of experience. The nature of his work was such that he spent much time exploring primitive areas and on several occasions he sank into quicksand pits. Each time he managed to escape, although he had several close calls. Once in Colorado he walked into a quicksand bog in the morning and when he finally managed to extricate himself the sun was just going down. It had taken him eight hours to travel the ten feet to safety.

Few people realize how common quicksand is. It is likely to be found in every state in the nation. And not all of it is on the surface. For instance, the new $100 million Chase Manhattan Bank building, erected in the center of New York City, rests partly on quicksand which appeared when the foundation hole had been excavated to a depth of sixty feet. Through a new process, the quicksand was solidified with chemicals to support the thousands of tons of concrete and steel rising about it.

When working in a quicksand area, contractors can never be certain what will turn up. In Providence, Rhode Island, workmen left a pump running over a weekend to remove quicksand from a sewer excavation. When the men returned on Monday, a nearby forest had sunk several feet.

Until World War II, very few real facts were known about the phenomenon of quicksand. During the previous century, numerous theories had been advanced about its cause, but no serious study was made of the problem until troops and equipment began to bog down in parts of Germany where the soil was unstable and quicksand was prevalent. Some of America's best scientists were to determine why some sands act the way they do.

It took more work than anyone expected, but they finally got the answer: Quicksand is not formed because the grains of sand are round, as one theory had proposed; nor are the grains lubricated in some mysterious way which keeps them from being stable. The fact that water is present has no bearing either. But if the water is flowing through the sand upward, as from a spring, it forces the grains apart slightly, thereby making the sand mass swell. The grains, suspended and frictionless, will not support a weight, and any object placed on the surface at once begins to sink. The sand has become "quick."

If you are ever unfortunate enough to step into a quicksand pit, perhaps you will be lucky and find it to be shallow. In this event, you will only sink until your feet touch solid soil, then you can wade out. But some quicksand areas have tremendous depth. This was well illustrated on the night of May 21, 1878.

A flash flood ripped loose a wooden trestle on the Kansas Pacific line at Kiowa Creek, just east of Denver, and a freight train plunged into the churning maelstrom.

When the water had run out of the normally dry creek bed, giant railroad cranes pulled the cars out, one by one. The locomotive, however, had disappeared and workmen probed the sands of Kiowa Creek to a depth of fifty feet but never found a trace of it.

It had simply disappeared—all 200 tons of it—sunk in quicksand.—Courtesy *National Wildlife* published by National Wildlife Federation.

Noisy, Sinful Goldfield

(Continued from page 15)

knew such a man that well?" I asked.

"When a gold shipment went from Daddy's bank to the depot for shipment, I was the one who transported it," she replied. "It was always in heavy leather bags which I dragged through town with ropes tied to my saddle-horn. And Jack Davis was always nearby, watching for a possible hold-up. It was one of his jobs."

It is said that a friend of Jack's once asked him why he carried four guns, and he replied, "Well, if I ever got into a mix-up and didn't have my guns and got killed I'd never forgive myself as long as I lived."

GOLDFIELD, Nevada at the beginning of our century had it all—and more—but now it is just part of the vast, bleak wasteland cradled between the Silver Peak and Cactus Ranges in Nevada's forgotten gold country of another era.

The Goldfield Hotel still stands proudly among the dead weeds and brambles, and Tex Rickard's old house sulks alone a mere block away—boarded up, except for the stained glass upper windows—seeming to be watching and waiting for something exciting to happen.

Goldfield isn't dead. A handful of hardy souls have refused to abandon it. But the multitudes are gone—many to the ancient, windswept cemetery that overlooks the town. And the tumult and the shouting is gone—unless you know how to listen.

IS THIS YOUR POT OF GOLD?

GOLD!
TREASURE!
YOURS FOR THE FINDING

DO YOU LIKE REAL ADVENTURE?

THEN DO AS MANY OTHER D-TEX OWNERS ARE DOING

Mix TREASURE with Pleasure for that "EXTRA CASH" IN YOUR POCKET!

$$Treasure Finding$$ **Proves To Be Profitable Hobby**

Mr. and Mrs. Kouba (John and Kay) are typical treasure enthusists. They attend as many of the Treasure Hunter's Contests as possible each year. Kay proudly displays her trophies — one for World Championship Treasure Hunter. She has won 3 First Place this year. They took some of their coin folders and loose coins and jewelry out of their bank safety deposit long enough to get the pictures. All coins and jewelry displayed were found with detectors. They have three D-Tex units. A Professional, a Delux (Kay's favorite) and a Koin-King. Their best find for one day was 148 coins. You too can find treasure as shown with a D-Tex detector.

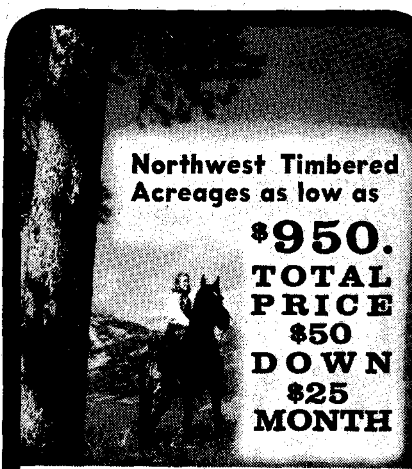
THE MOST ADVANCED PROFESSIONAL INSTRUMENT FOR LOCATING GOLD, SILVER, METALLIC OBJECTS AND TREASURE

- Superb penetration, sensitivity
- Built-in speaker
- Compact, rugged and lightweight
- **Works through earth, vegetation, wood, rock, water, etc.**
- **Locate lost or buried jewelry, treasure, historical relics.**

(Is This Your Year To Strike It Rich?)

For Full Information and Free Illustrated Catalog Plus Free Treasure Finding Tips Write Today

P.O. Box 451-FT **D-TEX ELECTRONICS** **Garland, Texas 75040**



Northwest Timbered Acreages as low as

$950. TOTAL PRICE

$50 DOWN

$25 MONTH

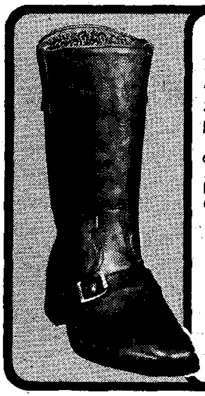
5 - 10 - 20 - 40 ACRES

For people who love the land—A tract of Recreation Land for YOUR Own!

In Northern Idaho, Northeastern Washington, and Western Montana. In the heart of lakes and big game country. All covered with growing timber. Access, Title insurance with each tract. This is select land with natural beauty, recreational and investment values. We have tracts of many types and sizes from which to choose, including beautiful Northwest Waterfront property on the Pend Oreille, Priest and Kettle Rivers; and property on Pend Oreille Lake. Your inspection welcomed. Write us for free list, maps and complete information. Write to: Dept. H2K

REFORESTATION Inc.®

P.O. Box 8146, Spokane, Wash. 99203



NOW!

11" BUCKLE BOOT

Styled for today's look. A clean-cut boot of top grain leather. Accented with monk strap, antique brass buckle, and leather pull straps. Soft touch-o-foam leg lining. Neolite sole, rubber heel. Brandy-brown or black. 6½ to 13. $18.95

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

ORDER USUAL SHOE SIZE. LARGEST MAIL-ORDER MOCCASIN SPECIALISTS SERVING YOU DIRECT. ADD. 50c HANDLING CHG. $2.00 DEPOSIT ON C.O.D.'S.

OUTDOOR WORLD

Div. of Western Brands FT-11
ESTES PARK, COLO. 80517
PHONE 303: 586-3361

BRANDING IRONS!

MADE TO YOUR ORDER

A real Branding Iron of your own to reproduce your BRAND, Name, Initials, Signature or any Drawing on many of your Personal Possessions.

• Great Gift • Priced from $9.95
• Satisfaction Guaranteed

Send for Free Brochure and Sample of Branded Stationery showing Detail Possibilities.

BANTY BRANDS

Box 144-W Douglas, Wyoming 82633

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

OUR SOUTHWEST

While the Southwest is a complex entity with a varied ecology and political history, its story has been admirably presented in *Land of Many Frontiers* (Oxford University Press, $7.50) by Odie B. Faulk. The Southwest herein described includes West Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, Southern California, and the southern tips of Nevada, Utah and Colorado. The author develops his thesis under six main headings. The first deals with the Spanish Era, 1519-1821, and includes the golden era of discovery and conquest of Cabeza de Vaca, Coronado, etc., the turbulent settlement attempts and awkward operations and administration. The second considers the Mexican Era, 1821-1849, involving the problem with Anglos, Texas' revolution and the Mexican War. The third phase proceeds with the Consolidation of American Control, 1848-1863; the boundary surveys; Gadsden Treaty; gold rush; surveys and explorations; transportation; and Civil War in the Southwest. Internal Development, 1863-1912, is next covered and involves Indian Wars, railroad construction, mining, ranching, farming and state politics. The Twentieth Century Treatment, 1912-1967, reports on the ups and downs of the oil boom, World War I, agriculture and irrigation, World War II, postwar developments, politics and social and cultural currents. The author covers his field with a proper balance and ends up by criticizing city planners of the Southwest for aping the style of eastern cities instead of maintaining the Indian-Hispanic decor which people want to see in the area.

EAST OF DENVER

Our Side of the Mountain (Mrs. George Mitchell, P. O. Box 357, Strasburg, Colo. 80136, $5.00) by Emma Mitchell is composed of historical briefs concerning the settlement and growth of towns east of Denver, Colorado, 1880-1920. Towns included are Watkins, Bennett, Strasburg, Byers, Deer Trail, Agate, Adena, Simpson, Woodrow, Cabin Creek, Peoria, Leader, Hoyt, Living Springs, Wolf Creek and others. Over 500 people are named and numerous historical pictures illustrate the text. Also included are maps and description of old stage lines as well as general information about people and geography of the area plus a brief description of ranch hands. Copies are available only from the author.

RANGE LIFE

We are pleased to recommend a book for pleasurable family reading called *Venison and a Breath of Sage* (W. T. Genns, Santa Barbara, $7.00) by Edward Selden Spaulding. It has sixteen fictional but credible stories of the people who lived on Rancho San Juan near Santa Barbara, California. Many will find the laughable incidents of ranch life typical of their own experiences and will enjoy the details of cattle ranching, rodeos, wild animal tales, cattle rustling and social life. A key character is old Alfredo, a local oracle, medicine man and *vaquero* who allegedly could ride anything with hair and could rope anything his horse could outrun.

Long out of print, the popular *A Bride Goes West* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.95) by Nannie T. Alderson and Helena Huntington Smith has been reprinted in paperback. It is the story of Nannie Alderson's Montana ranching experiences written by the talented author, Helena Huntington Smith, of *We Pointed Them North* fame. J. Frank Dobie considered the book "one of the two best books pertaining to ranch life by women with a woman's point of view dominating." A West Virginia aristocrat, Nannie Alderson found herself poorly trained for life as a bride in a log cabin on her husband's new cattle spread south of Miles City, Montana. She learned how to cook from cowboys, how to wash from neighbors' wives, and picked up the rest by awkward experience. Indians the family befriended, burned their house; then drouth, low prices and blizzards took a heavy toll, but Nannie survived and reared her family, even after her husband was killed by a kicking horse. We give this one high billing.

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

Ralph Looney's hobby is the ghost towns of New Mexico which he writes about in his new book *Haunted Highways* (Hastings House, $12.95). This is a quality book on slick paper with excellent black and white pictures illustrating the expertly written historical text on each of the twenty-two towns described. A clearly drawn map shows the reader where each place is located. Not all are ghost towns. Lincoln is included and much of the detail centers on Billy the Kid and the Lincoln County War. The chapter on Los Alamos, the den of forty thieves, has some of the bloodiest murderers we've come across in the West. Chapter 21, "The Mark of Pancho Villa," is a sharp tale of Pancho's invasion of Columbus, New Mexico on a dark night in March

1916. A promising, expanding city at the time, it never fully recovered from Villa's attack, which apparently stunted its growth. General "Black Jack" Pershing entered Mexico through Columbus on his wild goose chase after Pancho. The New Mexico legislature created a state park at Columbus and ironically named it *Pancho Villa State Park.*

Those with western interests will find good reading combined with interesting history in *New Mexico's Quest for Statehood 1846-1912* (University of New Mexico Press, $10.00). It took a succession of dedicated statehooders sixty-six years to overcome the obstinate difficulties. Until 1912 many eastern senators and congressmen considered New Mexico Territory incapable of self-rule. Writers such as Mrs. Lew Wallace called New Mexico "an asylum of cutthroats," and tales of Indian uprisings and the Lincoln County War and other deeds appeared to verify such opinions. Causes of delays were numerous and varied and included the

(Continued on page 48)

Three Generations of Lawmen

(Continued from page 9)

and everyone else looked when I drove up to the jail with Jimmy handcuffed. I'll never forget how good I felt, either, to get rid of the prisoner!

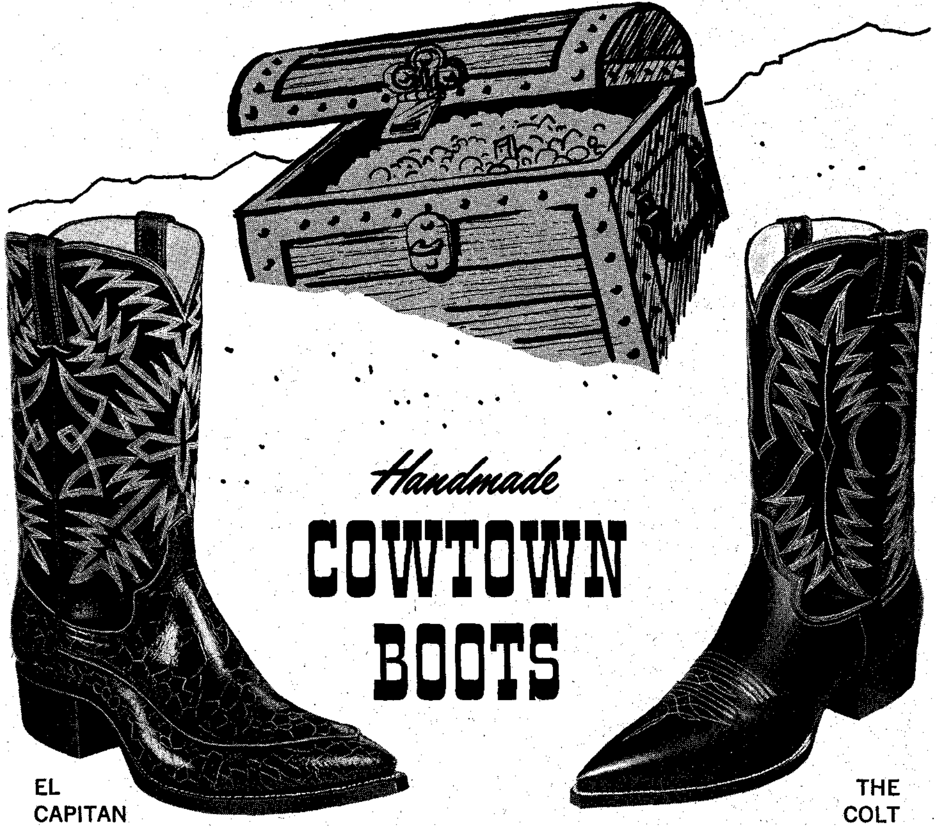
"The next morning Sheriff Hackett was over to the meat market about eight o'clock, and he handed me a deputy sheriff's commission, along with my first badge as a lawman. I was a duly appointed officer of the law. Dad and Uncle Jim lectured me pretty hard about the danger of my new job, but underneath I knew they were both bursting their buttons with pride.

"For twelve years I worked for Mr. Cox in the meat market and acted as deputy sheriff at the same time. He was real understanding about me taking off, and always ready to have me come back. We worked out a deal whereby I had a man who would take my place when I was away, so everything worked out fine.

"I HAD AN OLD PISTOL, not much good, when I was appointed deputy, and Dad went out and got me a .44 Special as a present. He told me, 'Never pull this thing unless you are ready to use it. Never let a man know you are afraid no matter how tight the situation. If an outlaw knows you are afraid, you are at a disadvantage and you're sure as shooting going to have an escape attempt before you get him in.' I still have that old .44 Special along with the Spanish money belt Dad gave me, and a Winchester I bought. I am a better shot with a Winchester than a short gun. Dad was a better pistol shot and so was Uncle Jim so we three made a pretty good team. Dad was Deputy U. S. Marshal serving under U. S. Marshal Coontz of El Reno, Oklahoma. So was my uncle.

"I remember as if it were yesterday that it was just one week from the day I brought Jimmy in that I got my second assignment. Two hardcases—and I do mean hardcases—were known to be in the county. They were suspected of hid-

COMFORT BONANZA



with the famous foot-conforming Cowtown last

You'll discover a bonanza of true foot comfort the instant you slip on a pair of Cowtown Boots. Crafted of finest quality imported and domestic leather, they're hand lasted, hand pegged, aged on the wood and fully leather lined. They fit and feel better because they're made on the famous foot-conforming Cowtown last—most comfortable known to the bootmaker's art. And they're priced much lower than you'd expect for such fine quality. Try on a pair at your Cowtown dealer's or write for name of nearest dealer.

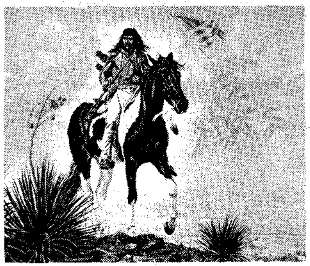
COWTOWN BOOT COMPANY
1405 EAST LANCASTER
FORT WORTH, TEXAS
World's Largest Manufacturers of Handmade Boots Exclusively

OLD TIME BOTTLE PUBLISHING COMPANY
611 Lancaster Drive N.E.
Salem, Oregon 97301 Dept. TW

BOOKS ON
BOTTLE COLLECTING
. . . a Specialty!
Wholesale—Retail

Send for free photo illustrative catalogue.
A wide selection of collectors publications available.

• FIRST PRINTING! •



IRA HAYES
HIS DREAM, HIS REALITY
by Joe Ruiz Grandee
This collectors print is 24" x 20" in magnificent 4 color lithography. Heavy wt., quality paper for immediate framing. Yours for the introductory offer of **$5.00**
Postage paid . . . allow 10 days delivery.
Yes, send____prints, enclosed is $____ to
MARKET MAKERS, INC.
P.O. BOX 50164, DALLAS, TEXAS
Name____
Address____
City____State____Zip____

20 ACRES—$80 PER ACRE—SMALL PAYMENTS
NEAR MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS, NEVADA
Land is off U.S. 80 Freeway and Humboldt River near Meadow Valley Ranchos and Elko, Nevada. Near land sold for over $500 per acre. Excellent hunting and fishing. Low down payment and small monthly payments. $1600 full price. Excellent investment. Write owner, Box 1667, Glendale, Calif. 91209.

COIN SALE!
LINCOLN CENTS — —
1909P 14P 17D 18D 18S
1919D 19S 20D 20S 21P
1925S 26D 27D 28D 29D
1929S 30D 30S 34D 35D
1935S 36D 36S 37D 37S 38P 39S 42S 43P 43D 43S 47P
1948S 49S 52P 54P 54S 60D Sm. Date.
YOUR CHOICE AT 15c each.
JEFFERSON NICKELS — —
1938P 40D 40S 41D 41S 42D 43P 43S 44P 44D 44S 45P
1945D 45S 46S 47S 48S 49S 50P 52D 52S 53S 54S 58P
YOUR CHOICE AT 25c each.
ROOSEVELT DIMES — —
1946P 46 D 46S 47P 47D 47S 48P 48D 48S 49P 49D 50P
1950D 50S 51P 51D 51S 52D 52S 53D 53S 54S 55S 58P
YOUR CHOICE AT 30c each.
48 HOUR SERVICE
SATISFACTION ASSURED
MONTEREY COINS, DEPT. TW-7
311 Homeland N. W., Albuquerque, N. M. 87114

MAKE BIG MONEY IN AN
IMPORT BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN
Our genuine stone jewelry novelties, gifts, premiums are terrific sales and profit makers—all Formosa imports. Sensationally low priced—unusual values—excellent profit margin. Send $3.00 Postal Money Order or American Express Money Order for 15 different samples plus catalog featuring 120 items. Satisfaction guaranteed.
TAIWAN VARIETY, P. O. Box 24029, Dept. 41, Taipei, Taiwan, Formosa

ROUND PLAITED
HORSE HAIR
HAT BAND
OR BOLO TIE $2.
and CATALOGUE
Hand plaited 2-tone round horse hair bolo or hatband PLUS our catalogue listing old-time quality "using" items in rawhide, leather and silver. $2 postpaid. For new catalogue only, send 50c.
CARROLL SADDLE COMPANY
Box 237FT Tubac, Arizona 85640

ing out near the post office called Eda. It is gone now, but was just one mile west of the present little town of Piedmont.

"The postmaster at Eda was suspected of being too friendly with the wanted men, and whether he was, or was just too talkative, we never knew. What we did know was that he told the two outlaws Dad had been in town, and they knew well enough Dad was probably hunting them. After the news was out that he was in the territory Dad just came on back home knowing there was no use to hang around when they knew he was there.

"These men were bad. I've often thought Ed Martin, who was one of the wanted men, was much like Cherokee Bill. He liked to kill. There were six federal warrants out for him—all for murder. The other outlaw was named Holcolm, and there were five warrants out for Holcolm.

"Dad came back to Yukon, and he and my uncle and I sat up way late that night planning out how to arrest the two men. Dad borrowed a neighbor's team and a surrey with side curtains. The strange team would not give us away; and the side curtains, presumably up to protect us from the stifling dust of that hot dry summer, were in reality to keep the local folks—especially the postmaster—from getting a good look at us. Dad and Uncle were riding in the front seat of the surrey with Uncle driving, and I was in the back seat with my Winchester.

"Then one of those once-in-a-lifetime things happened. We saw the two wanted men come riding down the road toward us about a mile out of Eda. Their ponies were hot, tired, and dusty. The men, too, looked hot and tired. Just before they met us, Ed Martin lifted a red bandana from his neck and wiped dust and sweat from his face and eyes. They pulled to a halt before us and Holcolm asked if we knew anyone who needed harvest hands, that they were looking for work.

" 'No,' Dad answered, 'but I know someone who's looking for you. You are under arrest. We are U. S. Marshals.'

"Before Dad finished, of course, Uncle Jim had his six-shooter on the two, and my Winchester was also on them. Martin went for his gun. Dad went for his, and for the only time in his long career as an officer his gun hung in the holster. He never got it out at all. It was good I had the Winchester looking over his shoulder. As Martin's gun slid from the holster my bullet took it flying out of his hand, and took a piece of the holster along with it. That Winchester shot saved the day.

"They threw up their hands, and were soon in handcuffs and riding their horses in front of the surrey—handcuffed to the saddlehorns and lariat tied from their horses' necks to the neckyoke of the buggy. We rode back the several miles to Yukon in this style and put the prisoners in the little Yukon jail for the night.

"WE SAT UP in shifts—Uncle Jim, Sheriff Hackett, and I—never closing our eyes for a moment all night because we well knew these were desperate men. Sheriff Hackett sent Dad home to get some sleep for he still was not very well and had never been cured of the gravel stones. This trouble later caused his death.

"Next morning we again handcuffed the prisoners to the saddle horns, and once again tied the saddle horses to the neckyoke of the buggy and made the drive over to El Reno where we turned the men over to U. S. Marshal Coontz. We had been uneasy that the men would escape from the little jail in Yukon, but felt safe once they were behind bars at El Reno. As Dad always said, 'Never trust anything or anyone when dealing with desperate men. Act as if you were being betrayed by your best friend, and you'll stay alive. Get careless, and you'll die!'

"Next morning we got the news at Yukon. Ed Martin had escaped. He had pried the bars from his cell window some way, and slipped through. When Holcolm tried it, he stuck fast. He was a bigger man than Martin, and when the jailer found Holcolm he was about halfway out that little window and skinned up like a twisted rabbit, but still stuck fast.

"The jailor called the officers, who came and pulled Holcolm from the window and used no mercy in doing it. Dad was mad as a hornet at the abuse they had heaped on the prisoner. He was literally skinned alive. Right there I got my second lecture. 'Never abuse a prisoner. Never!' Dad commanded. 'If you were locked up in jail, you'd try to escape just like they did. If I were in charge they'd lose their commissions before the sun set.'

"Marshal Coontz felt the same way and there were two or three less deputy sheriffs around El Reno for a while. Later we happened to be walking down the street in El Reno and met one of the former deputies who had mistreated Holcolm, and Dad turned his head away in disgust from his former associate.

"Ed Martin got away, as I said, but he never got far. He scouted around through the North Canadian bottoms and worked his way over to Oklahoma City. He was looking for a horse he could steal to make his getaway. Failing to find one he stopped an old man and his wife who were driving along in a buggy just at the west edge of the city, and forcing the old man over he took the reins and started driving bold as you please right down the main road. The marshal over there saw him and recognized him. He knew the old man and his wife also and, sizing up the situation in a glance, knew if he tried to take Martin the old folks would get hurt or killed. He did the only thing he could do. Riding his saddle pony close beside the buggy he took careful aim and shot Ed Martin dead.

"IT WENT like this all through the early days of Oklahoma statehood. There didn't seem to be much change from the wild old times of Indian Territory troubles—at least in the way of law enforcement. When I look back over

Detect all metals
Mineral-metal selector
No finer instrument at any price . . .

The 66-T GOLDMASTER
TRANSMITTER RECEIVER

OFFERS —
PROSPECTORS
COIN COLLECTORS
TREASURE HUNTERS
the ultimate in ULTRA-SENSITIVE detection....

Solid State Circuitry !
Two loops for greater depth.
Two Year Warranty !

Ear phones . . .

All transistorized

Built in speaker with volumn control . . .

WE BELIEVE.....
The GOLDMASTER 66-T is the most sensitive instrument in its field. The 66-T is lightweight and easy to operate. It will detect a gold or silver nugget the size of a grain of corn through quartz rock. Mineral ore and veins also be detected.

5% Cash Disc.

"Budget Terms Available Upon Request—Use of Your Bankamericard or Master Charge Card will enable us to expedite your purchase."

$269.50

3 coils in each loop

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG !

White's Electronics, Inc.

1011 PLEASANT VALLEY ROAD Room 401 T SWEET HOME, OREGON 97386

seventy-three years of carrying a badge, I find it hard to say when the change began. I really believe it was so gradual that we were unaware of it. It all fades into a kaleidoscope of warrants, arrests, searching river bottoms, prairies, streets and valleys for law violators. There were so many—so many!"

Roy Johnston's eyes grew dim and he seemed to go away from me, far back into the swirling mists of memory. Quietly we sat there in the immaculate living room of his home where he lives alone since the death of his wife, except for occasional visits from his children.

"Mr. Johnston," I broke in at last, "do you remember the most narrow escape you ever had?"

"Oh yes," he answered, and his eyes became keen and bright once more. "Yes, that's easy. I have had a good many bullets whiz past me, and heard the snip-snip like buzzing hornets as they cut the bushes about me, but my closest call came when I took a man in for killing a neighbor. I never drew my gun in the whole process, but I came very, very close to death in the shape of a sawed-off, double-barrel shotgun loaded with buckshot.

"This was in the 1920s. I was in Geary on business and the sheriff there gave me a warrant and sent me out to arrest a farmer. A man had just ridden in to tell the sheriff that a dead man was lying in the road out by Tusing Bridge, a short way from Geary.

"Seemed that the two neighbors had got into a fence fight. One had a breechy cow that kept getting over the fence to the other's corn. After complaining several times the owner of the corn had warned his neighbor he was going to shoot the cow the next time she got into the patch. The owner of the cow told the other fellow to fix his old fence and it would keep out livestock. As a result both men started carrying guns. If they went to their fields to plow they carried a gun. If they went to town or just to the barn to feed the stock the guns went along. Anyone could see trouble was in the making.

"The one farmer patched up his fence a little, and the other one put a forked neckstick on the cow, but one morning there was the old cow eating away at the farmer's corn. Grabbing a shotgun the farmer jumped on his horse and hurried down to the corn field to shoot the cow. The cow's owner had missed the cow, and he too jumped on his saddle horse and rushed off down the lane, feeling sure he'd find her in his neighbor's corn. Well, the two men met right where the old cow had torn through the fence. Loud talking and abusive language had the saddle ponies nervous, and just as both men went for their guns the ponies reared—at least one did—and the owner of the cow fell off his horse dead. Riddled with a double load of buckshot, he died with his .45 still grasped in his hand.

"When I got out there he was stiff. The flies were swarming and the sun was hot, but that old .45 was still gripped tight. I'd taken a man and buggy along, and he loaded the dead man in the buggy and started to Geary to the undertaker, and I went on to the home of the neighbor. I had driven a buggy, too, as I would need some way to take the man in if I got him.

"When I rode up to the house the man was sitting on the porch, with an old sawed-off shotgun staring me square between the eyes. I walked up to the gate and started to open it.

" 'You a lawman?' the farmer asked.

" 'Yes, I'm a lawman.'

" 'Then stay where you are,' he commanded.

"Right here I thought of what Dad had said about never letting a man know you were afraid. 'I want to talk to you a bit,' I answered.

" 'I said stay there,' he repeated nervously, rising to his feet and taking a firmer grip on the shotgun.

" 'Brown, I've got to talk to you,' I said. I watched him closely and I saw the telltale widening of his eyes and the whitening of his trigger finger. I stopped quick!

" 'Brown, I'd like to help you if I can. If you kill me, there will be a dozen lawmen here before dark—from Geary, El Reno, and Oklahoma City. Now you know that just as well as I do.' I saw a shadow of fear cross his face, and the trigger finger relaxed. Once again I started walking over to him.

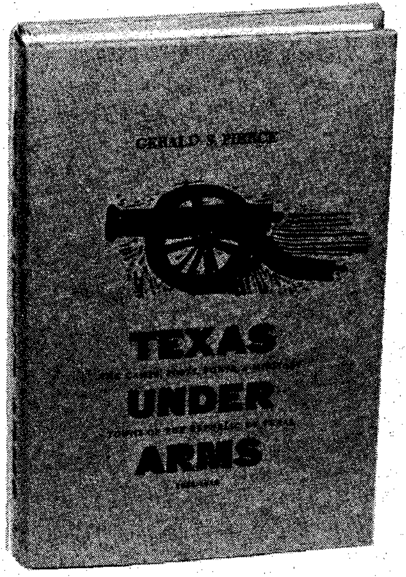
" 'Sit down, fellow, and let's talk this over,' I said calmly.

"I had not offered to touch my old .44 Special for I knew it would bring a full double load of buckshot. I sat down on

Just off the press!

TEXAS UNDER ARMS:

The camps, posts, forts, and military towns of the Republic of Texas, 1836-1846.



Published by Encino Press
288 pages

The author, Gerald S. Pierce, has provided in a single volume the first complete and thorough study of all the important military establishments of the Republic of Texas. Through a series of more than 200 separate articles, he gives the history, function, location, and occupancy for each of more than 30 principal military towns (as well as the key military towns of San Antonio, Austin, Galveston, Houston, and Nacogdoches), 53 public and private forts, and 130 military camps and posts.

Whenever possible he has given the exact location of each. In all cases the close vicinity is given, and how to get there. The book is crossed-referenced so that the reader may find his way painlessly from one article which touches upon his special area of interest to all related articles.

ORDER NOW!

$10.00 value for only $8.25

Western Publications, Inc.
DEPT. T, P.O. BOX 3668, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78704

Enclosed is $______ for ______ copies of TEXAS UNDER ARMS @ $8.25 each.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY________ STATE________ ZIP______

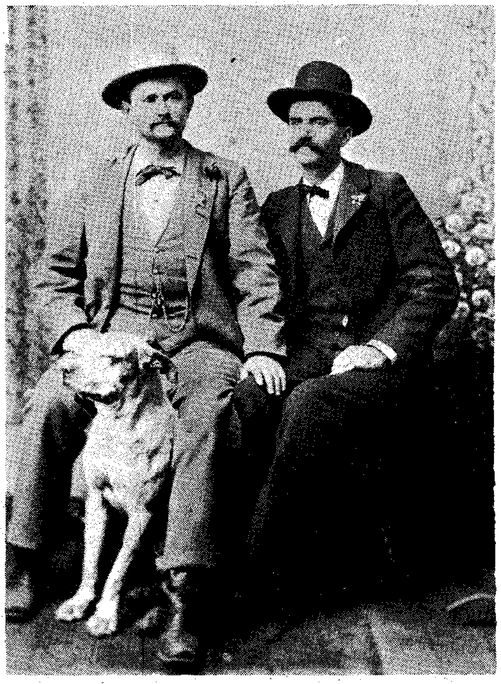
the edge of the porch, pulled off my hat, and wiped the perspiration from the sweatband and from my face. 'Hot as hell,' I muttered.

"By now Mrs. Brown was standing in the front door. I turned to her asking, 'Could I have a dipper of water, please?' Without a word she carried out an old cedar waterbucket with a big gourd dipper in it and I drank a dipperful.

"Somehow, I convinced Brown to go in peacefully with me. He unloaded the shotgun and handed it to his wife. No handcuffs, no guns, no nothing. Just like two friends riding into town together. Going to the sheriff's office I assured him there had been no trouble.

"'Brown's tired, and he just wants to rest now,' I told the sheriff, and we shooed away the little group of men and boys who had gathered around. Brown thanked me and went quietly into the cell. He kept saying over and over, 'He made me do it. He made me do it.'

"That was the closest call.



Two lawmen who often rode with the Johnstons, Sheriff Wade Whitlock (right) and Deputy Hudepath, El Reno, 1896.

"I GUESS the next closest was over a crazy kid about eighteen who was helping his dad and a bunch of older brothers make moonshine whiskey over in the Canadian bottoms just east of Union City. That was in 1921, I think.

"The old man had never done much of anything except make moonshine, and he had all his boys helping him. We had destroyed a couple of stills we'd found in the thick bottoms before but never managed to find anyone working them. Now we went out to find another one, and I almost got a rifle bullet through my head.

"Someone had tipped us off as to where the still was located and we hoped to catch the moonshiners at work, but when we got to the still they were gone. A lookout had spotted us slipping through the bottom. The still was working, and there was several barrels of mash ready to go, along with half a keg of moonshine. We poured out the mash, and destroyed the still. The law said we must bring in the copper worm as evidence, so along with the worm we took the half-keg of moonshine and some other stuff.

"Just as we left the thick woods to go out into the road, a .44 Winchester bullet came so close to my head that I instinctively brushed at my face with my hand like you'll brush a hornet or honeybee away from you. I knew it was a mighty deadly hornet that had whizzed by my ear, and the next one came even closer. One bullet left a small round hole through my hat, and another grazed my earlobe. There were four shots in all. Everyone of us took cover at the first shot, and when the firing ceased and we started to get up, we saw the youngest of the boys running across a little open place headed for the barn. All of us recognized him.

"I went into town, got a warrant for the kid, and went back looking for him. I knew he would be scared and watching the road, so I went in by the back way. I slipped along through the thick brush behind the barn until I got to where I could watch the house. I lay there a couple of hours, I guess, while the mosquitoes and greenhead flies had a good meal off me, and just as the insects were about to force me away, I saw a sort of movement just out of the corner of my eye. Away over to the left of the barn in a small plum thicket near the road, I saw movement. It was the kid and he, too, was slapping at the flies and mosquitoes. I started creeping up on him, and it was slow business for he held that deadly .44 cradled in his arms. I already knew he was a mighty good shot!

"It took me about thirty minutes, but finally I was close enough and, rising up out of the weeds, I took a bead dead center on his back. 'Turn around, kid!'

"He froze for an instant and I told him, 'Drop it or you're dead.' Again he hesitated and I thought he was going to make a try for it but at the last moment he let go the Winchester and heaved a big sigh as he turned to face me. I couldn't help feeling sorry for the boy. He had never had a chance. Moonshining was a way of life to him.

"Funny thing about that case. That kid got off scot-free. His whole family had been down with chills and malaria fever, living as they did in the bottoms of the North Canadian River and no screens on the house. They kept pans of old rags burning to try to smoke off the mosquitoes but were always eaten up with bites, and always chilling from early spring till hard frosts came in the fall to kill off the pests.

"Doc Richeson had been out taking care of the family for months and they were deeply in debt to him. When the kid came to trial, Doc went on the stand and swore he was a mental case. The charges were dropped. Later I took Doc to task about this, and here's what he told me. 'Roy, I know the kid had good sense. I also know they owe me over $600, and I know that I had a choice. I could refuse to testify and lose that $600 which I need, or I could say the boy was mentally off, and the old man would pay me. I needed that money, Roy.' So that is the way justice sometimes works.

"THERE WERE FIVE saloons in Yukon when I moved there into the little two-room house. There was one drug store. Later C. N. Jeffries put in a second drug store. There were two general stores and a pool hall. There was one barbershop, and I remember my first shave and haircut there. In sort of celebrating my appointment as a lawman, my cousin and I got all togged out in our Sunday best and drove the surrey over to Oklahoma City where we had our pictures made.

"That old barbershop had a line of shaving mugs lined up on a shelf, with the names of their owners on them. You see, we were getting 'hep' to germs even then and it was not considered sanitary to use the mug and brush of someone else. The barber used one razor—and one linen towel over and over until it was too wet or dirty to manage—but we must still have our own mugs and brushes. It was the mark of a man. Later my mug joined those of my dad and Uncle Jim on the shelf. That was a real proud day for me.

"Another big day in my life also happened in the little barbershop. United States Marshal Heck Thomas, one of the great ones, spent the night in our little house, and the next morning I walked with him over to the barbershop. As casually as I could, I told the barber, 'Charley, this is U. S. Marshal Heck Thomas. Use my brush and mug to give him a shave.' I tossed a quarter on the counter in payment and felt ten feet tall.

"The slackening off of my active years came so gradually that I never noticed until one morning I awoke to find myself fifty, then sixty, then seventy-five years old. Now I'm crowding a hundred and my active days are over, but as you have seen (the phone had rung three times during our interview), I am still trying to be useful."

The sheriff had called once and a young deputy the other two times, wanting to know how to find a certain person or whom to see who would know where he was.

"I've been here so long that I guess I am sort of a walking encyclopedia on the folks in the Yukon country. My old .44 Special that Dad gave me seventy-three years ago hangs on its nail along with the belt. And over there in that room are Dad's old branding irons, and beside them the old Dutch oven we used beside the trail to Liberal, Kansas when we hauled buffalo bones. They, like me, have served their time."

The Fine Art of Ignoring Trouble

(Continued from page 29)

of big four- and five-year-old steers to Chicago, taking along ten or fifteen of his cowpokes to care for the cattle en route. A shipper could take a man for each two cars of stock and obtain a free pass, day coach, home.

This, by the way, is how the name "cowpoke or cow puncher" originated.

Treasures Lost or Buried in the Past Can Be Yours Today!

Now find buried gold, silver, out-of-circulation coins the easy way with a modern RELCO detector. Used by successful treasure hunters and coin collectors everywhere.

- Models for detecting a single lost or buried gold, silver, copper or nickle coin.
- Works through earth, vegetation, wood, rock, water, etc.
- Locate lost or buried jewelry, treasure, minerals, historical relics.
- Excellent for beach combing, searching ghost towns, old battle sites, parks, abandoned buildings, etc.
- Fully transistorized. Powered by inexpensive battery.
- Written guarantee.
- Weighs only 3 pounds.
- No cumbersome earphones. Powerful loudspeaker "sounds off" when object in detected.

Amazingly low factory-to-you priced

Just $19.95 *to* $129.50

FREE

Send no money. Write for free catalog and "treasure hunting tips."

RELCO DEPT. N-91 P.O. BOX 10839 HOUSTON, TEXAS 77018
THE Frontiersman

BLUE STAR OINTMENT STOPS ITCHING IN FIVE MINUTES OR MONEY BACK!

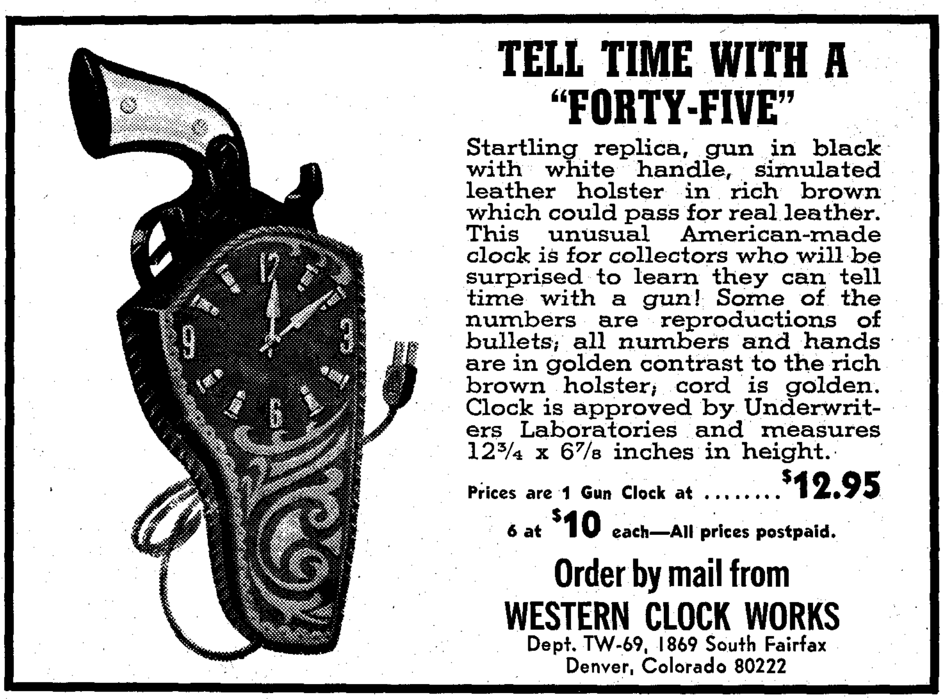
Stop athletes foot, ringworm, tetter, other itches. Get fast relief. A household standby since 1913. At better drug counters or send $2.00 to:

BLUE STAR OINTMENT
P.O. Box 21088W HOUSTON, TEXAS 77026
BLUE STAR

MAKE BIG MONEY

raising Chinchillas, Rabbits, Guinea pigs for us. Catalog—25c.

KEENEY BROTHERS
New Freedom, Pa. 17349


TELL TIME WITH A "FORTY-FIVE"

Startling replica, gun in black with white handle, simulated leather holster in rich brown which could pass for real leather. This unusual American-made clock is for collectors who will be surprised to learn they can tell time with a gun! Some of the numbers are reproductions of bullets; all numbers and hands are in golden contrast to the rich brown holster; cord is golden. Clock is approved by Underwriters Laboratories and measures 12 3/4 x 6 7/8 inches in height.

Prices are 1 Gun Clock at $12.95

6 at $10 each—All prices postpaid.

Order by mail from
WESTERN CLOCK WORKS
Dept. TW-69, 1869 South Fairfax
Denver, Colorado 80222

Metal Detectors

NEW and USED

From 27^{50}

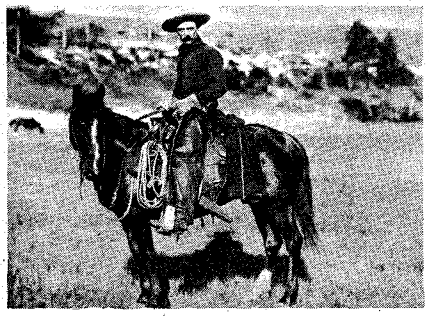
SALES - RENTALS - TERMS

We give Valuable Trading Tokens

The Explorer

478 Stockton Ave., San Jose, Calif. 95126

(408) 293-1319



THE COWBOY, photographed by JCH Grabill in 1887, is the first in a series of historical Western pictures. Perfect for den, tack room, etc. 11"x14", matte-finish, only $3.00 postpaid.

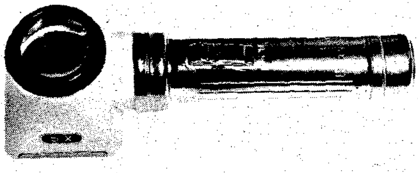
SUNPEARL, P.O. Box 26152, Houston, Tx. 77017

Wild AND Woolly West Books

30# RAILS, on Narrow Gauge Trains, Mark Twain's JUMPING FROG, Service's YUKON POEMS, Uncle Jim's BOOK OF PANCAKES, and Matthews' NAVAJO WEAVERS & NAVAJO SILVERSMITHS, only $1.00 each. Cushing's ADVENTURES IN ZUNI, and Englert's OLIVER PERRY WIGGINS, on pioneer life, only $2.00 each postpaid. All quaintly and profusely illustrated. Send stamp for FREE illustrated catalog of Western Books.

FILTER PRESS

Post Office Box 5 T Palmer Lake, Colorado 80133



See What Natural Gold Really Looks Like with this new beautiful 5 power pocket battery powered flashlight magnifying glass. A host of uses. Comes with a small NUGGET, ready to operate. Weight 4½ oz. Price only $3.95, prepaid and insured to you. May be shipped C.O.D.

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS, INC.

1011 Pleasant Valley Road, Room 400

Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

HAVE YOU EVER ADVERTISED IN FRONTIER TIMES?

See our classified section page 70-71. If you need a larger ad, write RATE CARD, Western Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704. We'll have one to you by return mail, pronto!

Each man accompanying the shipment would take with him a long rake handle or long willow pole and every time the train stopped the men would get out and walk along the side or on top of the train and go along as far as the stop would permit before pulling out. As they walked along, they peered through the slat openings in the cattle cars and if they saw a critter down resting or for any reason whatever, they poked him with the pole until he got on his feet. If one is down and the train starts with a jerk, as those long trains must do in taking up the slack, the rest will pile and fall over him causing much damage and death loss. Thus, the name cowpoke originated.

Usually when these wild men of the range got to Chicago, they stayed over a few days and took in the sights. They usually shipped their best clothes ahead to the Stock Yards Inn, Chicago, so they could clean up and appear somewhat respectable. About ten days would be required in making the trip from Montana to Chicago and no chance to wash up on the way. They took along a grub box full of baked ham, bread, coffee, etc. to tide them over until destination.

Two Dot partook of the food, but he never changed clothes after he got to Chicago. His greatest ambition was to get back home again and to work. On this particular trip, the train and crew had reached Chicago. The boys were dolled up in their brand new overalls and boots and were taking in the town. Two Dot went along, in his old rags, but his greatest thrill seemed to be window gazing, thus he didn't make the fast progress along the street that the cowpokes did, so they decided to frame him and have some fun. They were rather anxious to get away from him anyway, as they didn't like the glances the general public was giving Two Dot. He looked terrible and smelled much worse.

The boys hailed a policeman and told him to pick up the "old vag" that was following them. The cop was glad to oblige, and calling a wagon, took Two Dot to the clink and booked him for vagrancy. Poor Two Dot, not knowing why he was apprehended, asked to use the telephone.

"Oh, sure," said the cop, "I presume you want to call the President in Washington."

"No," Two Dot replied, "I want to call the president of the First National Bank."

That seemed just as ridiculous, but he produced enough cash to pay for the call, so they put the call through for him.

"Hello," said Two Dot. "Is this Mr. So and So?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Well, this is Two Dot Wilson from Montana."

"Well hello, Two Dot, how are you and where are you?"

"I'm down here somewhere in jail," said Two Dot, "and I don't know what for, or how much it will take to get me out, but bring down $100,000 in cash out of my account. Maybe that will do the business."

One of the cops was listening on another line and things began to move around the jailhouse. Two Dot was released without the use of the $100,000, and, thanking the policeman, walked leisurely up the street. As far as I know, he never knew why he was picked up. I'll venture a guess that none of those cowpokes ever gave the secret away, because in those days a job meant something and winter was approaching.

TWO OF Two Dot's neighbors got tangled up in a dispute which wound up in court. The case was set for trial and both sides issued a subpoena for Two Dot. He was friendly to both and did not wish in any way to become involved in the controversy. Yet he had to testify. Each lawyer, plaintiff's and defendant's, had him on the stand for a day and he answered each question with utmost promptness and frankness, yet at the conclusion of his answers he had said absolutely nothing.

Finally one lawyer, in desperation and with steam coming out of his collar, said, "Mr. Wilson, you are a cowman, are you not?"

"Yes," said Two Dot, "I suppose I am. I raise cows."

"Now," said the lawyer, "if you were to take a trail herd of a thousand big steers across this big barren plateau north of Harlowton, and it became night and pitch dark engulfed you, wouldn't you bed those cattle down and wait for daylight?"

"Yes," said Two Dot, "I would if I could."

Question: "And if you did bed them down, and during the night a terrific northern blizzard came up, the thermometer fell to forty below zero in a few hours and the wind was blowing from the north at forty miles an hour, what would happen to those steers? They would begin to drift, would they not?"

"Yes," said Two Dot, "they most likely would."

"And," said the lawyer, "being a cowman you know which way they would drift, don't you?"

"Yes," said Two Dot.

The lawyer clasped his hands in glee, feeling that he had squeezed the truth, or at least substantial fact, out of him. "Well now, Mr. Wilson, that is just what I have been trying to get you to tell me for two days. Which way would they drift?"

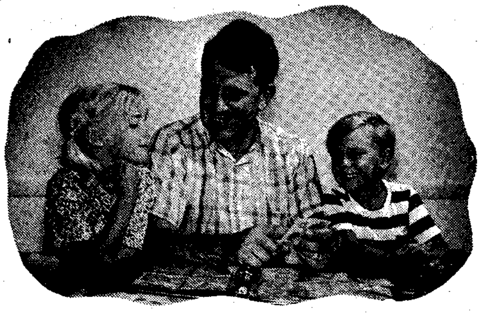
Two Dot looked him squarely in the eye and said, "In all probability, they might drift just the opposite way from what you might think they might." The lawyer weakly sat down and said, "You are excused."

Two Dot had gone through two full days of grueling questioning by a battery of the best lawyers in the state and had not once become confused, embarrassed or ruffled. When he was excused, he calmly walked out of the courthouse without glancing to one side or the other; no doubt his thoughts were on his thousands of cattle and the many chores yet undone.

—Taken from *Devil Man with a Gun* by Art H. Watson.

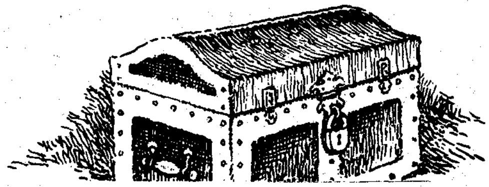
SILVER DOLLAR COLLECTIONS!

Join The New Exclusive DOLLARAMA CLUB!



A TREASURE CHEST OF BARGAINS!

E PLURIBUS UNUM
1878



The club is designed for serious collectors of silver dollars. We can help you build choice collections and provide you with the best quality available. This service will save you many dollars and provide you with many hours of pleasure.

The purpose of our club is to preserve a part of the past and put the silver dollars into the hands of collectors, and to give members the opportunity of owning a part of Western Americana.

Members will receive monthly offers, various bulletins, catalogs and auction listings. Free information is available at any time to members regarding their coin collections and you will find that this will save countless hours of research and will enable you to avoid many pitfalls that beset many a collector.

We do not guarantee that your collection will make you rich overnight, but certainly a hobby that provides you with choice collections, hours of enjoyment and satisfaction, can also mean a nice return on your investment when you decide to sell your coins.

Once you get started, we're betting that you will want to get in on each and every offer. By starting with the early issues, we lead you step-by-step, with full explanation of each offering and providing you with the lowest price available. There is never any obligation to purchase and you risk nothing.

All coins are sold on 30 day return approval and your satisfaction is a must.

All members will receive the highest grades obtainable each month and we will endeavor to help you build a beautiful collection that will be a unique treasure for you and your family.

Cost of membership is $6.00 and for this you get entire assortment of supplies necessary for you to get started on your collection.

You will receive your exclusive membership card and number, new silver dollar album, coin holders, magnifying glass, coin tubes, labels, and all necessary equipment needed.

Should you ever desire to sell your membership number, we will refund your fee during the first year.

We suggest that you place your order today and get started TODAY! By return mail, you will receive all supplies and initial offer.

A real opportunity if you get on the bandwagon—NOW! Complete satisfaction assured!

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

MONTEREY COINS
311 Homeland N. W.
Albuquerque, N. M. 87114

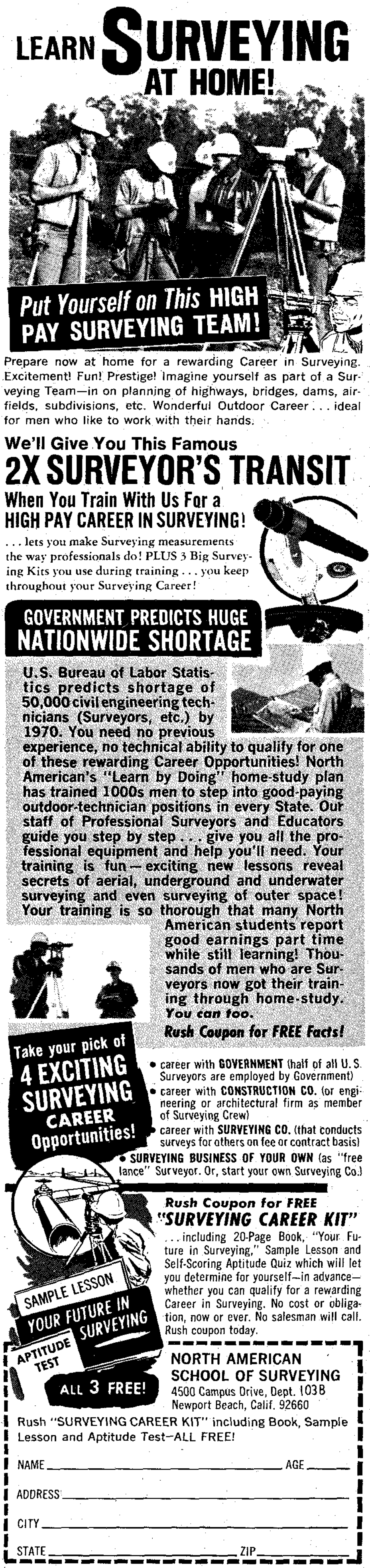
Enclosed is $6.00 for membership to Dollarama Club

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY________________ STATE________

ZIP________


LEARN SURVEYING AT HOME!

Put Yourself on This HIGH PAY SURVEYING TEAM!

Prepare now at home for a rewarding Career in Surveying. Excitement! Fun! Prestige! Imagine yourself as part of a Surveying Team—in on planning of highways, bridges, dams, airfields, subdivisions, etc. Wonderful Outdoor Career . . . ideal for men who like to work with their hands.

We'll Give You This Famous
2X SURVEYOR'S TRANSIT
When You Train With Us For a HIGH PAY CAREER IN SURVEYING!

. . . lets you make Surveying measurements the way professionals do! PLUS 3 Big Surveying Kits you use during training . . . you keep throughout your Surveying Career!

GOVERNMENT PREDICTS HUGE NATIONWIDE SHORTAGE

U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics predicts shortage of 50,000 civil engineering technicians (Surveyors, etc.) by 1970. You need no previous experience, no technical ability to qualify for one of these rewarding Career Opportunities! North American's "Learn by Doing" home-study plan has trained 1000s men to step into good-paying outdoor-technician positions in every State. Our staff of Professional Surveyors and Educators guide you step by step . . . give you all the professional equipment and help you'll need. Your training is fun—exciting new lessons reveal secrets of aerial, underground and underwater surveying and even surveying of outer space! Your training is so thorough that many North American students report good earnings part time while still learning! Thousands of men who are Surveyors now got their training through home-study. *You can too.*

Rush Coupon for FREE Facts!

Take your pick of 4 EXCITING SURVEYING CAREER Opportunities!

- career with **GOVERNMENT** (half of all U.S. Surveyors are employed by Government)
- career with **CONSTRUCTION CO.** (or engineering or architectural firm as member of Surveying Crew)
- career with **SURVEYING CO.** (that conducts surveys for others on fee or contract basis)
- **SURVEYING BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN** (as "free lance" Surveyor. Or, start your own Surveying Co.)

Rush Coupon for FREE "SURVEYING CAREER KIT"

. . . including 20-Page Book, "Your Future in Surveying," Sample Lesson and Self-Scoring Aptitude Quiz which will let you determine for yourself—in advance—whether you can qualify for a rewarding Career in Surveying. No cost or obligation, now or ever. No salesman will call. Rush coupon today.

SAMPLE LESSON
YOUR FUTURE IN SURVEYING
APTITUDE TEST
ALL 3 FREE!

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF SURVEYING
4500 Campus Drive, Dept. 103B
Newport Beach, Calif. 92660

Rush "SURVEYING CAREER KIT" including Book, Sample Lesson and Aptitude Test—ALL FREE!

NAME ______________________ AGE ______
ADDRESS ______________________________
CITY _________________________________
STATE ____________________ ZIP ________

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 41)

Texas claim to part of eastern New Mexico; conniving local partisans who believed their self interest would deteriorate under statehood; easterners who believed New Mexico incapable of financing its own state government, thereby creating a drain on the national treasury; the patronage swapping among politicos which added further hindrance to statehood movements. Finally, persistent New Mexicans countered all objections and won out in 1912. In telling New Mexico's story the author has revealed an interesting chronology of events which include facts about the lives of robust pioneer military men, administrators, stockmen, politicians, do-gooders, grafters, outlaws, industrialists, miners, educators, religious leaders and other participants in the local scene. Very good.

GOOD EATIN'

Those who enjoy rare dishes will want to own a copy of *A Basque Story Cook Book* (Scribner's, $6.95) by Ann Rogers. Living between Spain and France in the Pyrenees Mountains, the Basques have a cuisine uniquely their own. This book tells the story of a Basque family in San Francisco who successfully ran a hotel and restaurant where they served old country cooking to Basque miners, sheepherders, and numerous admiring Americans. In 1907, Basque immigrant Martin Abaurrea took his recently earned mining wages and bought a small waterfront hotel and made an instant success selling Basque food. He sent for his childhood sweetheart and together they bought the larger Martin's Espanol which they operated until illness forced them to retire in 1966. Through researches at Martin's and in the native Basque country, Ann Rogers obtained the 160 recipes included in this book. Those of us who ate at Martin's remember his generous servings and there were numerous choices of soups and stews from meat and fish, various egg dishes, lamb, pork, veal, pastries, creams and custards.

The Myth of Deadwood Dick

(Continued from page 11)

humor and suspense.

Until the appearance of Wheeler's first story in this series, there had been no general publicizing of anyone called Deadwood Dick. One man in the mining town had been called by that name, but only briefly and locally. He was Dick Brown, a handsome entertainer with a black mustache and goatee who had come from Cheyenne. He sang and played the banjo at the Melodeon saloon and gambling hall, where he usually was better known as Banjo Dick. Before long he fled Deadwood after killing a former lover of his sweetheart and pianist, Fanny Garrettson.

THERE IS A STRONG presumption that Wheeler drew only from his own imagination for the name of his favorite character. To learn what his most popular fictional character was like, we need only to turn to the opening pages of the initial story in the series. It is called "Deadwood Dick, or the Prince of the Road; or The Black Rider of the Black Hills." It begins by quoting a placard tacked on a pine tree in the mining area: "$500 Reward: For the apprehension and arrest of a notorious young desperado who hails to the name of Deadwood Dick. His present whereabouts are somewhat contiguous to the Black Hills. For further information apply immediately to Hugh Vansevere at the Metropolitan Saloon, Deadwood City."

Wheeler goes on to describe Deadwood as a booming mining town of 2,500, most of its people living in tents and shanties strung along the gulch. Its saloons and dance halls, he notes, are crowded at all hours. Then he returns to the cardboard on the pine tree.

A horseman riding north through Custer Gulch, he continues, "noticed the placard so prominently posted for public inspection, and, with a low whistle, wheeled his horse out of the stage road and rode over to the foot of the tree and ran his eyes over the few irregularly written lines.

"He was a youth of an age between sixteen and twenty, trim and compactly built, with a preponderance of muscular development and animal spirits; broad and deep of chest, with square, iron-cast shoulders, limbs small yet like bars of steel, and with a grace of position in the saddle rarely equaled, he made a fine picture for an artist's brush or a poet's pen.

"Only one thing marred the captivating beauty of the picture. His form was clothed in a tight-fitting habit of buckskin, which was colored jet black and presented a striking contrast to anything one sees as a garment in the wild Far West. And this was not all, either. A broad black hat slouched down over his eyes; he wore a thin black veil over the upper part of his face, through the eye-holes of which gleamed a pair of orbs of piercing intensity; and his hands, large and knotted, were hidden in a pair of gloves of a lighter color.

"The Black Rider he might have been justly termed, for his Thoroughbred steed was as black as coal; but we have not seen fit to call him such—his name is Deadwood Dick."

The Wheeler stories about Deadwood Dick were greeted with such enthusiasm that in 1880 the author wrote a play called "Deadwood Dick, a Road Agent, A Drama of the Gold Mines," which had a short run and later was revived in New York. The popularity of the paperback novelettes on Deadwood Dick was such that after Dick was killed in the thirty-third and final issue, which came out October 20, 1885, reader demand led the publishers to start a new series on Deadwood Dick, Jr.

The new junior series began January 19, 1886; but, although they carried the byline of Edward L. Wheeler, they were not written by him. Wheeler had died, probably late in 1885, about the time his fictional hero was allowed to expire. The publishers, apparently wishing to capitalize on his name, made no public mention of his death but hired a ghost writer for the new series. Although the stories about Deadwood Dick, Jr., were less well written than the earlier series, they were in such strong demand that they were continued into 1897, running through ninety-seven numbers, or nearly three times those on the original hero.

SOON AFTER Wheeler's Deadwood Dick stories began to appear in 1877, they became so popular and were so convincing that many readers assumed that there must have been a real Deadwood Dick on whom they were patterned. And despite the fact that the fictional character was a desperado, at least six men came forward to claim the title. One of them was Dick Cole, a stagecoach driver often referred to as Little Dick. He wanted to be called Deadwood Dick but the name did not stick since he was not widely known in the Black Hills.

Another who called himself Deadwood Dick was Richard F. Palmer, about whom almost nothing is known. He died in Cripple Creek, Colorado, May 31, 1906.

Still another who was called Deadwood Dick briefly was Robert Dickey, who stood more than six feet in his deerskin moccasins and let his tawny hair fall to his shoulders. He claimed to have served in the Pennsylvania cavalry in the Civil War and to have battled Indians after the war under Gen. George Crook and Gen. Alfred H. Terry. Later he was an Indian agent and for a time went into the fur business. After the slaughter of the buffalo herds, he gathered bones from the plains. Finally he became a drifter and was arrested for vagrancy in Denver in May, 1911. He died in the jail hospital there early in 1912, aged more than seventy.

A fourth claim to the nickname after it had been made popular by Wheeler was Richard Bullock of Lead City, a fearless stagecoach messenger who guarded bullion being shipped to the railroad. Later he moved to Los Angeles and was reported to have died in a Glendale hospital on February 7, 1919, at the age of seventy-five.

A fifth claimant to the title was a Negro, Nat Love, whose book, *The Life and Adventures of Nat Love, Better Known in the Cattle Country as "Deadwood Dick,"* was published in Los Angeles in 1907. The book is packed with factual errors. Ramon F. Adams, the widely known writer on cowboy life, commented that, although Love claimed to be writing about his own experiences, he had "either a bad memory or a good imagination."

The sixth of those who posed as the original of Wheeler's fictitious Deadwood Dick, and the one who received the most public attention, was Richard Clarke, whose last name sometimes is spelled with a final "e" and sometimes without it.

Information about Clarke is fragmentary and often contradictory. John S. McClintock, a Black Hills pioneer who knew him, wrote that Clarke was born in 1848 and reared in Waterford, Ireland. A newspaper obituary sent out from Deadwood just after the death of Clarke said

DISCOVER THE TRUE WEST...

with the new GOLD-MASTER Super Sensitive Mineral, Metal, and Treasure Finder.

Detects Gold and Silver Nuggets, Rings, Coins, Mineral Float, Veins and Treasures.

- No cumbersome earphones . . . a powerful speaker is used.
- Easy to operate.
- Comes with two special loops. *A small loop for detecting nuggets and one for detecting treasures.*
- Instructions . . . and fresh batteries included.

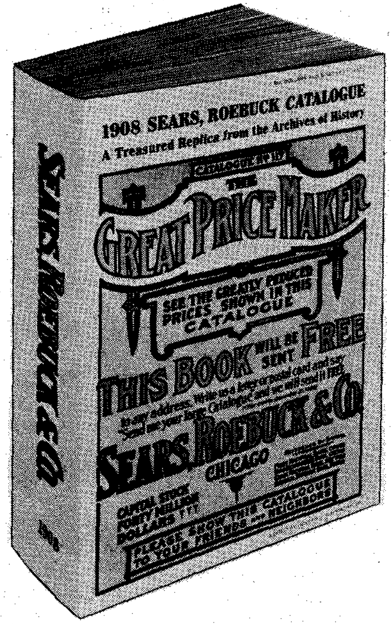
A small NUGGET goes with each instrument which it will detect.

"Budget Terms Available Upon Request—Use of Your Bankamericard or Master Charge Card will enable us to expedite your purchase."

COMPLETE . . . ONLY $169.50

Send for FREE literature now! ! !

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS
Room 400
1011 Pleasant Valley Road
Sweet Home, Oregon 97386


1908 SEARS, ROEBUCK CATALOGUE
A Treasured Replica from the Archives of History
THE GREAT PRICE MAKER
THIS BOOK WILL BE SENT FREE
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.
CHICAGO

3½ POUND CATALOG

Seven hundred and thirty-six giant pages—a perfect reproduction of SEARS 1908 Catalog. Forty thousand plus items are clearly illustrated, priced and accurately described. In 1908, Remington Derringers were $5.00; Colt 45's were $15.50; mouse proof pianos were $87.00; wallpaper was 3c a double roll; Stradivarius violins were $5.98; dining room chairs were 64c; best house paint was 89c a gallon; conversation tubes were $1.30! Perfect conversation piece, perfect gift for everyone 9 to 90! Weight of book 3 lbs. 6 oz.

$6.95

(Plus $1.00 Postage & Handling)

FREE CATALOG

Send for our free catalog of antiquities. No obligation. Clay oil lamps, phulkairle cloths, faience jewelry, etc.

CASS PUBLISHING SERVICE
Dept. TR-99, 622 West 67th Street
Kansas City, Mo. 64113

Send for your free copy of

"Western Americana"

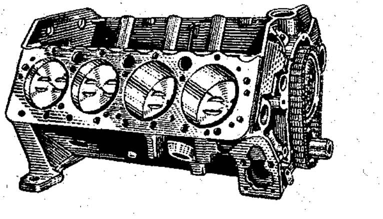
Latest catalog of much-wanted out-of-print books at reasonable prices. Also: send your lists of books wanted. Free search service!

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 3003-TW, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Authors!

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, religious and even controversial manuscripts welcomed. For Free Booklet write Vantage Press, Dept. FT, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1.

America's Best!
Sensationally Priced!
$118 50/Exc.



283" V8 Chevrolet Short Block Engines. FEATURES: Custom Ground Cranks—.010 Mains & .010 Rods Only. No. 20's or 30's. Reground & Parkerized Camshaft. Precision Machining & Assembly. Federal-Mogul Rod Bearings. Federal-Mogul Main Bearings. Federal-Mogul Cam Bearings. Perfect Circle Rings. Sterling or Western Pistons. Link Belt Timing Chain. Dorman, Victor, Pacific, Ramco. Names you know are the VERY BEST. Only $118.50 exchange or add $14.95 if no exchange.

301" CORVETTE SHORT ENGINES all the quality parts, plus 11:1 high compression pistons. Racing camshaft COMPLETELY BALANCED only $198.88 NO EXCHANGE.

Complete Engine Gasket Sets—Chev V8, Chev 6, Ford V8, Ford 6—$6.50. Oil Pumps—Chev V8, Chev 6, Ford V8, Ford 6—$6.50. Timing Chains—Chev & Ford—$3.39. Crankshaft Kits—.010 x -.010. Includes Crank, Grind and Federal Mogul Rod & Main Bearings. Most Fords and Chevrolets only $24.98 NO EXCHANGE. Also hard to find foreign cranks, bearings & cams in stock.

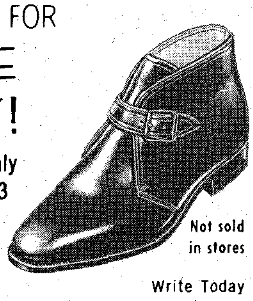
Deposit 50% on engines, balance C.O.D.

C-R PARTS
ULTRA HEAVY DUTY PARTS
Box 1251
Wilmington, Calif. 90744

BURIAL
INSURANCE

Leave your loved ones a cash estate—not a pile of bills................. $2,000 Policy to age 80. No salesman will call on you. Money Back Guarantee..........For FREE details write Crown Life of Illinois, 203 N. Wabash, Chicago, Illinois, 60601. Dept. 2934.

100 STYLES FOR
WIDE
FEET!
EE to EEEEE Only
Sizes 5 to 13



Men only. Casual, dress, work shoes that really fit. Top quality, popular prices. Money-back guarantee.

Not sold in stores

Write Today for FREE CATALOG

HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC., Hingham 138-K, Mass. 02043

Black Beauty
CROSSBOW
80 LB. PULL
$33.75
add 1.90 postage
A BIG GAME WEAPON
KILLS DEER, FOX, ETC.
worth $50
Silent
Powerful
Accurate
adj'ble sights
incl. 2 target, 1 hunting & fishing arrows. Fishing attach., leather quiver.
Satis. Gtd.
BILL'S MILITARY STORES. DEPT. W224 W. FORSYTH, JAX'L, FLA. 32202
New Exciting Catalog 25¢—Free With Order

he was born in Hansborough, England, about 1845. In any case, he came to America as a youth.

When the excitement over the discovery of gold in the Black Hills broke out in the spring of 1876, Clarke joined a party of men who set out from Bismarck for the new diggings. They took with them a small herd of cattle; but on the way the party was attacked by Indians, who severely wounded one of the prospectors and ran off the cattle.

Clarke settled in Crook City for a year or so; later he lived in Whitewood, where he was a section hand for a railroad, and in Lead, where he worked for a livery stable. There is no record that he did any mining or ever drove or robbed a stagecoach or that he was known as Deadwood Dick in the frontier era. His transformation into the embodiment of a myth did not take place until the 1920s when he was a doddering oldster.

JUST WHEN Clarke began to think of himself as Deadwood Dick is uncertain. But in 1924 the Deadwood Chamber of Commerce, to advertise the city, began sponsoring an annual parade called the "Days of '76." In this parade rode various local people decked out in costumes to represent Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, and other colorful figures who had lived in Deadwood, at least briefly, in the early days.

Either in that year or soon afterward, Clarke, clothed as Deadwood Dick, began riding in the parade, along with the others impersonating frontier celebrities. He wore a long-hair wig, a ten-gallon hat, high boots, and a pseudo-buckskin suit said to have been obtained from a theatrical supply house. A pair of pistols were stuck in his belt. Then, in 1927, when Deadwood people were trying to induce President Calvin Coolidge to spend his vacation in the Black Hills, a publicity man named Bert Bell had the bright idea of sending Clarke, in his frontier regalia, with a personal invitation. This suited the old man fine, and he made the trip, obtaining much publicity in newspaper stories and pictures.

When Clarke returned home he refused to go back to his humdrum life. He appeared to have deluded himself into thinking that he really was Deadwood Dick and that he had experienced all the frontier adventures attributed to him. A pamphlet printed for sale to tourists said he had been born in Cheyenne in 1855 and had been a gold prospector, a scout, and a deputy United States marshal.

Newspaper stories embroidered this account, saying that Clarke had been a trapper, a trader, a fighter with Custer, a guard for treasure coaches, a Pony Express rider, and the hero of many adventures. He began traveling about to appear in frontier festivals and medicine shows. The Deadwood Chamber of Commerce, recognizing his publicity value, built him a summer cabin in Pine Crest Park, where he greeted visitors. In 1929 he claimed that in the winter of 1881-82 he had led a hunting party which had killed more than 2,000 buffaloes on the Yellowstone River.

The real frontiersmen who still survived in the Black Hills scoffed and were unimpressed. John S. McClintock, who had come to the area as a prospector early in 1876 and who for more than thirty years had operated a stage line, wrote that "there was no such character" as Deadwood Dick. He pointed out that Clarke never had lived in Deadwood in the early days, and noted that the real pioneers resented Clarke's efforts to inject himself into Black Hills history.

D. M. McGaghey, Deadwood's archivist, was also bitter about the continued pretending. Clarke, he said to Robert J. Casey, "didn't know which end of a gun to hold away from him when he pulled the trigger." The only thing wrong with Clarke, he added, was that "he was never able to get back to normal after he saw himself in a buckskin suit with a fringe on the top. Of course there never was any Deadwood Dick, either, outside of Wheeler's novels; but we'd talked about him so long that he seemed at least as real as Wild Bill and Sam Bass and Wyatt Earp and other lads who used to hang around here."

Richard Clarke died early in May, 1930, and his funeral drew an enormous crowd. He was buried on the top of a hill with a military salute and taps. His grave is still shown to tourists as that of Deadwood Dick. Thus was enshrined a popular legend. As the *South Dakota Guide* notes, "whether the occupant of the grave of Deadwood Dick is the original of that name is beside the point."

Thus grew the myth of Deadwood Dick—starting with pure fiction and feeding on human credulity that was determined to have a hero, even though supported only by the flimsiest and most incredible play-acting.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 35)

Spearing rights were restored to them on federal land.

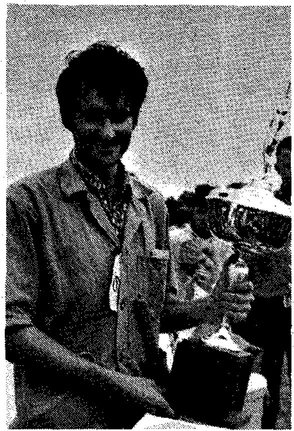
Lennis Engle no longer fishes, but in his spare time he carries on in the tradition of his father by inventing new tools, several of which he has patented.

DR. DWYER OF RABBIT CREEK

By Blanche E. McGeough

ONE AUGUST AFTERNOON in the year 1856, the good people of Rabbit Creek, Plumas County, California were astonished to see a very strange character approaching down the main street. Leading a heavily laden burro, the small robust man stopped in front of the hotel where a crowd of miners were gathered. The little man informed the group that he was a "Doctor of Medicine and Herbalist" and intended to take up residence at Rabbit Creek. Doc wore a black frock-tail coat, a high silk hat, and displayed across his stomach a heavy gold watch chain. At that time a doctor was much needed, so the men gladly helped him unload his heavy packsacks.

In a few weeks a sign was prominently displayed outside the hotel which read,



DOYLE WILLIAMS
TWICE WORLD CHAMPION

TREASURE HUNTERS ATTENTION
the
GARRETT HUNTER
HAS BROKEN ALL RECORDS TO BECOME
THE NEW WORLD CHAMPION

Our New Hunter won more contests than all other brands combined.

1st Place, Men's Division, World Championship Meet, Holdenville
1st Place, International Prospectors Club Meet, Midland, Texas
2nd Place, Men's Division, World Championship Meet, Holdenville
2nd Place, Ladies Division, World Championship Meet, Holdenville
2nd Place, Junior Division, World Championship Meet, Holdenville

Our congratulations go to Doyle Williams, Rt. 1, Box 67, Okemah, Okla., who was last year's champion at the Prospectors Club Meet. This year, he EARNED FIRST PLACE AT BOTH THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP MEET AND THE INTERNATIONAL PROSPECTORS CLUB MEET. To see Doyle work with his detector is a joy. Previously, Doyle had used other brands of detectors. His choice of instruments this year was one of our NEW BREED OF HUNTER DETECTORS.

GARRETT ELECTRONICS

Our congratulations also go to Sam Boyce of Holdenville. Sam earned second place honors in the Men's Division. Sam's choice of instruments this year was also a Hunter Detector.

Truly, our NEW BREED is now the Professionals Choice. Write for our free brochure and treasure hunting guide. We believe you will be glad you did.

Mailing Address: Department FT P.O. Box 28434 Dallas, Texas 75228
We invite you to come see us at our Dallas location: 11231 Alvin St. Phone (214) 328-5313

WHO KNOWS MORE ABOUT BEAT FREQUENCY METAL DETECTORS THAN THE PEOPLE WHO PERFECTED THEM?

"C. Christopher Dwyer, M.D." The doctor's first patient had been the wife of the hotel manager. She felt that Dwyer had cured her of a chronic leg ailment and passed the word around of the excellence of his work. Within a few months his fame had spread up and down the creek. When he wasn't busy in the hotel office, he took short trips into the woods gathering various herbs, barks and weeds, and his bedroom was hung with an array of such things drying from the rafters. The room adjoining was the general office and study. The principal object in this room was a rude table made by hand, which served as an operating table and receptacle for odds and ends.

The test of Doc's ability came about on one November day when four miners brought in a patient whose leg had been badly crushed by falling timber. The miner, carried from a distance over rough terrain, had been liberally plied with liquor every time he opened his mouth in pain. Consequently, Doc—pronouncing the verdict that amputation was necessary—didn't see the necessity of using any of his hard-to-get opiates, being that the patient was already totally unconscious. Dwyer cleared away the rubbish from his table, scrubbed it with lye soap and water, had the cook in the kitchen sterilize the instruments, and went about his work. When the leg had been severed, Dwyer covered the stump with balsam, wrapped it in clean linen and left nature to take its course. In a few weeks the miner was able to be up and about with the aid of a crutch, but Doc didn't consider the job finished to his satisfaction until he had made the miner a new leg. In his spare time he whittled out a presentable "peg" from an oak limb, fitted it with cotton from a hotel comforter, and with a few nails and thongs, harnessed it to his patient's thigh. It was so successful that the man returned to work. For this bit of extra attention Doc's fame spread far and wide through the mountain region.

Dr. Dwyer lived in the Rabbit Creek neighborhood and ministered to the sick for ten years. When the small mining camps became deserted and the miners left for other parts, Doc followed for a time, here and there. One winter of heavy snows he sickened with pneumonia. Weakened and exhausted by long trips in caring for his patients, he slowly grew worse. His friends cared for him as best they could, but one blustery winter day they dug through snow and frozen ground for a burial site and there they laid him for a long deserved rest.

Only existing photo of Dr. Dwyer.

The grave of Dr. Dwyer is supposed to be in the vicinity of what once was called Thistle Shaft, a point midway between Laporte (called Rabbit Creek in early days) and Gibsonville, now a ghost town. The grave has been obliterated by nature, the area entirely overgrown with manzanita and trees, but on the day of Doc's burial his friends erected a wooden headstone on which was printed—"C. Christopher Dwyer, M.D. A good man—a good friend—a damned good doctor."

For some time after Dwyer's death, much speculation arose about his former life. He had always been evasive as to where he had been born, never received or wrote any personal letters, and no one ever saw a diploma attesting to his medical education. The doctor's ability was taken upon faith alone, and there were many who doubted that he was what he claimed to be, yet they had to admit he did have a gift of healing and had come into their lives at a critical time to do honor to the profession, diploma or not. Another mystery which came to light following the doctor's death was that, although the miners had been generous in paying for his services, the deceased died penniless. No one ever found a trace of what had become of his income through the years and probably today it still lies safely hidden on a remote hillside.

Genuine Handlasted Benchmade
"Joe Hall" Imported Boots
Handmade Leather Lined Hand Finished

Satisfaction Guaranteed—Free Catalog

The vamps and 16-inch tops with 6-inch Zipper in back are of beautiful soft glove leather. Nylon stitched, steel shanks, leather lined walking heel, narrow toe.

No. 2100, Sun Tan
No. 2101, Black
No. 2102, Brown
No. 2103, Red
No. 2104, Royal Blue
No. 2105, White

SAME BOOT IN ROUGH-OUT
No. 2000, Sun Tan
No. 2001, Brown
No. 2002, Royal Blue
No. 2006, Black
No. 2007, Red

ROUGH RIDER **$31.95**

Give measurements in inches of calf of your leg. $5.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders—You pay postal charges. We pay postage on prepaid order.

Our guarantee—for exchange or refund return boots undamaged and unworn within 10 days.

FREE CATALOG—Adults' and Children's Boots, Western Shirts, Pants, Hats

HALL-YSLETA BOOT CO.
BOX 17971-T, EL PASO, TEXAS 79917

FIND BURIED TREASURE!

Treasure Probe

$12.95 PPD
3 MODELS AVAILABLE

Find buried gold, silver, coins, war relics with new sensitive detector. Fully transistorized. 1969 model. Ideal for beach combing, treasure and coin hunting, prospecting for gold. So sensitive it will detect a single coin or gold nugget. Nothing else to buy. Gives loud, clear signal, when metal is detected.

Complete kit with assembly instruction $12.95PPD
Fully assembled and instrument aligned at factory for peak performance, $16.95PPD
Fully assembled with powerful built-in loudspeaker and plug-in earphone. Your best buy, $22.95PPD

WEIGHS 1½ lbs

TO ORDER—send cash, check, or money order. $3.00 deposit for C.O.D. In N.J. add 4% sales tax

10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
ABSOLUTELY COMPLETE sensitive earphone, 9v battery.

TREASURE HOUSE
Dept. FAB, P.O Box 3 Tennent, New Jersey 07763

WORTH $50 Powermaster HUNTING CROSSBOW KIT
Special $35.95 POST PAID

KILLS DEER, BEAR, Etc.
RABBITS, SQUIRRELS,
ALL SMALL GAME
COLLECTOR'S ITEM
terrific target sport

80 LB. THRUST

Centuries old, crossbow shooting is now a fast, modern sport. Powerful and silent. A precision instrument, beautiful as it is accurate. Hunters knock down game at 200 ft. Two-way sights — open and peep — windage and elevation. Anyone can target-shoot right in their own backyard. Harpoon fish with free line attachment. 34" hardwood stock. 33" bow. Handsome den display. Possession is legal in all states . . . Money back if not completely satisfied. Kit includes 2 Target Arrows, Hunting Arrow, Fishing Attachment and Leather Quiver.
S & R RESEARCH, Box V-20, San Gabriel, California 91778

STOP TOBACCO

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with **Tobacco Redeemer.** Write **Today** for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

In Businness Since 1909
FREE BOOK
THE NEWELL COMPANY
Dept. K582 Chesterfield, Mo. 63017

BE AN ARM-CHAIR TREASURE HUNTER!

TIE YOUR KANGAROO DOWN and "dig your own Australian Opal" (in matrix) from a can in the comfort of your own home. Soak the pretty thing to excite its color, then make a ring—anything—or merely hoard the pretty thing! $4.95 postpaid. 3-4 weeks delivery. We specialize in unusual imports of quality. Many exciting Christmas gifts. Free brochure.
TRADEWINDS UNLIMITED
Dept. KC-6, P.O. Box 913, Sparks, Nevada 89431

TRAILS GROWN DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Sowers

I would like to contact anyone who might recall these names from the past: Frank and Laura Sowers from Illinois, Tennessee, Oklahoma, and Texas. Their daughter married George Thompson. Their children's names were Soretta (Settie), Patience (Pat), Cecil, Bud, and Hope (Hopey) Thompson. George Thompson had been married before in Texas and I think he had two sons and a daughter. These children had red hair. There was an Uncle Henry MaGinnes and an Aunt Sallie and Aunt Jane. There was also a cousin, Lizzy or Lizzie. This family ran for land in Oklahoma but sold out and left for Oregon between 1905-1910. They left behind many relatives who must have stayed on, lived, died, and been buried there, but there must still be someone left who remembers these names or is related somehow or heard these folks spoken of. Any information anyone can give me will help a great deal.—Mrs. Frances Herren, 2114 S. E. 52nd Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97215

Nevada Rape

I would like to contact any person having knowledge of a certain Mr. Nevada Rape of Wauson, Indian Territory who married Lou Harrison of Boothe in Scott County, Arkansas on September 13, 1900. I also would like to hear from anyone having knowledge of the early settlers of Wauson, Indian Territory. As my grandfather was born in Scott County, Arkansas I am interested in the possibility of his relation to Nevada. I am attempting to trace any known history of the Rape families in the United States. —T/Sgt. John V. Rape, AF19534124, C. M.R. Box 1034, 609 M.A.S. SQ., APO San Francisco 96323

Lusk-Lynch

I hope some of your readers can help me locate Virgia Lusk or L. L. Lynch or one of his sons. They were from Tulsa, Oklahoma when I knew them. L. L. had four sons who would be in their 60s now. When the boys' mother died Lynch put them in the Moose home. Since I never knew the boys I don't remember their names. I lived in Beaumont, Texas when I knew L. L. and Virgia (when she was seventeen or eighteen). The last I heard Virgia and her mother were living in Houston, Texas. I have been trying a long time to find them. L. L. Lynch would be in his late 70s if still alive.—Nell Vandewater Danna, 1125 Pinecrest, Vidor, Texas 77662

George Franklin Hall

I would like to hear from any descendants of my great-grandfather, George Franklin Hall, who was born April 11, 1835 in Akron, Ohio and died and was buried in Texas in 1907—where, I would like to know. He was living with a son, J. H. (Joe) Hall and his wife, Eva. About 1927 they lived at Avery, Texas. Uncle Joe Hall had a daughter named Mae who married a Dunn. I would like to hear from Mae Dunn's daughter, Rebecca, who would be about forty-eight years old now. I don't know her married name or if she is married.—Mrs. Vernon (Paunee Hall) Honley, 612 West 73rd Street, Shreveport, Louisiana 71106

Holloman Family

My grandmother, Mary Olivia Holloman Wood, wife of Green Wilder Wood, was the oldest daughter of David Noah Holloman and Mary Olivia Stevens Holloman. I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything of their lineage. I believe John D. Holloman, who was a calf roper from New Mexico, is a cousin. —Mrs. H. E. Krieg, 911 West 30th, Odessa, Texas 79760

Terry-Chisholm

In 1923-25 I had a couple of buddies at Schofield Barracks, then Territory of Hawaii, and would like very much to know if they are still around. They are Clinton W. Terry of Oneonta, New York who was in the 35th Infantry (I do not remember the company) and Angus Chisholm of Lisbon Falls, Maine. He was in Headquarters Company, 21st Infantry. They would now be about sixty-five to sixty-seven. I would certainly appreciate any information concerning either. I was unable to locate them at above addresses.—Ray C. Thomas, 4552 Sunnyview, N. E., Salem, Oregon 97303

Kunkler-Harmon

I would like to locate a woman whose maiden name is Edith Kunkler, the daughter of Lon and Rose Kunkler who separated and were divorced when she was about two years old. Edith was born in or near Kansas City, Missouri and is probably about sixty now. Rose took Edith after the separation and left for parts unknown. Mary Baldwin was the maiden name of the mother of Edith's father, Lon. He later remarried and this union brought forth six living children of whom my mother is the youngest. Lon also had a younger brother, Samuel, who died in infancy, and two half-brothers whose last name was Teeters.

My paternal grandfather was Perry Harmon, born in Decatur, Illinois, date unknown. He married Nancy Thomas who died of scarlet fever, and later on he married my grandmother Bessie Letha Monroe. Of this union three children were born. He had some sisters and brothers

(Continued on page 59)

Conquistador

A Name Prospectors, Coin Collectors and Treasure Hunters Can Depend On

Manufactured by White's exclusively for The Association.

This uniquely stable, highly-sensitive, transmitter-receiver detector is second to none! Lightweight, easily tuned, featuring two 3-coil loops, long-life meter and a two-year guarantee, the CONQUISTADOR **is** a remarkable instrument!

CONTACT THE ASSOCIATION FIRST

Conquistador

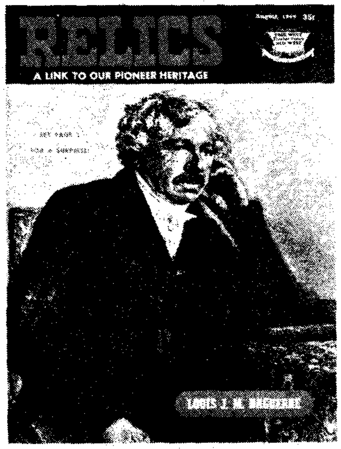
There is no need to be confused by the various claims of the manufacturers of detectors . . . Which detector will do the job for you? The Association promises to give you clear answers which will save you time and frustration. Talk to us and we'll help you make the decision for the instrument which will do the job **YOU** want done. We proudly represent the two leading manufacturers of detectors with models in all price ranges . . . FISHERS and WHITE'S ELECTRONICS.

Send for our FREE 16-page tabloid treasure hunters newspaper for both novice and pro.

Contact direct: GENE BALLINGER

The ASSOCIATION

TREASURE BANK BUILDING
P. O. Box 412 - Dept. F Oscoda, Michigan 48750
Telephones: Days (517) 739-8101
Nites (517) 362-2454 or (517) 362-5422



This is just a sampling of what you will find in the August 1969 Issue.

- **COLT'S UNDERGROUND HOARD**
  (Firearms factory relics)
- **KID KILLERS**
  (Churns)
  By Robert Prester
- **RANGE CANNING LABELS**
  By Ray McGuffin
- **DAGUERREOTYPES AND AMBROTYPES**
  By Donald A. Buscombe
- **WHAT MAKES A STORY?**
  (Scrap dealer's collection)
  By Ike Osteen
- **MYSTERY OF THE SPANISH RELICS**
  By Gregory K. Hawk
- **WINDS FROM THE WEST**
  (Weathervanes)
  By Clarence T. Hubbard

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

This magazine is not sold on newsstands. Back issues are available at 35c each. (#1-#10)

RELICS
P. O. BOX 3668, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78704

☐ ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION ....(6 ISSUES) VALUE $2.10 ....$2.00

☐ TWO YEAR SUBSCRIPTION ...(12 ISSUES) VALUE $4.20 ....$3.50

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

NAME________________

STREET________________

CITY________STATE________ZIP________

BRAND NEW!
"METALERT"*
tells you
where the
action is!

Award-winning "Metalert" Model 70 leads you straight to the action—fabulous relics, valuable minerals, scarce silver and gold! Use it anywhere, even in streams and at the beach!

Unsurpassed power and sensitivity. Rugged, lightweight and beautifully balanced for hours of tireless treasure hunting. Revolutionary solid-state circuits powered by easily replaced standard battery.

Built to the same exacting standards as Fisher precision instruments for industry and science. Look for "Metalert"—the finest detector you can buy!

frl
*Trademark
WRITE FOR
FREE LITERATURE

FISHER RESEARCH LABORATORY
Dept. FT, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303

I want to be a winner! Rush me information about "Metalert" treasure and metal detectors, success stories, *Discovery* brochure.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________ Zip ________

Buried Riches

(Continued from page 31)

in the spring as soon as anyone.

"'My name is George W. Skinner and my home is in the city of - - - -, Illinois. Early this spring I started for the Sangre de Cristo Mountains from Denver to prospect, being impelled to come here by the reports of gold finds disclosed to me by some friendly Indians. God only knows the hardships I endured in reaching this country, and after spending the greater part of the season in fruitless search I finally discovered what I believe to be one of the richest mines in Colorado and I will carry out with me all the gold I can manage with my limited facilities. To find the discovery shaft of the property, which I have purposely filled up, you stand with your back to the west side of the cabin, alongside the door, then walk up the gulch in front of you twenty paces. You will then arrive at the place on the right hand side of the gulch. The lead is a blind one and I accidentally found it while digging out the roots of a tree that had been blown down.

"'Should any person find this letter inside of one year it will avail him nothing as I have complied with the law sufficiently to hold the property for that length of time. If I do not return within that time the property can be located by anyone. The only request I have to make is that the finder of this note notify my brother at the above address.—George W. Skinner.'

"The brother was now thoroughly convinced that some harm had befallen George and without telling anyone of his discovery, determined to set out in the spring and endeavor to solve the mystery. The snows of that winter were unusually severe and heavy slides were often heard tearing down the mountainsides, sweeping everything before them. But with the opening of spring, the snow on the south and east side of the mountain rapidly disappeared and early in March Mr. Skinner and his guide struck into the mountains, the guide being informed that they would take up the search where they left off the year before.

"When they arrived at what they supposed was the place where the old cabin had been found, everything was changed. Because of the heavy snows and the terrific snowslides, they were unable to find even a vestige of the cabin. Trees had been swept away, heavy boulders removed, and the general appearance of the country completely altered.

"NOTHING DAUNTED, Mr. Skinner determined to spend the summer in that locality in the hopes of obtaining some clue of his missing brother and if possible of locating the lost mine. Yet all their efforts were to no avail and when fall set in they reluctantly abandoned the search and again started for the foothills. Mr. Skinner had decided to organize a party and make a systematic search the following year after returning home and arranging necessary business affairs.

"One day's travel from where he and the guide started on the return trip, the mountain broke off very abruptly. The dim trail which the party was following along the rocky side of the precipitous mountain overhung a chasm hundreds of feet deep. While carefully picking their way along this dangerous path one of the burros became frightened at some imaginary object and, in plunging and bucking, jumped off the cliff and rolled down into the gulch below. Several articles of value were in the pack, so the two men secured the remaining burro and carefully picked their way to the bottom of the gulch to save what they could of the wreckage.

"At the place where the burro was lodged, some 200 feet below the trail, they were horrified to find the skeletons of a man and an animal lodged on a small shelf of rock near where their burro had struck. Portions of the pack were still on the animal and some of the clothing still clung to the skeleton. Among the articles found near the dead man was a book containing a diary, a perusal of which soon showed that the skeleton was that of George Skinner. The last entry in the diary referred to the writing of the letter telling the secret of the mine and indicating that it had been written on the day prior to George's death.

"An examination of the skeleton showed that the skull had been split in two and Skinner thought it had been the work of Indians. Robbery could not have been the motive, however, as considerable gold and all paraphernalia of a camping outfit were found nearby. The remains were buried under a large pine on the mountainside near where they had lain so long, and Mr. Skinner resumed his homeward trip, saddened by the fate of his brother yet satisfied to know that he had unraveled the mystery surrounding the disappearance.

"Skinner headed a party the following summer which endeavored to locate the lost mine; in fact, they continued their search for several years, but the snows and the accompanying slides, together with forest fires and the heavy rainstorms of summer, had completely obliterated all traces of the camp, and buried deeper than ever the rich lead of Old Horn's Peak.

"I accompanied Mr. Skinner one year on his search, and from him I learned the story. He showed me the letter written by his brother of the lost mine, and allowed me to take a copy of it which I still have among my relics. This big nugget of gold I have shown you is only one of a number taken from the pack of the dead burro by Mr. Skinner, and it convinces me that the dead man was not far wrong when he said that he found one of the richest mines in Colorado. Mr. Skinner and his party abandoned the search long ago, but some day in the future Old Horn's Peak will yield the secret of its buried treasure."

Silent Night of the Hermit

(Continued from page 25)

Then he was gone.

He came again the following morning and this time I stopped to speak to him. He spoke clearly and articulately but

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
The Army on The Powder River
CUSTER and the GALL SAGA
HOSTILE INDIANS
GIBBON on the SIOUX CAMPAIGN of 1876
The Field Diary of GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY
The Yellowstone Expedition 1876

THE OLD ARMY PRESS

"Publishers of American Militaria"

presents

The "CUSTERIANA" Series and The "ARMY OF THE WEST" Series

1. **The Army on the Powder River** by Robert A. Murray
6″x9″ SOFT COVER **$2.00**
2. **Custer and the Gall Saga** by Dr. Charles Kuhlman
6″x9″ SOFT COVER **$2.00**
3. **Record of Engagements with Hostile Indians**
by Lieutenant General P. H. Sheridan
112 PAGES, SOFT COVER **$3.00**
Same, HARD COVER **$5.00**
4. **Diaries of the Little Big Horn**
by Capt. Michael J. Koury
100 PAGES, 6½″x9″, HARD BOUND **$7.00**
5. ***Gibbon on the Sioux Campaign*** by Col John Gibbon
6″x9″ SOFT COVER **$2.50**
6. **PEN & INK SKETCHES** by Reedstrom
FULL SET **$3.00**
7. **The Field Diary of General Alfred H. Terry**
The Yellowstone Expedition of 1876
SOFT COVER, 6″x9″ **$2.00**
8. ***The Frank Finkel Story** - Possible Custer Survivor*
by Dr. Charles Kuhlman
6″x9″ SOFT COVER **$2.00**
9. **Full Color Print** by Reedstrom **$2.00**
10. **Full Color Print** by Reedstrom **$2.00**

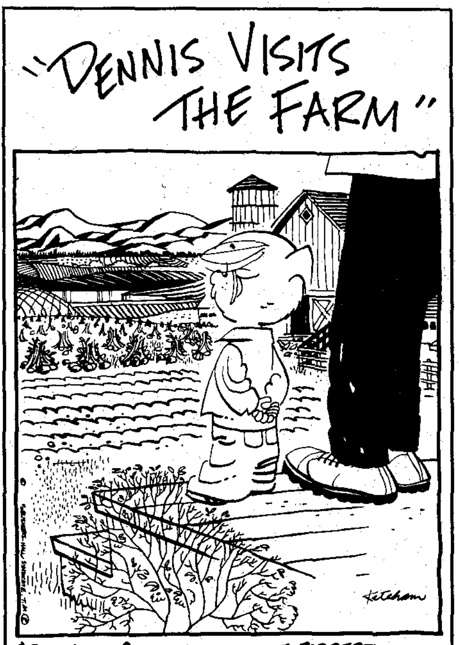
THE OLD ARMY PRESS
Dept. F. T.
2202 Victoria
Bellevue, Nebr. 68005

Postage Paid
When Payment
Accompanies Order

with an accent, and I have never seen such crystal clear eyes for a man of his age. He told me that he lived not far from the mine and that he owned a few mining claims, some adjoining our own. He asked a few questions and seemed to be well acquainted with mining operations.

Later my partner told me that he was Martin Schuber, eighty-four years old, and that he had lived in the district about forty years, most of that time in a little shed on the foot of a sloping hill less than a mile from the mine. He owned a few unpatented claims, a couple of which might be of some value in the future, and is spite of his age he still did his yearly assessment work on these claims. He was drawing a small old-age pension from the State of Arizona and, having no rent, no gas, light or water bills to pay, and needing very little clothing, his check was ample for his needs. From this meager income he even bought his dynamite, fuse and detonating caps which he needed for his assessment work. The old man was hardy and healthy and was known all over the district, but he stayed always by himself, alone. It was his habit to go to town once a month to buy groceries. One morning he came to the mine and asked me if I would take him to town after my work which, of course, I was glad to do. He appeared on the appointed time in newly-washed Levis and shirt and carrying a clean, neatly-folded gunnysack. (I would have liked to learn some more about him on these trips, but he never wanted to speak much about himself.) On arriving in town I let him off at a rooming house.

In the morning, he said, he would cash his check and buy his groceries, to be loaded in his gunnysack. Then he would be ready to leave civilization again and return to his cabin in the hills. I told him that I would leave much too early to take him back, to which he did not seem to count at all. I expected him to hitch a ride, for that portion of the road was quite well-traveled. From the main road there was a short rough road which led to our mine and then continued to his cabin, passing about fifty feet from our main shaft.



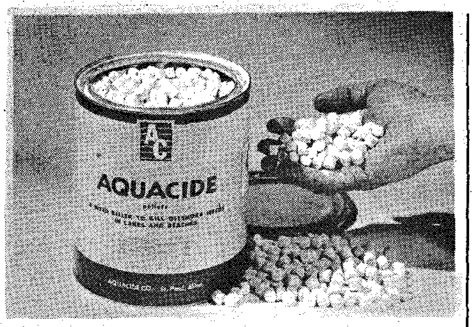
"GEE, UNCLE CHARLIE, YOU GOT THE *BIGGEST* BACKYARD I *EVER* SAW!"

It was close to noon the following day when a taxi passed our mine, with Martin in it, leaning back in the seat with his legs crossed. We were dumbfounded, to say the least. Old Martin renting a taxi from town to his little shed!

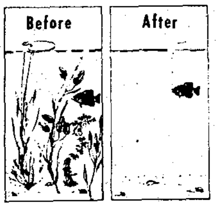
When I took him in on his next trip, I mentioned that I had several errands to do in the morning and that I might take him back if he would be through in time. But he did not accept my offer, giving me the flimsy excuse: "No, Mr. Nick, Uncle Sam gives me that money for my old days. I have a little to spare, so I may as well put it back in circulation."

We watched for his taxi the following noon. It came promptly, with Martin in it, sitting like a king, waving at us poor hard-working ants trying to get the water out of that old copper mine! There must have been some psychological explanation for this unusual behavior. Was he somehow compensating for his humble existence, while having come from a much higher level and surroundings? He was born in Austria and came to this country as a young man, but never married. Later I heard that his name was not "Schuber" but "Schubert" and the story went that he was related to Franz Schubert, the illustrious Austrian composer. All this will have to remain unanswered.

(Continued on next page)



KILL LAKE WEEDS!



New Aquacide pellets destroy unwanted underwater weeds. Easy to use. Lasts for months. Spread like grass seed, and special 2-4D concentrate kills weeds at any depth. Used and tested by many state conservation departments. Proven safe for swimmers and fish.

10 lb. can, (Treats 4,000 sq. ft. of lake bottom) $14.95 plus $2 for postage. Or write for free information to:

AQUACIDE CO.

308 Prince St. Dept. W7, St. Paul, Minn. 55101

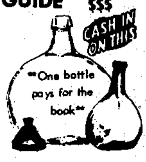
INTRODUCING!

FORTS AND TREASURE TRAILS OF WEST TEXAS

This is a book of new research and composite information including 100 photos and detailed map locators. This study by Joe Gibson also features treasure stories and a nice spread of the famed Judge Roy Bean. $3.95

ALSO

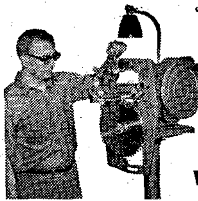
BOTTLE COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK AND PRICING GUIDE


$$$
CASH IN ON THIS
"One bottle pays for the book"

This treasured book by John T. Yount alphabetically lists over 1850 new and old collectable bottles. Identification and pricing can easily be accomplished in all seventeen categories including the fabulous Jim Beam series. $3.95

Two books destined to become classics in Western Folklore
20% off if you buy both at the same time for $6.25 . . . a savings of $1.75.
Remit to: Dynamic Publications
Box 1762 San Angelo 14, Texas 76901
Dealers Wanted.

Made $900 in Spare Time



"I made about $900 last year with my Foley equipment by sharpening saws in my spare time." Leo H. Mix.

No Experience Needed With a Foley Automatic Saw Filer anyone can sharpen hand, band and circular saws with professional accuracy. No canvassing—business comes to you.

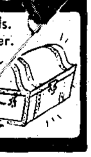
We Help You Start. We give you inside tips on how to build a sound repeat business; how others have succeeded in this profitable saw filing business.

FREE BOOKLET "Money Making Facts" shows how to start. Write today. No salesman will call.

FOLEY MFG. COMPANY
11361-9 Foley Bldg.
Mpls.Minn. 55418

Find HIDDEN TREASURES

Find TREASURE and RELICS with new 1970 models. Used by professionals and amateurs the world over. Guaranteed to detect Gold, Silver Coins, battlefield relics. FREE INFORMATION.



RAYSCOPE DEPT. J-11
Box 715 No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603

OUR CASUAL talks went on for a few months, when one morning I noticed that he was not walking as usual and I asked him what was wrong.

"I don't know, Mr. Nick," he replied, "but something is not right with my feet. They hurt when I walk and they look red."

I told him that I has taken a course in chiropody several years ago and that I would be glad to look at them during the lunch hour. This offer he gladly accepted.

He was waiting for me in front of his cabin and invited me in. It consisted of just one room which must not have been much larger than 8 x 10 feet, but was quite orderly. Against the wall facing the door was his bed and above it a long shelf. On it I noticed an extra pair of Levis, a shirt, some underwear and his gunnysack, and on the far end was canned food and some groceries. Directly left of the door stood a small wood stove, some firewood, an ax and a bucket of water. On the stove was a coffee pot and a frying pan and on a short shelf a couple more pans. On the other side of the door stood a table with a chair, with a storm lamp hanging from the ceiling. And there were two short shelves, one with a couple of dishes, a cup and some kitchenware. On the other was a carbide lamp and the usual specimens of ore, of which every miner has a collection. A small window was above the table and in the walls were nails for his hat and coat. These were all his earthly possessions and he asked for no more.

I asked the old man to sit down and take off his shoes and heavy socks. I could not find anything wrong with his feet although they were slightly red, but his socks were far from fresh.

"Do you change your socks quite often, Martin?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Nick," he replied. "If they have no holes in them I keep them on quite a while."

I told him that he should change socks every day for a while and soak his feet twice a day in warm water and baking soda for twenty minutes. If he had no baking soda, he could use soap until I could get him some. I wanted to tell him also to alternate shoes every day, but I was afraid he would not have a second pair, for I had not seen any around.

All the way back to the mine I had to think of Martin's cabin. How little we really need!

We continued to meet in the morning now and then and it was not long until he was walking normally again. Winter had set in and we were approaching Christmas. I had been invited to spend Christmas Eve with a family on a ranch not far from the mine. During the evening we talked about many things and at one point someone mentioned Martin Schuber. Among other things they spoke about his exceptionally bright eyes, his musical inclination and his rich resonant voice. And I told them about the inside of his cabin, as I was one of the very few who had ever been beyond the door.

Then one mentioned, "Tonight he will sing his Christmas songs again."

I asked what he meant and was told that on every Christmas Eve at midnight Martin would go to the top of a nearby hill and sing a number of Christmas songs, all in German. Instantly the desire came over me to witness this, but I dismissed it for it seemed to be intruding on Martin's privacy.

AFTER A WHILE I said goodnight to my friends, wishing each one a Merry Christmas. On my way home I passed the turn-off to the mine and I thought of Martin's Christmas songs, but kept going. Then I stopped. Why shouldn't I witness such an event? It was still over half an hour until midnight and I would never have such a chance again. So I turned back.

Arriving at the mine I parked my car under a tree. I knew just where the hilltop was from previous visits and I had to make a detour in order not to pass too close to Martin's cabin. From a distance I could see a faint light shining through his window. A bright moon floated above; the air was crisp; it was a beautiful night. Snow had fallen the previous day, but not enough to make going very difficult. Approaching the top I hid between some manzanita bushes and waited. An awfully guilty feeling came over me, but it was too late to turn back.

At last I saw Martin leave his cabin, carrying his storm lamp. Just why, I do not know, for no one needs a lamp on an Arizona moonlight night. But perhaps it was part of the ceremony. He was approaching slowly. I could not hear his steps in the snow and the stillness of the night was almost overpowering.

When Martin was close I noticed he was wearing clean Levis and jacket. After he had reached the top of the hill, he set down his lamp and took off his hat, which he kept in his hands. He stood there quietly, overlooking the peaceful country, the snow-covered hills with a low mountain range in the distance, all plainly visible in the moonlight. And not a sound—silence, silence.

Then his resonant voice lifted skyward with "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht." After a short pause this was followed by "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum wie treu sind deine blätter." This was followed by "Grosser Gott wir loben Dich," and others—all in his native tongue as he used to sing them as a boy—many, many years ago. And now there stood an old man in this snow-covered country, paying homage to the God-Child, born two thousand years before. I don't think I had ever been so moved. He finally sang "Stille Nach, Heilige Nacht" once more.

Martin stood there for a long while in meditation and I believe I heard him pray. At last he put on his hat and walked back to his cabin, his lamp swinging to and fro.

The hermit of Arizona lives no more in his little shed. And his voice rings no more from that little hilltop on Christmas Eve. As the years wore on, in his aloneness his mind began to fail and he was taken back to civilization for care and attention. But he soon died, for he had lived too long in those quiet hills.

MEN! WOMEN! I'll Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a

RECREATION DIRECTOR

...PLAYGROUND PARK • SPORTS
Crafts • Nature • Camp Leader
or for one of 100s other good pay
"FUN CAREERS" in RECREATION!

Tom Harmon, Assoc. Director,
North American School of Recreation

"750,000 NEW JOBS IN RECREATION"

... Reports U. S. Labor Department

Recreation is booming! Federal, State, County and local governments pour millions each year into recreation. And the Recreation Boom has just begun! National News Magazine reports spending on Recreation will double by 1980. This fantastic growth has created a tremendous demand for qualified men and women age 17 and up to supervise recreation. Thousands of recreational facilities (golf courses, marinas, dude ranches, campgrounds, parks, beaches, etc.) are unable to handle overflow crowds, due in great part to the lack of qualified people to supervise activities. U. S. Labor Department reports "A shortage exists in all parts of the country for trained recreational workers — both full and part time. Employment in Recreation by 1980 is expected to increase by more than 750,000 jobs since 1960 — 350,000 new jobs in rural areas alone."

Yes, **I'll show you how you can have what I've often called "the greatest job in the world"— one that combines the fun of following the sports you love with the inner satisfaction of working with and helping other people — a Career in Recreation.**

Just imagine spending your "working hours" on a playground or park—organizing activities, running sports, crafts and nature programs—supervising happy people at play—and getting handsomely paid for it, too! If you prefer this type of life to one of dull office detail, store routine or factory "grind," mail the coupon back to me. I'll mail you my FREE "RECREATION CAREER KIT" which reveals how you can qualify for a great "Fun Career" in Recreation!

1000s Activities Like These Take Place Daily in 100s City, Towns, and Rural Areas Coast to Coast. *SOMEBODY MUST BE PAID TO SUPERVISE THEM. THAT PERSON COULD BE YOU!*

Swimming • Track
Fencing • Jewelry
Nature • Games
Tennis • Art
Music • Winter sports
Survival • Archery
Football • Picnicking
Model Making
Crafts • Acting
Rock Hounding
Gymnastics • Riding
Square Dancing
Baseball
Tournaments
Basketball
Animal Training
Cards • Hay Rides
Volleyball
Meets & Events
Water Sports
Ceramics . . . and
1000s others!

ONE OF THESE "FUN JOBS" CAN BE YOURS!

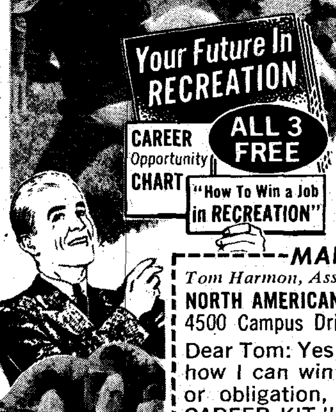
I'll show you how you can quickly qualify to win a "Fun Job" in Recreation. Whether you're in your 20's or your 60's—whether you're a man or a woman—whether you're interested in a full time career in Recreation or just a part time or summer recreation job—**if you like people,** North American School of Recreation's easy home-study training guides you step-by-step—shows you how to go after and win your great job in recreation. North American graduates are working right now in positions of authority in every state. You may already have the basic talents for a "Fun Career" in Recreation. Join the booming action. Get all the facts. Mail coupon today!

A 4-WAY OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU!

- **Career with GOVERNMENT** (Supervise Federal, State, County, Local Play Centers or Parks, etc.).
- **Career with PRIVATE COMPANY** (Recreation Director for Company, Hospital, Senior Citizen Center, Camp or Marina Mgr., etc.).
- **Career with CIVIC ORGANIZATION** (Director of YMCA, Church Group, Boy Scouts, Handicapped Center, School, Little League, etc.).
- **YOUR OWN RECREATION BUSINESS** (Operate your own Summer or Day Camp, Swim Club, Marina, Rifle Range, Recreation Center, Health Club, Farm Camp, etc.).

OPPORTUNITIES IN YOUR COMMUNITY
for exciting
VACATION JOBS?
"Learn the Ropes" and make valuable contacts at the same time! No experience needed! We show you how!
Rush Coupon for FREE FACTS!

Recreation—"Where the Action is!" **Go after one of these great jobs in Recreation:** Recreation Leader • Athletic Supervisor • Arts and Crafts Director • Playground Director • Music Teacher • Dance Instructor • *Nature and Camping Counselor* • Recreation Center Director • Industrial Recreation Manager • Hospital Recreation Director • School Recreation Director • Marina Manager • Senior Citizen's Recreation Director • Golf *Course Manager* • *Park Manager* • *Swimming* Pool Supervisor • Rifle Instructor • Survival Instructor • and 100s others!



Rush Coupon for FREE
"RECREATION CAREER KIT"

...including my 20-page Book, "Your Future in Recreation." Career Opportunity Chart and revealing report "How to Win a Job in Recreation." There's no cost or obligation.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

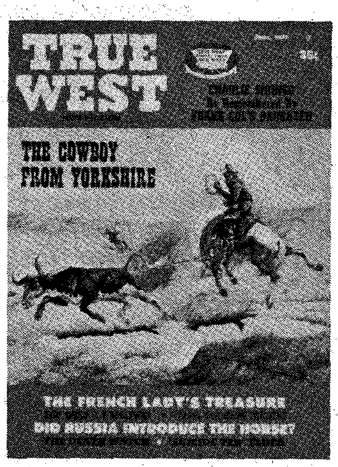
Tom Harmon, Assoc. Director
NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF RECREATION
4500 Campus Drive, Dept. 103B, Newport, California 92660

Dear Tom: Yes, I'm interested in learning more about how I can win a Career in Recreation. Without cost or obligation, rush me your FREE "RECREATION CAREER KIT."

NAME ______________________ AGE ______
ADDRESS ______________________
CITY ______________________
STATE ______________ ZIP ______________

ONCE AGAIN—

A Combination Offer on Christmas Gift Subscriptions!


TRUE WEST
35¢
THE COWBOY FROM YORKSHIRE
THE FRENCH LADY'S TREASURE
DID RUSSIA INTRODUCE THE HORSE?

THE TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
35¢
Special Feature!
APACHE VENGEANCE
JESSE, FRANK AND COLE
GOLD-FILLED SAFE OF KNIGHT'S FERRY
MASSACRE BY WHITE MEN
TERROR ON A TRAIN
HOBO, THE HORSE THAT NEVER QUIT
TOMBSTONE "TYPOS"

NOW! BOTH AT ONE PRICE!

(You save $5.00 on 5 one-year subscriptions)

Here's another rip-snorting Western Christmas gift offer for you folks who want to give something REALLY DIFFERENT!

Easy, simple, economical—instead of bucking nightmarish shopping crowds, fill in the blanks and write out a check—in ten minutes your gift problems for those friends are past history! You couldn't send more lasting, more appreciated gifts than TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES—gifts that last so long and **remind your friends of you** so regularly!

AND WHAT A TERRIFIC BOOST IT WILL BE FOR US! Thousands of people do not even know our magazines exist. **It's a** TREMENDOUS job getting the word around. So, your sending gift subscriptions is a THREE-WAY BENEFIT—to us, to you and to the folks who receive them.

DO IT NOW BEFORE THE RUSH BOGS US UNDER! Include your renewal or extension at these special rates, if you wish. How else can you present so much of the very HEART of the Old West—AS IT REALLY WAS—to your friends for ten times the price?

REDUCED GIFT RATES!

• **1 one-year subscription to both magazines** (6 issues TW, 6 issues FT)	**$4.00**
• **2 to 4 one-year subscriptions**	**$3.50 ea.**
• **5 or more one-year subscriptions**	**$3.00 ea.**

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, Box 3668-W, Austin, Texas 78704

NOTICE! If you don't wish to damage magazine, list on sheet of paper.

I ENCLOSE $________ FOR ________ SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

Name________
Street________
City________ State________
☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL ZIP CODE________

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS________
☐ GIFT CARD TO READ FROM________

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 52)

and his mother's name was Mary. Not much is known about his father, but his mother remarried after his father's death. Either his father or stepfather died in a gun duel. His parents owned a farm near Decatur. My grandfather never introduced his family to his wife and children; however, I do know one of his sisters lived in Springfield, Missouri. If any of Perry Harmon's brothers or sisters or their descendants are living, I would like to hear from them.—Mrs. Carol I. Hogan, 6664 Knott Avenue, Apt. 6, Anaheim, California 92804

William Bassett

Can any of your readers help me find my half-brother? His name at birth about 1936 was William Edward Bassett. He was the only son of William Walker Bassett and Mildren (or Margret) Johnson. Mother was a daughter of an Arizona Baptist minister. Married January 1, 1935 and divorced about 1940 or 1941, Mother remarried a teacher and part-time forestry worker in Arizona. Father remarried my mother in 1944. William Edward attended Winslow High School in Tempe, Arizona.—Sgt. Ronald L. Bassett, (U.S.A.F.) 602 ND. ACW. SQ., Box 448, APO New York, 09321

Wylie Morris Family

I would appreciate any information on the family of my late father, Wylie F. Morris. His father, Thomas Jefferson Morris was born in or near Chattanooga, Tennessee about 1855. My father had several brothers and sisters. One brother named W. A. (Bill) was thought to have lived in Delta, Colorado around 1950. Another, Bill Morris, lived in Arizona and likely has descendants still living there. One sister called Teeney married a McGeehe and is thought to have lived in Gatesville, Texas. Thomas J. Morris married Elizabeth Parker and when their oldest child, Mollie, was small they moved to Newport, Texas where my father Wylie was born and where Elizabeth died. Thomas J. Morris later moved to the Texas Panhandle and lived there the rest of his life.—H. P. Morris, Grosvenor, Texas 76847

Ernest G. G. Sanborn

I hope your readers can help solve a mysterious period of about twenty years in my grandfather's life. The following information was related to me by his sister, Mrs. Jessie Coffey, and his daughter (my mother), Mrs. Adelaide Burgess.

Ernest Grant Gilman Sanborn left his home at Center Point, Iowa about 1882 at the age of sixteen and was gone twenty-four years. The first two or three years were spent among relatives near Covington, Iowa. Then he journeyed westward to Montana. His sister said that during this period their mother wrote regularly to Ernest even though she never received a response.

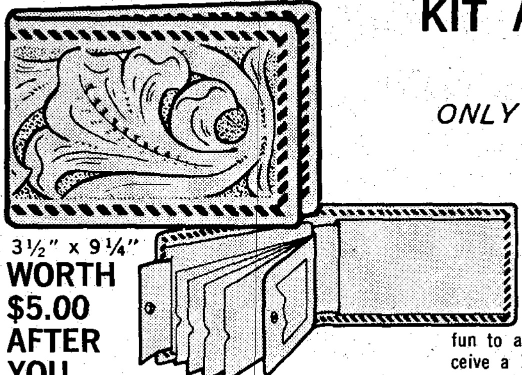
When he returned to Iowa in 1906 he said he had also written regularly but had

(Continued on page 68)

Let's Do LEATHERCRAFT!

HERE'S A GENUINE LEATHER BILLFOLD KIT AS A STARTER

ONLY 50¢ with coupon below



3½" x 9¼"
WORTH $5.00 AFTER YOU ASSEMBLE AND LACE!

Get all the features of expensive billfolds . . . hidden money pocket, four-unit card case and two side pockets. Handsome design already embossed. Kit complete. Easy 'n fun to assemble and lace. You'll also receive a 112-page Leathercraft catalog and easy-to-follow instructional manual. **Order yours today!**

ONLY 50¢ IF YOU ACT NOW!

Tandy LEATHER COMPANY
A TANDY CORPORATION COMPANY

1001 Foch, Dept. HE, Fort Worth, Texas, 76107

Yes, send me your embossed billfold kit and 112-page catalog. I'm sending 50¢ as full payment. (Limit one per family.)

NAME________________________

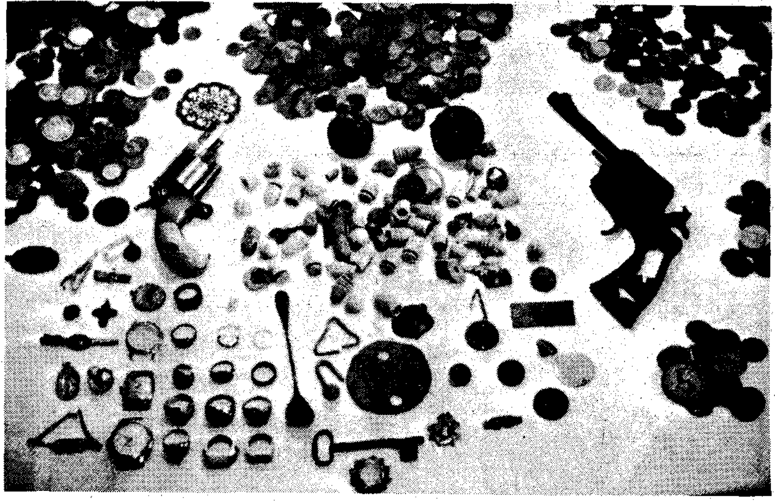
ADDRESS________________________

CITY____________STATE________ZIP________

ONLY 50¢ IF YOU ACT NOW!

$ TREASURE HUNTING $

PROVES TO BE LUCRATIVE HOBBY!



Ernest J. Clark writes; "In three weeks since I received my Gardiner Model 190A Metal Detector, I have found a total of approximately $685 worth of miscellaneous coins, jewelry and artifacts. Some of the coins dated back to 1802. I think the features of this metal detector are really way ahead of all the other makes, especially in the fact that it will distinguish bottle caps and other worthless items."

Free catalog of our patented metal detectors gives comparison tests of different makes.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS

Dept. 34 4729 N. 7th Avenue • Phoenix, Arizona 85013

GET 'EM NOW! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE . . .

If you secured the first twenty-one issues of OLD WEST as they hit the newsstands, you now have a set of COMPLETE rare book reprints worth $1,007.50 (book dealer value of the original editions). If you did not, then latch on to these collector issues while our limited stock is still available at the original newsstand price!

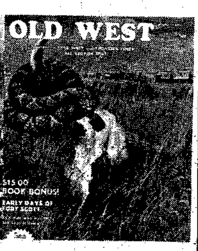
OW1-50c

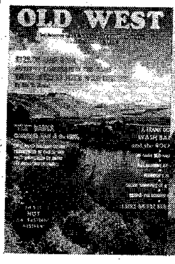
OW2-50c

OW3-50c

OW4-50c

OW5-50c


OW6-50c


OW7-50c

OW8-50c

OW9-50c

OW10-50c

OW11-50c

OW12-50c

OW13-50c

OW14-50c

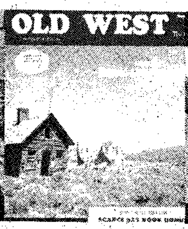
OW15-50c

OW16-50c

OW17-50c

OW18-50c

OW19-50c


OW20-50c

OW21-50c

THEY SIMPLY WON'T LAST LONG . . . SO ORDER NOW!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704

THE WAY

TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST never get out of date. Filled with the timeless sagas of the West, the back issues are fascinating to read, and to keep. Begin the interesting hobby of collecting them, and watch their value grow as they become more and more scarce. As soon as we sell out of a back issue, collectors immediately begin asking $1, $5 or more for a copy—and getting it!

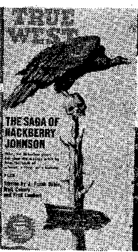
Issues on this page are available now, but won't be for long. Why don't you take advantage of this offer—pick a few back issues to try. Each issue has the same high quality, factual Old West material you expect and get from current issues.

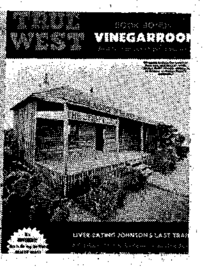
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS

Box 3668-B1 **Austin, Texas 78704**

NOTICE: Western Publications will give a 10% discount on all back issue orders totaling $30.00 or more.

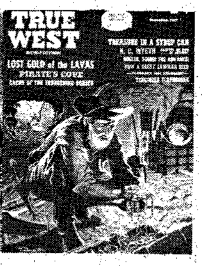
69TW-35c


70TW-35c


71TW-35c

82TW-35c

83TW-35c


84TW-35c

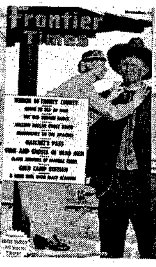
22FT-$1.00

27FT-$1.00

29FT-$1.00

30FT-$1.00

31FT-35c

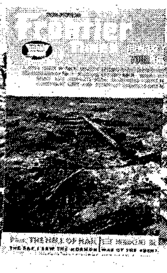

32FT-35c

33FT-35c

34FT-35c

35FT-35c

45FT-35c


46FT-35c

47FT-35c

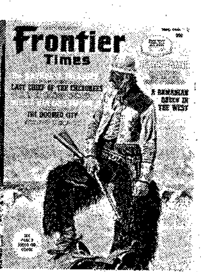
48FT-35c

49FT-35c

50FT-35c

51FT-35c

52FT-35c


53FT-35c

THE WEST REALLY WAS!

47TW-$1.00

48TW-$1.00

49TW-35c

50TW-35c

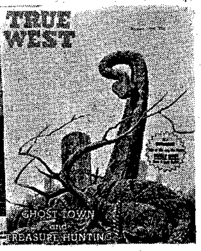
51TW-35c

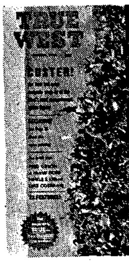
54TW-35c

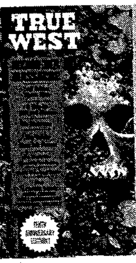
55TW-$1.00

56TW-35c

57TW-35c


58TW-$1.00


59TW-35c


60TW-35c

61TW-35c

62TW-35c

63TW-35c

64TW-35c

65TW-35c

66TW-35c

67TW-35c

68TW-35c

72TW-35c

73TW-35c

74TW-35c

75TW-35c

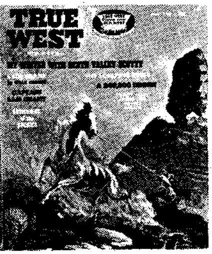
76TW-35c

77TW-35c

78TW-35c

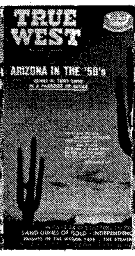
79TW-35c

80TW-35c


81TW-35c

85TW-35c

86TW-35c


87TW-35c

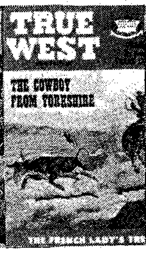
88TW-35c

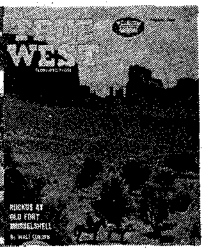
89TW-35c

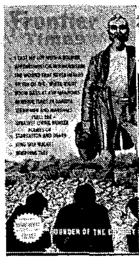
90TW-35c

91TW-50c

92TW-35c


93TW-35c


94TW-35c


36FT-35c

37FT-35c

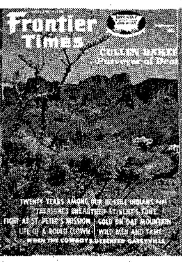
38FT-35c

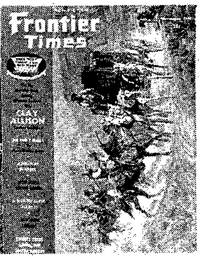
39FT-35c

40FT-35c

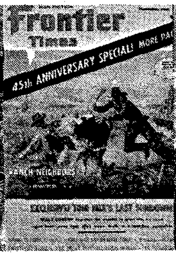
41FT-35c

42FT-35c


43FT-35c


44FT-35c

54FT-35c

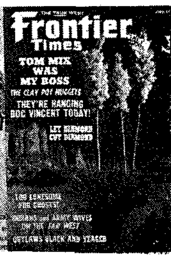

55FT-50c

56FT-35c

57FT-35c

58FT-35c

59FT-35c


60FT-35c

61FT-35c

Murdered in Church

(Continued from page 33)

yanked against the adobe wall where Enofrio rammed a pistol near his face and fired. The first shot missed the struggling editor who, wrenching free, jumped at his tormentor only to be struck in the chest by slugs which kicked him backwards and sent his life gurgling up from his throat.

As her husband was carried back inside the church, Mrs. Conklin collapsed as did several other women. The house of prayer now became a "house of weeping and wailing."

Christmas Day was hardly merry in Socorro. Instead it fell the sad duty of Justice of the Peace Blackington to convene a coroner's jury. Enofrio, Abran, and Mesias Baca were indicted for murder. Suspicion also fell on several others.

Factionalism now split the town of Socorro. The Mexican population felt that the Bacas' guilt had not been satisfactorily proven, and that extenuating circumstances would be revealed. They also suspected that the Americans were seeking to tighten their already considerable economic grip on the community, and perhaps get rid of the more vocal and volatile Mexican troublemakers.

The Americans were just as adamant in believing that the Mexicans were assisting the murderer in escaping justice. They suspected a mass plot to kill every Anglo in the vicinity. On December 27, the Las Vegas *Daily Optic* declared that the slayers were in a house guarded by 2,000 Mexicans, and that Americans were arming to protect themselves. Although this report was obviously exaggerated, it was exemplary of the developing feelings on both sides.

Other events also complicated matters. A newspaper report mistakenly named Jacob Baca, a prominent Socorro businessman, as one of the slayers. The Americans demanded that Sheriff Baca—another uninvolved person—turn Jacob over to them and when the sheriff refused, his action was taken to mean that he was protecting members of his own family at the expense of law and order and that he wanted the killers to go unpunished. With passions incensed, the Americans met to form a vigilante committee.

At three a.m. on the 27th, an armed group of over one hundred Americans caught sixty Mexicans by surprise and forced them to surrender Jacob Baca, Sheriff Baca, and three other men. During the confusion a pistol accidentally discharged and slightly injured one unidentified man. The five prisoners were hustled off to jail but negotiations soon got underway for their release.

Representatives of both factions met at the Park Hotel in downtown Socorro and tried to work out an amicable settlement. The Mexicans wanted the prisoners freed, claiming the men had nothing to do with the murder. The Americans were not exactly certain who was involved, so they insisted on holding everyone until all the facts of the situation could be gathered or an exchange for the actual slayers could be made.

Neither group gave ground and the negotiators consistently punctuated their arguments by threats to exterminate their opponents. At 9:55 a telegram was delivered to the city marshal of San Marcial, pleading: "Send immediately as many Americans, well armed, as you have to save the lives of Americans at Socorro."

MARSHAL HILL wired the division superintendent of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad for permission to use Engine No. 97 in the rescue effort. When Superintendent Robinson refused, Hill decided to seize it anyway. Thirty-five heavily armed men climbed aboard and, with a jump and a start which almost left it lying upside down in a vacant pasture, the train alternately bolted and chugged, then finally picked up speed under its novice engineer. Once fully underway, the wild ride took only fifty minutes, a local record unequaled to this day.

In the meantime four of the prisoners had been allowed to go free and only Jacob Baca remained in the Americans' custody. Evidently Jacob felt that he was a likely candidate for the hangman's noose, so he talked one of his friends into slipping him a pistol. On the evening of the 28th, guard Jack Ketcham brought in a tray of food and was shot in the side. As Ketcham fell to the floor he dragged out his own revolver and killed Baca.

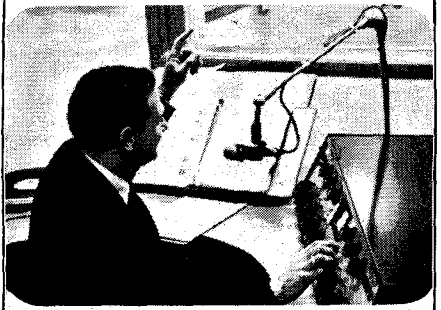
At this turn of events, both factions hysterically wired the governor for protection. Socorro was a town on the verge of war. Women and children stood ready to be evacuated, and rumors were rampant that more armed men were rushing to the scene. Acting Governor Ritch tried to calm the situation, and his telegram to Socorro citizens read, "Leave the case for the District Judge to settle. Peace must be preserved or it will be much worse for the guilty. Troops are en route to Socorro."

By the time the troops arrived, the town had calmed considerably. Twenty men from Company I of the 13th Infantry arrived and patrolled the streets. One soldier wired his wife, "All quiet at Socorro. Americans have charge of the town."

Reason began to prevail as soon as it was discovered that the actual slayers were nowhere about. Reward posters went up all over the Southwest, with the governor of New Mexico offering a $500 reward for the capture of Conklin's killers, and the citizens of Socorro—both Mexican and American—raising a like amount to add to it.

ONE SUCH wanted circular came to the notice of James Gillett, a sergeant in Company A of the Frontier Battalion of Texas Rangers stationed near El Paso, Texas. Gillett knew that Jose Baca, county judge of El Paso County, was an uncle of one of the murderers, and he ordered a close watch on the judge's home and store in Ysleta. The move paid off. In early February 1881, Ranger Jim Fitch rode into camp from Ysleta and reported that two well dressed strangers had been seen sitting on

You can train to be an announcer or D.J.!



FREE VOICE ANALYSIS

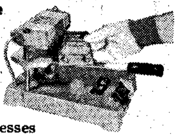
Exciting new way to find out if you have the hidden talent to train for a career in radio and TV broadcasting. Urgent demand for qualified graduates. Unique, nationally recognized course created by John Cameron Swayze, Fran Allison, and eight other broadcasting "greats" opens new horizons of high pay. Train in our fully equipped studios (located in major cities) or at home in your spare time. Career Academy "reinforced learning" techniques (based on principles developed at Harvard and Columbia) speeds training. NATIONWIDE PLACEMENT ASSISTANCE at No Extra Cost. Approved for G.I. Bill. Mail coupon today for free book, LP record and voice analysis details. No obligation. **Accredited Member National Home Study Council and National Association of Trade and Technical Schools.**

CAREER ACADEMY
825 N. Jefferson St. - Studio 655
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202

I want to know if I have broadcasting aptitude worth developing. Please rush more information.

name age
address phone
city state/zip
I am interested in: ☐ Home Study ☐ School Study

New Table Top Invention Puts You In...
PROFITABLE RUBBER STAMP BUSINESS



Home Operators now make $16.50 AN HOUR in Business once monopolized by a few big companies
Special rubber stamps bring high prices—cost only pennies to make on new, low-cost table top machine. Take 27 cents worth of material, make perfect stamps, the kind businesses and offices now buy by the dozen at $2.75 each. Make up to $16.50 an hour. Start in spare time in your own home. Run machine on kitchen table using ordinary electrical outlet. Make any kind of stamp. We'll send you free information without obligation about this established, highly profitable business. ***We'll even help finance your start.*** For free information send name and address today on a postcard to:
Rubber Stamp Div., 1512 Jarvis, Dept. R-98-LS, Chicago, Ill. 60626

TREASURE
METAL-MINERAL DETECTORS
FREE *128 page* CATALOG
GENERAL ELECTRONIC DETECTION
16238 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90706

Books Found . . .
Out-of-print books at lowest prices!
You name it—we find it!
Western Americana and Indian Books a specialty. Fast service. Send us your wants—no obligation.
International Bookfinders
Box 3003-TW Beverly Hills, Calif.

Introducing...
"Blue Birds of Horseyness"

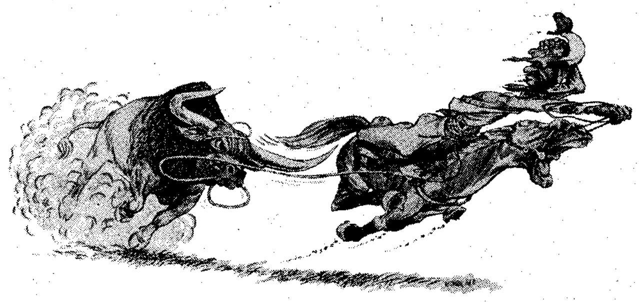
Artist Bud McCaulley's BLUE BIRD PRINTS create a zany new twist for a delightful and refreshing look at the wild and wooly west !!

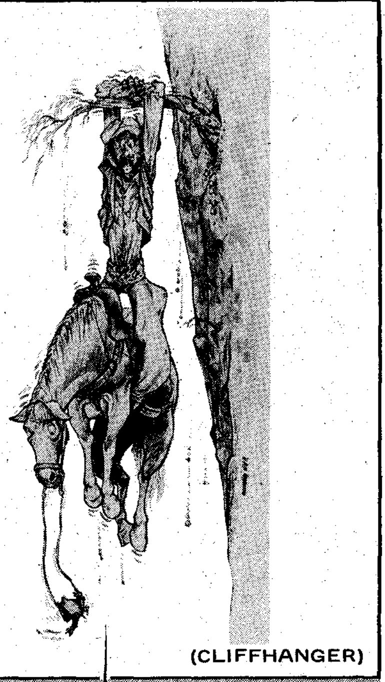
HANDSOMELY REPRODUCED IN FULL COLOR
•
TEXAS-SIZED... 17" x 22 ½"
•
COMPLEMENTS ANY HOME, OFFICE, DEN, LODGE, TACK ROOM, CLUB ROOM, CABIN, etc..
•
SUITABLE GIFT FOR ANY OCCASION
•
FINE QUALITY HEAVY WHITE STOCK

$6.00 each

art unlimited
the art studios of bud mccaulley
AC 806: 374-2471
3508 LINE AVE. • AMARILLO, TEXAS 79106

ORDER TODAY-SEND CASH·CHECK·MONEY ORDER TO:
All prints are shipped flat
Postage Is Prepaid


(ROUND UP)


(CLIFFHANGER)

Judge Baca's porch.

Gillett quickly arrested the suspects and started with his prisoners for Socorro. Before even getting out of Texas, however, Judge Baca caught up with the party and offered Gillett $700 to set the prisoners free. The sergeant refused, even when the offer jumped to $1,000.

In Socorro, Gillett found that only one of his prisoners, Abram Baca, was wanted. So he pocketed $250 for the man, took a draft of $250 from the governor, and returned to Texas.

Back on duty in Ysleta again, Sergeant Gillett continued to watch the local area carefully, confident that another Baca would sooner or later show himself—and his patience soon paid dividends. In April Santiago Cooper, an informant, told him that Enofrio Baca appeared to be in Zaragosa, Mexico, an adobe village across the Rio Grande from Ysleta. Gillett slipped $25 to Cooper and asked him to verify his suspicions. The report proved true; Enofrio Baca was indeed employed as a clerk in the only store in the town.

Gillett knew the possible consequences if he were caught attempting to forcibly remove Baca from across the border. He could be killed. Even if successful he could face dishonorable discharge from the Rangers. Yet he had performed the same action in the past without being punished. Only three months before, he had aroused some anxiety among his Ranger superiors who reported his arresting "three thieves in Mexico without authority of the Jefé Politico who felt sore about it."

Yet the thought of kidnapping Baca had a certain amount of romantic appeal, not to mention the possibility of a reward, and Gillett decided to risk it. He asked a fellow Ranger, George Lloyd, for assistance.

The two Rangers bided their time for several days, then rode out of camp, crossed the Rio Grande and approached Zaragosa from the west side. Upon reaching the store, Lloyd held the horses while Gillett located Baca who happened to be measuring some goods for an old Mexican woman. Acting swiftly, Gillett jerked his pistol, grabbed Baca by the collar, and gave him a quick smell of the long barrel. Then he ordered him to come along and to step lively. The Mexican woman fainted.

When the other customers realized that a kidnapping was taking place, some ran outside screaming. Gillett shoved Baca through the open door and told him they were going to Paso del Norte (El Paso). Baca offered no resistance, but instead jumped up behind Lloyd, and all three men left Zaragosa at a hard run.

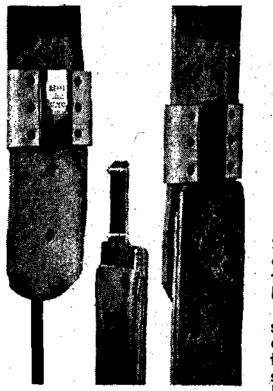
Although pursuit was hastily organized by the Mexican villagers, the Rangers and their prisoner had a good start and never were in any real danger as they hustled their prisoner back to camp.

GILLETT'S commanding officer, Captain George Baylor, was considerably less than amused by the affair. He realized immediately that something was amiss, even though the two Rangers tried to avoid discussing the matter. When finally he did wring a confession from Gillett, he swore angrily and pointed out to the sergeant that his impulsive mission was the most "imprudent act you ever committed in your life! Don't you know that it is a flagrant violation of the law and is sure to cause a breach of the international comity that might cause the Governor of Texas to disband the whole of Company A? Not only this, but it is a wonder to me that the Mexicans did not shoot you and Lloyd into doll rags."

The sergeant had a defense, of course. He argued that Mexican officials had a long history of allowing prisoners to escape or buy their freedom. Pointing out that a nearly identical incident had happened before, Gillett prophesied that the entire matter would soon be forgotten. In the meantime he wanted to return Baca to Socorro and collect his money.

Against his better judgment, Baylor allowed Gillett to leave. The sergeant caught a train to Socorro, and the last act of a Southwest tragedy began. When near its destination, the train was stopped and boarded by a dozen armed Anglos who removed Baca and took him along. Gillett resisted the abduction, but was powerless to prevent the mob from taking his prisoner. For his trouble he got only a receipt for the prisoner so he could claim the reward. Enofrio was dragged kicking and screaming to the nearest gate post and lynched, an act which lay heavily on the conscience of James Gillett for many a year.

With the lynching of Baca, international repercussion followed. Secretary



Blevins Stirrup Buckles

NEW, IMPROVED

$5.45

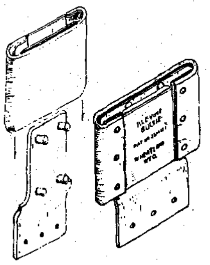
per pair

Sleeves same as older style, the tongue has no hinge or strap. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly and easy to install—won't slip or stick. Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum. Sleeves covered with leather prevent rubbing horse or saddle. Available in 2½" and 3" widths. Order either new, improved or the old style buckle. Satisfaction guaranteed.

AT YOUR DEALERS OR

BLEVINS MFG. CO.

WHEATLAND, WYOMING 82201



BLEVINS STIRRUP BUCKLES

BLEVINS "SPECIAL"
PAT. #3,314,121

$6.00

New four post tongue for 3" buckle. Makes buckle stronger and sturdier. One piece tongue is also off-set to let the stirrup leather go through more smoothly. The 2½" width has one piece off-set tongue with two posts instead of the four in the 3" width. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly and easy to install—won't slip or stick.
Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum. Sleeves covered with leather prevent rubbing horse or saddle. Order either special, improved or regular style buckle.

AT YOUR DEALERS OR

BLEVINS MFG. CO.

WHEATLAND, WYOMING 82201

WESTERN REALISM

More western than a six-shooter! These real, pure bone cattle skulls will give needed atmosphere to any western approach—Perfectly clean. Not imitation!
Approximate size—16" x 18"
All the Glory of the OLD WEST in your den, bar, office, store or child's room . . . Not sold in stores.
Guaranteed to please

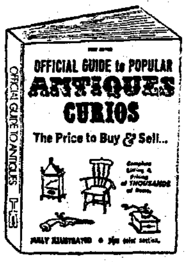
Check or money order. **$14.99**

246 Monroe Road Oconomowoc, Wisconsin 53066
BRUCE SPECIALTIES CO.

DON'T BE CHEATED

Know What Your Antiques Are Worth

Make money selling or buying antiques at the smart price. This is the "Official Guide" containing sections on furniture, toys, bottles, banks, guns, lamps . . . 300 pages and hundreds of illustrations, 16-pages in full color, handy pocket 5x7 size, art-leather cover, a bargain at $6 with all shipping costs paid.


OFFICIAL GUIDE to POPULAR
ANTIQUES
CURIOS
The Price to Buy & Sell...
OFFICIAL GUIDE TO ANTIQUES

Cass Publishing Service, Dept. TR-99, 622 West 67th St., Kansas City, Mo. 64113

of State Blaine, following a complaint from the Mexican embassy, wrote Texas Governor Roberts and requested a full report. Roberts in turn demanded an explanation from Ranger authorities, and Baylor was forced to defend Gillett's actions even though he did not approve of them.

The incident at last quieted down when the Mexican government was assured that there would be no more violations of their territorial jurisdiction. A new policy for the Frontier Battalion was clearly established by Texas Adjutant General John B. Jones who, in Special Order No. 11, made it clear that such incidents in the future were strictly forbidden and would be severely punished.

As for Socorro, New Mexico, the events at Christmas time in 1880 had a sobering effect upon all. The citizens saw where the issue of racism could lead them, and from that time forward, relations between the two ethnic groups have improved consistently. Never since has there been a situation where either has tried to take the law into its own hands.

And the Band Played On!

(Continued from page 17)

Would the music soothe the savage breast and prevent a bloody battle? The apprehensive immigrants could only wait and see. It seemed extremely doubtful, for when the Indians rode off the slopes into the valley they burst into a gallop of thundering hoofs straight at the forted-up whites.

Hilger had organized the train of 150 wagons and 24 families early in 1867. By the time the train was collected at the starting point, eighty miles northeast of Fort Wadsworth, North Dakota, 160 unmarried men filled with the spirit of adventure and hankering to try their luck in the Montana gold fields, had joined up to work their passage by handling the ox-drawn wagons for the immigrants.

Two companies of U.S. Infantry driving 300 head of beef cattle accompanied the train to Fort Buford on the Missouri River in northwestern Dakota.

At the start Davy was elected train captain, and rules and regulations governing the immigrant party were set up. A large number of musicians had brought their instruments along. Hilger personally organized them into a band, a most unusual group for any immigrant train. Three guides were hired, two half-breeds and a full-blood Indian. They knew the route and where water and the best grass were located.

MANY NIGHTS along the slow, dusty journey the band gave concerts and provided music for dancing on the bald prairies. So, despite the many hardships encountered, the immigrants were afforded some amusement and considered themselves fortunate to have their own orchestra.

Fort Ridgley was the last outpost of civilization. They would see the next white men at Fort Stevens on the Missouri River below Fort Buford. The northern route crossed Dakota, passing Big Stone Lake forty miles south of Devils Lake to the Missouri River.

Trouble beset the train while still in the Dakotas. From some never discovered source the guides obtained whiskey and proceeded to get drunk. They were loaded senseless into a wagon.

When the guides sobered up, Captain Davy gave them an embittered reprimand. The train had been forced to go into a waterless camp early in the day. Sullenly angry, the guides announced that they were abandoning the train and the immigrants could get along without them. They were preparing to depart on their ponies when Hilger entered the argument. Soothing words from him quieted the display of temper. For secondary considerations they agreed to continue on to the Missouri River.

By then the people and livestock were suffering greatly from lack of water. One of the guides told Captain Davy that there was plenty of water only a mile ahead. Happily the train lined out to the waterhole where that day and the next were spent recuperating.

On reaching Fort Stevens where another rest halt was made, the train then followed the north side of the Missouri to the mouth of Milk River. This was a country inhabited by several tribes of hostile Indians, the Bloods, Piegans, Blackfeet, Sioux, Crows and Assiniboines as well as the unpredictable Gros Ventres. However, almost every day small groups of friendly Indians would appear, riding along with the wagons and entering the night camps.

Covering twelve to twenty miles each day was a little fast for oxen and many of them gave out. Rather than abandon these animals to the mercy of wolves, they were shot. The alkali country was worst on oxen, soon wearing their feet thin and posing the threat of running out of livestock altogether. In the end milch cows had to be yoked to the wagons.

Buffaloes were a constant nuisance. On any day a dozen to twenty herds of the beasts were in sight. Each herd ranged in size from a few hundred to thousands. A number of times the buffaloes came toward the train on a run but fortunately were shunted aside by riders before collision could be made. A few were shot for fresh meat. On one occasion a bunch of about 100 old bulls refused to be diverted and charged directly at the train. Guns were fired, shouts raised and blankets waved. All that this activity accomplished was to spread the beasts out wider. They hit the train, some smashing into the sides of wagons, two of which were overturned.

At other times a large herd, crossing before the train's course, forced it to hold up. Quite frequently the delay consumed many hours before the lumbering beasts faded out of the way. The big shaggy animals marched in a wide column and obstinately took their own good time. The immense herds trampled down the grass and destroyed waterholes. Even the Milk River was stamped into mudholes by their split hoofs. And worse—they attracted Indians.

A NUMBER of immigrants who were short of oxen traded for cayuse horses

APPROVED FOR VETERANS under new G.I. bill

THESE 3 BIG DRAFTING KITS* GIVEN TO YOU!

APPROVED FOR VETERANS

Coast-to-Coast Shortage of Trained Draftsmen Opens Thousands Big Salary Jobs for Beginners! Now you can take your pick of thousands of big salary jobs open to Draftsmen (see "help wanted" sections of metropolitan newspapers). Huge nationwide demand... U.S. Dept. of Labor reports "42% more Draftsmen needed in next 10 years—not enough applicants to fill drafting jobs available now!" Our easy "Quick-Learn" Method has helped hundreds toward good income, security and prestige as Draftsmen. Why not you?

YOU NEED NO DRAWING SKILL... NO TECHNICAL ABILITY

NASD's staff of Professional Draftsmen guide you step-by-step. With our spare time home-study plan you work on actual projects. Makes learning fun—easy to remember, too. Many graduates have succeeded with only grade school training. Others report good earnings drafting part time while still learning!

...when you train at home with NASD for a HIGH PAY JOB IN DRAFTING!

① ② ③

Earns $820 Month! "My first position after completing your course jumped my income from $350 to $820 per month."—G. W., Tenn.

Big Promotion! I was promoted from the production line ahead of 4 others and got a good pay raise."—W. A., Wisc.

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE KIT... Mail coupon today for FREE "DRAFTING CAREER KIT," Sample Lesson, Drafting Aptitude Test including intriguing new 5-Way Drafting Instrument & 20-page Book "Your Future in Drafting"—jam-packed with revealing facts on your opportunities to win top pay and job security in Drafting. No salesman will call. Everything sent FREE and WITHOUT OBLIGATION. Write today!

North American School of Drafting, Dept. 103B,
4500 Campus Dr., University Plaza, Newport, Calif. 92660
Rush "DRAFTING CAREER KIT", including Book, Sample Lesson, Aptitude Test & Drafting Instrument—ALL FREE! No salesman will call. G.I. Approved.
NAME______ AGE______
ADDRESS______
CITY______ STATE______ ZIP______
A home-study program in association with Cleveland Engineering Inst.

ALL 4 FREE! Rush Coupon today!

YOUR FUTURE IN DRAFTING

APTITUDE TEST

SAMPLE LESSON

*Precision Drawing Instrument Set, Professional Drafting Board Outfit & Fingertip Tilting Drafting Table are given to you with your complete North American Course in Drafting.

from visiting tribesmen. It took considerable effort to break such animals.

An aged Blood chief, passing through the Milk River Valley with his small band, took a liking to Hilger. He stayed with the train almost a week, and before departing gave Hilger a friendly warning: Just three days more and the immigrants would enter a territory where Indians were hostile to all white men. Not long before they had wiped out five camps of woodcutters on the Missouri River. The choppers had been stacking wood along the riverbank for steamers on the Big Muddy.

However, there had been no trouble before the sudden surround in Milk River Valley. Then, while the band blared, other men of the train positioned themselves in and under the wagons, all firearms loaded. They were determined to give the best possible account of themselves, yet realized that if the Indians attacked they would be overrun quickly.

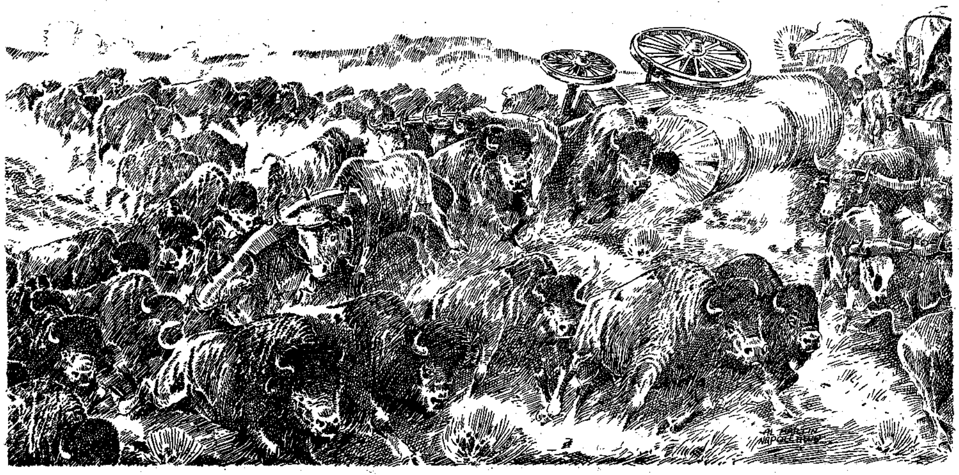
Before riding within rifle shot range, the racing Indians swung into a great circle around the forted wagons. Dust kicked up by so many pony hoofs clouded into the sky. Not more than three rounds of the immigrants were made before the Indians dropped from a run into a trot.

During this customary preliminary to attack the bandsmen continued to valiantly pour forth their brassy notes. It is doubtful that the Gros Ventres and their Blackfeet allies even heard them until their own yelling and noise had subsided. As it did so and the encircling riders slowed, certainly the band's martial music echoed far on the light breeze. In about ten minutes the Indians stopped completely, turning their ponies' heads toward the immigrant wagons.

People in the train stared at the redskin riders hopefully when no sudden hostile movement occurred. Actually, the Indians were not a little amazed. As they said afterwards in Fort Benton, they were fully bent on wiping out the entire train but could not understand this peculiar way of making war. They knew all immigrants would fight, but never before had they been serenaded by band music. Was this some kind of a new and powerful *medicine* that fore-ordained their destruction? Until finding out what it portended they were not willing to risk an attack.

Perhaps half an hour had elapsed, the band still blaring away, when one of the war chiefs concluded to send in a delegation. A racing rider was sent over to the river to bring back six squaws. Since it was unlikely that women would be fired on, they were sent to the wagon-train. The squaws rode slowly forward. Hilger stepped out between two wagons with his right hand held high in the air in the proverbial signal of peaceful intentions. The band kept right on playing.

After studious consideration of the situation the squaws in their fringed buckskin and beads dismounted. A youth from the train stepped up to hold their ponies. The solemn, dusky faces merely bent to-



BILL WILLIAMS
MOUNTAIN MAN!

Read about it in the October 1969 issue of—

TRUE WEST
Plus

- THE NIGHT DUTCH HENRY PLAYED SANTA CLAUSE
  By Walt Coburn
- HOW TO TAME A TOWN
  By J. E. Tompkins
- PHANTOM STALLION
  By Charles McAdams
- NO MERCY SHOWN; NO MERCY ASKED
  By Homer Wilkes
- MOLLY MAGUIRES IN THE SOUTHWEST
  By Lenore Dils
- PROSPECTING IN THE THIRTIES
  By Clarence Armor

And More!

Pick up a copy at your local newsstand or better yet—
SUBSCRIBE NOW!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS
TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES
P. O. Box 3668 Austin, Texas 78704
☐ $4.00 for 6 issues of each magazine
☐ $7.00 for 12 issues of each magazine
Name__________
Address__________
City______ State______ Zip______
(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

ward Hilger, Captain Davy and the others who came forward to conduct the unexpected envoys inside the circled wagons. The guides were gone and not a single person with the train could talk to them.

However, as in many such instances, words were not necessary. White women approached them, trying to hide their fear of Indians. For their part, the squaws seemed completely fascinated by the group of musicians in the center of the circle. Without letup, with hardly a pause between one marching number and the next, the band kept blowing steadily. It was a wonder that their lungs held out. If ever men gave their "last breath" for the safety of others, it was those heroic bandsmen.

Presents were made of red cloth, beads, sugar, and tobacco. The squaws accepted these things in a curiously detached way. While indicating their thanks they could not remove their enthralled attention from the noisy music-makers. Off key and never completely in time the agitated musicians made an incredible lot of noise.

When led toward the cooking fires, the squaws turned away. They had come to see what went on. Having viewed the scene they must obey orders to return and report. As they hurried outside to mount up, Hilger held little hope that the attack had been anything but delayed. While the squaws galloped back to the motionless warriors every man in the train wondered what would happen next. And the band played on.

HARDLY TEN MINUTES elapsed before the warriors, who had encircled the squaws as soon as they reached the mounted line, broke up. Across the distance they could be seen handing weapons to others. Carrying only their feather-decorated, crested lances, seven chiefs and warrior leaders rode slowly forward. The lances were held high as a token of peaceful intent. Nevertheless, the band kept blaring military marches.

Again Hilger, impressive of stature, with massive beard and knightly bearing, met the Indians coming in. For all of a minute the redskin riders stared down at him, all the while listening to the din of bugle and trumpet. Then they slid from their ponies' backs, advancing to offer a handshake in greeting. This was a most heartening sign.

That formality over with, they turned as one, stepped between two wagons, and entered the square to see the grouped bandsmen. Probably never before in their lives had these warriors of the plains and mountains seen or heard such an aggregation. The stolid, expressionless brown faces did not unbend once.

Never afterwards was Hilger or any other member of the train able to account for what happened—the warriors who had followed the squaws on an inspection tour merely turned around and retreated. Since the crisis was not past, the band played on.

The next time, a score of warriors, undoubtedly leading men, came to the circled train. While they listened to the blasts and the wails of the music they were fed and given presents.

Meanwhile Hilger detected a surprising change occurring among the mounted warriors. Most of them had approached to within a hundred feet of the wagons where they could hear the band music better. From recesses in the valley the squaws and children appeared as though by magic, with teepee furnishings carried on travois. Some walked right inside the ring of wagons.

The sternness common to Indians began to dissolve. The women and children laughed and talked to the immigrants in a language none of the whites understood. This made no difference whatever. The stony visages of the warriors evaporated. Some of them returned to the waiting line, whereupon others came to visit.

Hilger was soon beset by another fear. Surely the imminent attack had been avoided but how to feed the horde of Indians waiting to take turns visiting the wagontrain? Moreover, if they increased in numbers to several hundred at a time, what if they suddenly turned on the immigrants at close hand? Perhaps one of the chiefs realized that so few white people could not entertain the mass waiting beyond the wagons. At any rate, some sort of order was given that dissolved them into small groups. Dismounted the Indians started fires, roasting buffalo meat as the rest of the squaws, children and old people who had remained out in the valley joined the warriors.

It was only then—near sundown—that Hilger could safely assure himself that his idea had won the day and saved the train from destruction. It was, in fact, the most unusual event which ever took place involving a much superior force of Indians bent on taking the warpath.

AT LONG LAST the gallant bandsmen ran completely out of lung power and were forced to stop playing. Following a brief rest and while cooking fires burned brightly, they returned to making music but in far less desperate vein. No one in the immigrant train got any rest that night. Droves of Indians came and went from the camp. But there was not a single hostile move made nor an overt act of violence committed. Strangely, too, no petty pilfering took place.

One of the chiefs brought in ten ponies loaded with freshly killed buffalo meat. This was immediately placed on hot coals and ashes to roast. Squaws brought their babies in carrying cradles to exhibit to the white women, while curiously examining the few white infants. Only the smallest children, worn down by the intense excitement, and the babies got any sleep. Dawn was breaking before the last Gros Ventres, having satisfied their intense curiosity, departed the camped train.

The immigrants could make little mileage the next day but the oxen were inspanned early. Three miles from the Indian encampment, which was scattered all through the valley as far as the eye could see, the train halted. The stock was taken out under guard to fill on thick, headed grass. More than fifty warriors, led by a chief, rode in. With them was a Canadian half-breed who informed Hilger and Davy that a few miles on stood an encampment of Piegan and Blackfeet Indians who were likely to attack them. The Gro Ventres would accompany the train past that danger point. Meanwhile they wanted to hear the band play again. The weary bandsmen assembled and gave a concert during the noon hour for their special benefit.

Inspanning again, the train went on accompanied by Gros Ventres riding on each side of the point. The next day the small camp of hostile Indians was reached. They were on a hunting trip, acquiring a winter's supply of meat. While the train kept creaking ahead the Gros Ventres spent some time powwowing with them. That night in camp many of the Piegans visited with the Gros Ventres warriors and listened to the brass band.

The next day both visitors and escorts departed and the train proceeded west without delay. It had turned south to cross the river when nearly a hundred mounted Indians raced out of the hills toward them. Davy corraled the wagons. This time the immigrants felt confident of being able to stand off the hostiles. These Indians were renegades from several tribes, banded together to prey on likely victims of any color. And they came to beg, not to fight. However, the immigrants had given the Gros Ventres just about everything available in the train and the renegades, though disgruntled, had to go their way without receiving presents or bribes. After the Milk was crossed the train reached the old north trail into Canada, making it easily to Fort Benton on the Missouri.

News of the band incident had already been brought there by small groups of trading Indians. Hilger was assured that only a miracle prevented wholesale slaughter of his party. The Gros Ventres, usually a peaceful tribe, were on the warpath because their hills and mountains had been invaded by gold seekers and wolfers. The tribe was especially bitter toward the latter. The wolfers poisoned many buffalo carcasses, and while this method killed wolves in packs, Indian dogs also ate the poisoned meat and died.

After resting over a week just outside Fort Benton, Hilger's train continued west. From Sun River Crossing the train headed south to Prickly Pear Valley (Helena) where a village of settlers and miners was booming. Among the several families remaining there were the Hilgers. The rest proceeded on to Deer Lodge and Alder Gulch (Virginia City). Several of Montana's best known pioneers and most outstanding citizens arrived in Montana with the Hilger train.

David Hilger, although only nine years old at the time, remembered vividly the rest of his life how band music had prevented a massacre of his father's train. For twelve years (1925-1937) he was librarian of the Montana Historical Society. He wrote and deposited the historical account of that singular episode in the library archives.

YOU . . . CAN FIND HIDDEN CACHES,

TREASURES AND RICHES!

FIND BURIED COINS • GOLD • SILVER •
VEINS • FLOATS • PLACER DEPOSITS •
. . . EVEN THROUGH DIRT,
WOOD, ROCK, SAND,
WATER, ETC.

Treasure Hawk

JETCO ELECTRONIC
METAL DETECTORS

ULTRA-SENSITIVE AND POWERFUL—Yes . . . *the riches of the distant* past are now within your reach with the new lineup of Jetco quality metal detectors. This treasure-prospector line was designed, tested and proven by detector engineering specialists. Each detector is hand assembled and extensively field tested as it comes off the modern Jetco assembly line. The unique Jetco coils afford a broad field of detection with powerful penetration.

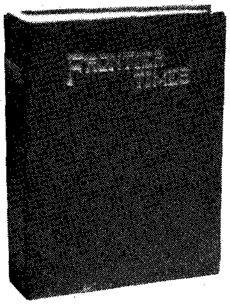
Each Jetco, regardless of the model you choose, is fully transistorized, tough, light weight, guaranteed . . . and ready to use. Each model can *detect objects as small as a penny. Pictured above are just a few of* the valuable relics and treasure that have been found with Jetco detectors. Increase your treasure and your pleasure with a Jetco detector *built just for you.*

FROM $14.95 UP

SEND TODAY FOR FREE CATALOG

JETCO ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES • P. O. BOX 132-FT2 HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS 77340

Frontier Times Multiple Binder



Only $3.00 each Postpaid

- **Now you may obtain a sturdy binder with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of FRONTIER TIMES at just $3.00 each, postpaid.**
- **FRONTIER TIMES is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone. There are beautiful, four-color photographs on inside front and inside back cover.**
- **Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 10-12 issues. (Many back issues available.) No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary. You'll like it on your bookshelf!**

FRONTIER TIMES
P.O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704

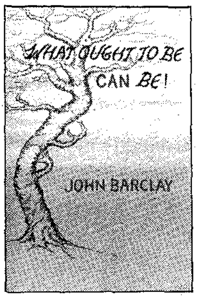
I am enclosing $. . . . . Send . . . . . binders at $3.00 each to the following:

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

City . . . . State . . . .

FOR CHRISTMAS—



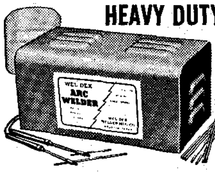
Why not give a bit of *HOPE?*

What Ought to Be Can Be! by John Barclay is a book of sermons in which the teachings of Jesus are made relevant to the actualities of the world today. The bold and straightforward style of the author communicates clearly the spiritual optimism which characterizes his faith in the society in which he lives.

Dr. Barclay has served as pastor of Central Christian Church in Austin, Texas for the past twenty-eight years and is a long time and loyal friend of former President Lyndon B. Johnson. (192 pages—$2.95 postpaid.)

DR. JOHN BARCLAY
1110 Guadalupe
Austin, Texas 78701

HEAVY DUTY WELDER



Does work of $85.00 welder
yet costs only 18.95 POST PAID
Fits ordinary 110V outlet
3 welding heats

*Weld, braze, solder or cut most anything made of metal. No experi*ence needed. Follow simple instructions. Uses standard 1/8" rods to weld iron, steel, brass, bronze, aluminum, other metals. 3 welding heats . . . not just one as with other low priced models. New HEAVY DUTY circuit gives higher heat . . . *4 times the heat needed to* melt toughest iron. More welding power than ever before. Comes complete with welder's mask, $2.00 pack of rods, flux, carbons, automatic arc striker, etc. NOTHING ELSE TO BUY. Approved for homes, garages, shops, factories. 10 day MONEY BACK trial. Guaranteed against burnouts. Send $2.00 and pay $16.95 plus small C.O.D. when delivered. or send $18.95 cash, ck., M.O. for postpaid shipment.

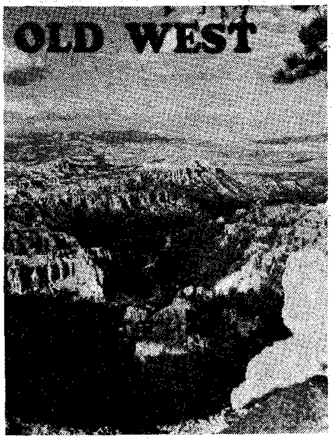
WEL-DEX MFG. CO., Dept. W-18, Box 10776, Houston, Texas 77018

RUNESTONES

AND

TOMBSTONES

(Were there Vikings in Oklahoma?)



Read about it in the Winter 1969 issue of—

OLD WEST

On sale at your newsstand Oct. 1

PLUS

- GHOSTS OF THE MEN FROM SPAIN
- FOOT-LOOSE AND FANCY FREE
- EARLY-DAY RODEO CIRCUITS
- LOST INGOTS FROM THE AJO MINE
- BRONC PEELIN'
- SOME MEN AIN'T SOCIABLE

Plus: SCARCE BOOK BONUS!
INDIAN RAIDS IN LINCOLN COUNTY, KANSAS

And More!

Pick up a copy at your local newsstand or better yet—

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

OLD WEST
Box 3668 Austin, Texas 78704
I enclose: $2.00 for 1 year (4 issues)________
Special $3.50 for 2 years (8 issues)________
Name________
Address________
City________State________Zip________
(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

Aljaska Land

(Continued from page 37)

coal, graphite, serpentine, perhaps also precious stones and gold, have up to now not been mined.

But the chief significance of Aljaska Land remains in its wealth of furs. This caused the Russians to erect several trading stations there a while ago. The Indians and Eskimos hunt the animals and exchange the pelts for firewater, firearms and all kinds of necessities. Our *first picture* shows us such a trading post of the Russian-American fur company in the highest north—on Unalachet (Unalakleet) River, which empties into Norton Sound. Russian fur dealers founded the station in 1865. It is winter—when is it not winter here!

Aljaska Land has eight fully icy winter months, with eternally long, dark nights. The still remaining four months are divided into winter beginning and winter end. And now winter wants to begin. It is September . . . in our beautiful, blessed Germany one still hears complaints day after day about the "terrible heat." Aljaska Land has a mantle of snow. Unalachet River is already covered with thick ice. As a final summer festival our Indians are granting themselves a special pleasure: they are digging holes into the ice and fishing in the river. A quantity of small silver-scaled fish is their reward. Soon the thickness of the ice will forbid this useful pastime.

From all sides festive guests are still rushing in on sleds drawn by Eskimo dogs, that have sinews of steel and are as fast as the wind, or on the customary snowshoes. These are just as long as their wearers are tall, and are carved with wonderful skill and neatness from tough wood. As the only tool for this purpose, a large knife, sharp as a razor, serves the native. This he uses as a hatchet, plane and drill. The snowshoe, actually a snow boat, is finally shaped at the fire and fastened to the foot with thongs . . . and like a bird the swift runner glides over the glistening expanse—like lightning he goes downhill and like a cat uphill. Should a steep slope be encountered, then the snowshoes are quickly covered with sealskins, so that the hairs, directed backward, dig into the snow like a thousand little hooks. Thus the snowshoes climb or glide over the deepest, softest snow, where the reindeer and the Eskimo dog would tire out—would sink helplessly.

AND IT IS turning winter—icy, dark, winter night, months long. Such a picture our *second illustration* shows us. We see the inner court of the Russian trading station for pelt wares in Nulato on the Yukon. The Yukon is the largest river of Aljaska; during the short summer 450 German miles of its course are navigable; in the long winter it is a gigantic ice street for the dogsleds of the Indian hunters and fur traders. Oh, what joy and excitement in Nulato, when a sled with an American, Russian, or even only semi-wild Indians arrives—the only interruption and event in the cold winter night. There the guest is drawn into the smoky, close quarters; men and women zealously assist him in shedding his snowy garments of bearskins and seal furs, in drying these and him by the everlasting grease lamps. They cook for him the most delicate slices of bear or walrus . . . and press him impatiently for news. . . . Forgotten for a while the joyless, raw winter—forgotten the eternal, sunless night—forgotten the grim cold that can turn cured whale meat into chunks of ice, or freeze firmly shut the snow-blinded eyes lash to lash. One chats and dreams enchantedly of the coming daylight—of the first reviving ray of the sun—of the approaching summer. . . .

In the glory of an arctic summer our *third picture* displays the largest city of Aljaska: Sitka or New Archangel. It is located in Norfolk Sound on little Sitka Island, discovered by Tschirokov, the fellow traveler of the unfortunate Behring, who lost his life so miserably on bleak Behring Island. Sitka is the most important harbor for the telegraph expeditions, seafarers, and fur traders of the west coast of former Russian America. The white population amounts to scarcely 800 souls. But since union with the United States it is growing fast. More and more new settlers are arriving. Of native Indians there live perhaps about a thousand in the vicinity of the city from hunting and fishing and—stealing. As gentle and good-natured as the natives of the north coast of Aljaska are—just that wild and rough are the Indians of the west coast. They have caused the Russians much concern at various times through their murderous assaults. Sitka attempts to protect itself from them by means of a high palisade. With approaching darkness no Indian is allowed anymore into the city. Scrub spruce forests and snow-covered mountain peaks surround the settlement. The most prominent mountain in our picture is the Edgecumbe, an extinguished volcano—the stately, highly located building the house of the governor. Small attempts are being undertaken to farm the land around Sitka.

In Aljaska much still remains to be done to fully develop the fur trade. But this work will be richly rewarded. This the sly Americans knew well when they purchased the apparently worthless land for such a high price. And they are energetically putting their shoulders to the wheel. The old sleepy humdrum way is being replaced by new business undertakings. Already Jewish fur dealers of Aljaska are doing excellent business. Just now the project has been started to set up a direct telegraph connection by way of British Columbia, Aljaska, Kamchatka to Japan and China. Recently, a group of capitalists offered for the use of the land a sum of ten million dollars. The poor, once so despised Aljaska is approaching its florescence with gigantic strides . . . even if it is only a snow flower.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 59)

never received an answer either. A cousin in Montana carried mail and it was believed he may have absconded with the letters. His sister said there must have

BILLS - PRESSING ?

We CAN HELP YOU NOW!

For FREE APPLICATION
RUSH YOUR NAME and
ADDRESS to NEAREST OFFICE
TODAY

★ Bad Credit No Problem
★ Not A Loan Company
★ Nobody Refused up to $10,000

INTERNATIONAL ACCEPTANCE
dept. M-76
5133 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85012
2511 E. 46th St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46205
711-14th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005
507 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La. 70130

International Acceptance M-76
Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________
Zip________

The OREMASTER "POCKET MAGNETOMETER"
This is another sensational instrument developed in our Research Laboratory and added to the famous OREMASTER line of super sensitive space age, prospecting and research instruments. This is an exceptionally sensivitive magnetic meter and will automatically react to either a detectable positive or negative magnetic field in an ore sample, vein, ore body or piece of float. Will pinpoint the source or sources of these fields to show the richest ore. Will react through wood, aluminum, quartz, water, ice, snow, mud and dirt. Add one of these to your modern Oremaster equipment. No batteries required—weight only 7 oz.—size 2½" x 1".
Price—$29.50. No Sales Tax $10.00 down—Balance $5.00 per month
WHITE'S ELECTRONICS, INC.
Special Models Available For Mobile Prospecting
1011 Pleasant Valley Road Room 400 Sweet Home, Oregon 97386

FIND TREASURE
GOLD • SILVER • RELICS • METALS
WITH POWERFUL
METROTECH Locators
Low Cost • High Performance
Money-back Guarantee
WRITE FOR DETAILS TO DEPT. 2A
UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS • Box 793 • Menlo Park, California 94025

been trouble somewhere, not knowing what. Ernest Sanborn told of being bitten by a rattlesnake and how his friends took care of him. He had a ranch and a herd of horses near Malta, Montana which he sold when he returned East and at which many young fellows stayed as they went West.

According to his daughter, he had an interest in a piece of property which he sold and which later turned out to be a rich open-pit coal mine. I don't know if this and the property near Malta were the same or not, but his daughter seems to think this land was farther west near the Butte area. His daughter also related there were some typically Wild West happenings, which may refer to the trouble of which his sister spoke. She said that after her parents moved to Port Townsend, Washington a man named Clifford, thought to be an alias, lived near him. Ernest Sanborn knew him in Montana. This man had been involved in a murder and was a fugitive, but Ernest Sanborn never felt it his duty to do anything. My mother described her father as an autocratic ruler of his home, brooking no arguments from his family.

Her information about these years was learned from her mother as he was most non-communicative with his children about this period. He returned to Iowa in 1906, married Euphemia Coffey in the spring of 1907, and moved shortly thereafter to Alberta, Canada, then to Washington, settling permanently in Port Townsend where he died in 1939. I would appreciate it if anyone with information about these years in Montana would write.—Mrs. Helen Lindhorst, 1091 Pacific Street, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

Levi Lee Beard Sr.

I am trying to locate a relative or someone who has any information about the Beard family who lived (as far as we know) somewhere in the vicinity of Benton or Paducah, Kentucky.

My grandfather, Levi Lee Beard Sr., came to Oklahoma sometime before the turn of the century. He married Lucille Beams (my grandmother) who was a Choctaw Indian. They had six children, Luther, Myrtle, Claude, Cecil, Levi Lee Jr. (my father), and another daughter who died very young. He also had a brother, Finley, who later came to Oklahoma. I believe he went back to Kentucky where he perished in a fire at his home in later years. Of all his children only three are still living, my father among them. He is now sixty-five and knows little of his relatives. Levi Lee Sr. passed away sometime in the early '30s and I was very young and never knew him.

My father would be very happy to hear from a relative or someone familiar with the Beard ancestors. His address is Levi Lee Beard Jr., General Delivery, Rush Springs, Oklahoma 73082.—Mrs. Harold B. Jenkins, Box 704, Shattuck, Oklahoma 73858

John N. Seward

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has knowledge of my grandfather, John N. Seward, who came from England to New York in the 1880s and was naturalized there. About 1900 he went first to Guelph, then to Brantford in Ontario, Canada where he reportedly changed his name to John West. Before many years passed, however, there is reason to believe he left Ontario and moved farther west (whether in Canada or the U. S. is not certain.) Whether he called himself West or Seward after that is not known. In the only photograph I have of him he appears to be a tall man with a heavy, black moustache. He was a cabinetmaker by trade and was a member of the Order of the Sons of St. George.—Jack Seward, Box 488, Celeste, Texas 75423

Otto Kristian Thompson

I am looking for old cowboys and friends of my grandparents. Otto Kristian Thompson was born August 24, 1884 at Erdahal and married Rena Matilda Iverson on December 18, 1913 in Minnesota. He came to Judith Gap, Montana in 1901 where he worked on the old "Jawbone Railroad." He was a mechanical genius and designed farm equipment. Otto had many friends wherever he went and everyone knew him for his honesty, integrity and kindness. Many buildings stand as monuments to his skill, including several churches for which he always donated his efforts. He died January 23, 1949 and my grandmom died August 28, 1958. He had five children: Mervin Thomas, Orville Kenneth, Raymond M. (lives in Englewood, Colorado), and Evelyn Irene, who died of diphtheria.—Kari Marken Thompson, 5752 South Jasmine, Englewood, Colorado 80110

Walter James Wolfe

I would appreciate any information on my father's family. My father, Walter James Wolfe was born in Dallas, Texas in 1900 or 1901. He had a wife, Mildred Hazel Wolfe, and three daughters, Barbara, Shirley Mae and Judy Martha. He lived in and around Dallas and Grand Prairie, Texas until he passed away.—Mrs. Judy LaBoon, 600 White Street, Whitesboro, Texas 76273

CLASSIFIED

(30c per word, cash with order)

Books & Magazines

ARIZONA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map 1881, smaller early map. 1200 place name glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296H Yosemite, San Jose, California 95126.

NEVADA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map. 800 place name glossary, railroads, camps, camel trail, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296½ Yosemite, San Jose, California 95126.

SELLING TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES. Nation's largest stock. Send your list for prices. Stamped envelope appreciated. Miller, 2626-B Spring Lane, Austin, Texas 78703.

BOOK HUNTING OUR BUSINESS. Service is our product. No charge for search. Satisfaction guaranteed. D-J Book Search, Box 3352, San Bernardino, California 92404.

TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES 1960-1965. Name issue wanted and bid price. Paul Thornton, 2 Lochaven, Manchester, Missouri 63011.

HISTORICAL MAPS: Early Trails West 8½ x 11—25c. Captain Mullan's Map of Pacific Northwest 1861—$2.00. Horns Overland Guide to California and Oregon 1853, large map and trail booklets—$3.00. Ghost Towns and Forts of Washington—$2.00. Christensen, Box 5075, Spokane, Washington 99205.

GHOST TOWN DIRECTORY OF THE WEST—347 locations—10 states—Gold Panning Instructions—Pictures—Maps—Price $1.00. Other books for the Rockhound, Prospector, Treasure and Bottle Hunter, Etc. Free brochure on request. Pierce Publishing, Dept. T-23, Box 5221, Abilene, Texas 79605.

BOTTLE BOOKS by PUTNAM. "BOTTLED BEFORE 1865". Lists hundreds of patent medicines, bitters, liquors, waters, fruit jars, etc., as advertised in newspapers from 1708 through 1864. Locates old factories, breweries, wine cellars, warehouses and bottling works. "BOTTLE IDENTIFICATION," this reference book describes old time bottles, gives their trade name, size and use. Over 1,000 pictures, all taken from old time bottle makers catalogs. Each $2.75 postpaid. House of Putnam, Dept. West, Box 578, Fontana, California 92335.

"AT HOME IN THE WILDERNESS" by Sun Bear. Survival book on hunting, fishing, trapping, etc. Autographed and numbered. $3.00 postpaid. Sun Bear, Box 5895, Reno, Nevada 89503.

"DEAD MEN DO TELL TALES" by Lake Erie Schaefer. Facts about Frank Fish's mysterious death, still unexplained. Sequel to "BURIED TREASURE and LOST MINES" his Treasure Hunters Manual. Prepaid $3.00. L. Erie Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, California 91710.

GHOST TOWN EXPLORERS. Over 400 Mother Lode locations in "California Pioneer Towns." $2.50 postpaid. Gold Bug, 588-T, Alamo, California 94507.

TOMBSTONE EPITAPH copy free for asking. Also western book list. Epitaph, Tombstone, Arizona 85638.

GHOST TOWNS, Forts, Indian Sites, Mounds, Villages, Shelters, Effigies, Stage, Freight Trails, Passes, Springs of Black Hills, Badlands, and South Dakota —History and Location $5.00. Red Cloud Enterprises, Box 551, Winner, South Dakota 57580.

WANDERING BOY: Alaska—1913 to 1918 by the late Kenneth Gideon. A vivid picture of an Alaska that is now a thing of the past; travel by dog team over 500 miles of trail, the founding of Anchorage, quartz and placer mining, the "Cherry Malottes" of the gold camps, life at the trading posts. This book was privately printed in a limited edition. Only 65 copies remain. $2.50 per copy postpaid. Gail Gideon, 3623 Embassy Lane, Fairfax, Virginia 22030.

TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES—Out of print issues for sale. Charles Crum, 4322 Victor Street, Jacksonville, Florida 32207.

BILLIONS OF DOLLARS in gold, silver, treasures wait to be found. We offer a descriptive list of hundreds of treasure maps and charts showing over 50,000 locations of lost treasures, mines, and treasure ships, also list of treasure books, all for $3.00. E & O Publishers, Dept. 404, Box 4037, Dallas, Texas 75208.

"BOTTLE RUSH USA"—A "must" for bottle collectors! Everything you need to profitably collect, sell. Nearly 700 bottles photographed with size, type, color, current prices. Includes Jim Beams, figurals. 184 pages. Only $4.25 postpaid. Guaranteed. Cleveland, 320DT Main, San Angelo, Texas 76901.

SPEAK SPANISH. New method based on similarity to English. 48 page booklet 60c. Spanish, Box I, Congress, Arizona 85332.

OLD BOOKS—Western Travel, Exploration, Indians, Civil War. Free Catalog. MacLean, Box 243, Decatur, Indiana 46733.

"AMERICAN BOTTLES, Old & New" by Walbridge; illustrated 1920 reprint, $3.95 postpaid. Free Western Book catalog. Frontier Books, Fort Davis, Texas 79734.

Bottle collectors' handbook—where to buy and sell over 1850 new and old—alphabetically listed and priced, including Jim Beam Series. Satisfaction guaranteed. $3.95, buyers in Texas include 3% state sales tax. Lowe Enterprises, Box 3402, San Angelo, Texas 76901.

Treasure Hunting

TREASURE HUNTERS! PROSPECTORS! Relco's new instruments detect buried gold, silver, coins, minerals historical relics. Transistorized. Weighs 3 pounds. $19.95 up. Free catalog. Relco-A-91, Box 10839, Houston, Texas 77018.

GOLD, SILVER, RELICS! Located with powerful Detectron Metal Detectors. Free information. Terms: Detectron, Dept. 11-FT, Box 243, San Gabriel, California 91778.

HEAP FINDINGEST DETECTORS YET for metals, minerals, coins and underwater. Latest far out improvements. Information 25c. IGWTT, Williamsburg, New Mexico 87942.

FREE 128 page detector catalog. General Electronic Detection Co., Box 67, Bellflower, California 90706.

TREASURE HUNTERS! PROSPECTORS! READ THE BEST! Separate fact from fiction. Sample copy 25c. The Treasure Hunter, P.O. Box 188-B, Midway City, California 92655.

TREASURE GOLD, Silver, Relics. New 1970 detectors now available. Free information. Rayscope, Dept. 11-J, Box 715, North Hollywood, California 91603.

METAL DETECTOR HANDBOOK. Best Guide available for selection and operation of detectors. $3.00 postpaid. Gold Bug, Box 588-T, Alamo, California 94507.

ULTRA-SENSITIVE and POWERFUL Metal Detectors. Join the many who are finding buried coins, minerals, relics, and artifacts. Don't buy till you see our free catalog of new models. Write Jetco, Box 132-FT, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

WILL YOU GAMBLE $4.00 to save $200? Build one or several detectors from our 20-page book "Build Transistor Treasure Detectors." Easily followed instructions. $4.00. TRIONICS, Box 1796L, Costa Mesa, Ca. 92626.

PROSPECTORS—TREASURE HUNTERS! Metal Detector $3.00 sold world wide on money back guarantee. Will locate metal many feet underground. Weight 8 ounces. Users have traced underground veins, located covered mine shafts, located treasure articles, old Spanish graves, etc. Complete instructions. Send cash, money order or check—we pay postage or c.o.d Plastino Mfg. Co., 6907 W. 12th, Denver, Colorado 80215.

PROSPECTING, EXPLORATION, TREASURE HUNTING, Equipment, kits, books. Catalog. Miner's Exchange, Box 64C, Nampa, Idaho 83651.

TREASURE HUNTERS MAP OF OKLAHOMA, showing Ghost Towns, Trading Posts, Missions, Old Trails, Civil War Battles, and Buried Treasure Sites for only $4.00. We also have the complete line of White's Metal Detectors. Write to: R & S Treasure Shack 7817 East Jasper, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115. TE 5-9667 TE 5-2541.

PADRE ISLAND MAP—Size 18" x 52"—shows the treasure island like it really is. Coin areas, land marks, big and little shell, coyote lake are shown by actual mileage. Folded. $3.00. Joe Reith, P. O. Box 357, Mineral Wells, Texas 76067.

FIELD CONTACT AGENTS WANTED FOR THE FAMOUS WHITE'S METAL-MINERAL DETECTION INSTRUMENTS. No investment necessary, excellent pay. Part-time or fulltime basis. Only requirement is that you own a White's instrument and enjoy using it. For free details write today to Eureka Electronics, P. O. Box 1215, Odessa, Texas 79760.

Western Merchandise

PLACER GOLD, $2.00. Pocket gold, $2.00. Gold dust, $1.00. Attractively displayed. Moneyback guarantee. Lester Lea, Box 237, Mt. Shasta, California 96067.

ANTIQUE BARBED WIRE AND DISPLAY LABELS. Send 25c for sketch list. Huaco Wire Sales, 1316 N. 34th St., Waco, Texas 76710.

PEARL AND METAL SNAP FASTENERS FOR Western Shirts. Many styles and colors. Free Catalog. Campau Company, Box 76055G, Sanford Station, Los Angeles, California 90005.

WESTERN STYLED pearl and metal snap fasteners (for shirts, etc.). Wide assortment of colors and styles. Discount prices. Send for free color catalog. D & M Sales, P.O. Box 1368, South Gate, California 90280.

GOLD NUGGETS! ALASKAN! Package of 20 small, pure nuggets $2.95. Guaranteed! Schroeder's, Paducah, Kentucky 42001.

SILVER-ORE SAMPLES! $1.00 postpaid. Maine Mine, Box 453-B, Tombstone, Arizona 58638.

HEART O'GOLD. Genuine placer gold at $5.50. P. O. Box 582, Bonner, Montana 59823.

Would like to hear from collector of large silver mounted Spanish spurs and stirrups. F. B. Dreyer, 315 Columbia, Sunnyside, Washington 98944.

Reward/Civil War Poster Prints. Wonderful den decorators. 25 for $1.00. America Then, Ben Lomond, Calif. 95005.

GOLD!! SILVER!! GOLD!! from the Comstock Lode Country, Virginia City, Nevada. Yes, we have just discovered a cache of Processed ore (Gold & Silver bearing Sand) in the bottom of an old Settling tank of the Original Bishop Comstock Mill. We would like to share this historic find with you Will send postpaid ½ oz. Processed Gold & Silver ore, Notarized Certificate of Authenticity, Copy of Assay Report & Brief Comstock Lode History for the unbelievable low price of only $1.00. Send to Comstock Gold Offer, Dept. WP-9, Virginia City, Nevada 89440.

Real Estate

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . LOW AS $1.00 Acre. Millions Acres! For Exclusive Copyrighted Report . . . plus "Land Opportunity Digest" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed! Land Disposal, Box 9091-WK, Washington, D.C. 20008.

GOVERNMENT PUBLIC LAND (400,000,000 Acres) in 25 states. Low as $1.00 acre. 1969 report. Details $1.00. Land Information, 422W Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

NEVADA VACATION RETIREMENT RANCHOS, near ELKO, ¼ acre lots $395. $1 down, $5 per month. Hot springs, deer, rock and mineral hunting. Water. Send $1 for contract, returnable. Write Silver Crescent Ranchos, P.O. Box 4, Crescent Valley, Nevada 89821.

CANADIAN VACATION LANDS: Full price $385.00. 40 acres $10 month. Suitable cottage sites, hunting, fishing, investment. Free information. Land Corporation, 3768-W Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

Hunting & Fishing

COLLAPSIBLE FARM—POND—FISH TRAPS; Animal traps. Postpaid. Free information, pictures. Shawnee, 3934-W Buena Vista, Dallas, Texas 75204.

LIVE TRAPS, all sizes, Mouse to Dog. Collapsible or rigid. Carrying Cages. Free literature. Regional Sales, 420 W. Oak, Flagstaff 64, Arizona 86001.

JEEPS (used) LOW AS $62.50 . . . Autos, Boats, Thousands Others (on bid) direct from Government as available! Send $1.00 for "Surplus Buying Directory." Surplus Disposal, Box 9091-WK, Washington, D.C. 20003.

DECOYS, DUCK & GOOSE. Sensationally new, lowest cost, make your own, start business, big profits, full particulars. E-Z-In & Out, Box 65765, Los Angeles, Calif. 90065.

SEND FOR FREE WHOLESALE CATALOG. The most complete and fully illustrated catalog of reels, rods, beads, spinners, jigs, lure bodise and parts, sinker molds, feathers, tools, hooks, rod blanks, rod parts, swivels, wire, etc. Finnysports, TR Sports Building, Toledo, Ohio 43614.

Recipes

"FREE" SOURDOUGH recipe, from the "Ole West." Send 25c cover handling and mailing. Box 174, Battleground, Washington 98604.

"SOURDOUGH" Recipes, Chuckwagon Biscuits, Hotcakes, Donuts, $1.00. "BAR-B-Q" Recipes, Sauces, Beans, etc., $1.00. "Jerky". Make your own from fresh or frozen beef or game. Recipe $1.00. Box 111, Brush Prairie, Washington 98606.

WINEMAKING . . . Grape, Elderberry, Dandelion, Frozen Juices, etc., Brewmasters Secrets Revealed! Powerful Methods! Instructions, Recipes, and Supplies. Catalog, $1.00. Continental, Box 1107-WK, Indianapolis, Indiana 46201.

SMOKED fish, jerky, meat recipes. Woods to use. Simple smoker instructions. $1.00. "Smokehouse," Box 887 (FT), Lakeside, Az. 85929.

COCKROACH RECIPE: A "Simple Home Recipe" costs less than 20c per year. After one day you will see no more cockroaches around. Quick, safe, and sure. $1.00 for recipe. M. F. Wooten, 1909 San Francisco St., San Antonio, Texas 78201.

FRYINGPANS WEST cookbook, 50 Frontier Recipes $1.00. Mrs. Chapin, 6545 Calleluna, Tucson, Arizona 85710.

MEXICAN COOKBOOK—A compilation of recipes for the preparation of Mexican Style Dishes. $2.00 postpaid. Continental Import-Export, P. O. Box 100, Continental Divide, New Mexico 87312.

RECIPES: Sourdough, tanning small hides, "jerked" meat. $1.00. Return mail. Hulls, D4, 2805 Third, Flagstaff, Arizona 86001.

Business & Employment Opportunities

FREE BOOK "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth, 437K, Brooklyn, New York 11218.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Good Pay, Adventure, Government Paid Transportation Allowance! Send $1.00 for "Australian Opportunities Handbook." International Services, Box 12-K11, Greenfield, Indiana 46140.

Karate Masters' Certificate. Your name. Beautifully engraved, framesize masterpiece with gold seal, registers your hands deadly weapons. Breath-taking detail. $5.00. Lee, Box 941, West Palm Beach, Florida 33402.

From Alaska . . . BOOMING ALASKA WANTS YOU. Well paying jobs in all trades and professions. Unlimited opportunities in business and land. Job openings, wages, leads. ALASKA QUARTERLY REPORT included. Guaranteed. Rush $4.00 to: Alcan Research, Box E5-811, College, Alaska 99701.

Firearms

MODERN MUZZLE LOADERS! Share the excitement of thousands who are shooting modern muzzle loaders. Rifles, pistols and shotguns of new manufacture—and priced realistically. Tons of antique gunparts. Send $1.00 for catalog No. 117-T. A must for any firearms collector. Dixie Gun Works, Union City, Tennessee 38261.

Inventions Wanted

INVENTORS! Sell your invention for cash or royalties! Our client manufacturers eagerly seek new items. Patented. Unpatented. Financial assistance if needed. 25 years proven performance. For free information, write: Gilbert Adams, Dept. 28, Invention Broker, 80 Wall St., New York, New York 10005.

INVENTORS! We will develop, sell your idea or invention, patented or unpatented. Our national manufacturer-clients are urgently seeking new items for highest outright cash sale or royalties. Financial assistance available. 10 years proven performance. For free information write: Dept. 49, Wall Street Invention Brokerage 79 Wall Street, New York, New York 10005.

PATENT Searches including Maximum speed, full airmail report and closest patent copies, $6.00. Quality searches expertly administered. Complete secrecy guaranteed. Free Invention Protection forms and "Patent Information." Write Dept. 16, Washington Patent Office Search Bureau, 711 14th N.W., Washington, D. C. 20011.

Rare Coins & Stamps

RARE Silver Dollars, 1880-81 S, 1883-84-85-1899-1900-01-02 O mint. Uncirculated, $3.50 each. Coin catalog 50c. Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110.

$2.00 Bill, Crisp, New $3.75. Lincoln Cents: 50 different 1909-1939 $4.98. Edel's, Carlyle, Illinois 62231.

Indian Relics

IROQUOIS MASKS, rattles, dolls; also Cree, Slave, Ojibwa, Eskimo crafts. Lists 25c. Iroqrafts, Ohseweken *Reservation, Ontario, Canada.*

ARROWHEADS 25c, thousands of fine old Indian artifacts, baskets, rugs, pottery, Indian jewelry, beadwork, pre-Columbian, spearheads, rare type points, weapons, etc., free list. Indian shows, auctions and pow wows all over the U.S. this year. Write for advance notices. NATIONAL INDIAN CENTER, P.O. Box 912, El Cajon, Calif. 92022.

ARROWHEAD MAKING: Complete illustrated instructions on ancient methods. Includes 1 hand-chipped arrowhead. $1.00. Canyonada, Rt. 2, Box 12, Mountainair, New Mexico 87036.

Hand woven Navajo Indian Rugs approx. 20" x 40". *Only $9 95 ppd. Continental Divide Gifts, P. O. Box* 85, Continental Divide, New Mexico 87312.

INDIAN ARROWHEADS Collected along the plains of the Rio Grande and San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Samples: 15 for $3.50; 100 for $15.00; 1,000—$120.00. Postpaid. Oscar Cavazos, Jr., 3010 Salinas, Laredo, Texas 78040.

Authentic Indian Weapons, Ceremonial items, Catalog 50c. TECUMSEH'S TRADING POST, Strausstown, Pa. 19559.

ARROWHEAD COLLECTORS—"Detecting Reworks and Fakes" (samples included) plus "Reasons for Cataloging" all for $1.00. NEW—"Identification *Guide for Columbia Plateau Projectile Points"*—$2.25. FREE brochure listing important anthropological books, frames etc. THE TEPEE, Box 749, Richland, Washington 99352.

OBSIDIAN KNIVES and SPEARPOINTS 3" to 10" long, $1.50 an inch. Obsidian arrowpoints, average 2" long, 4 for $5.00. Frank Estes, 1617 Willis St., Redding, California 96001.

Miscellaneous

ATTENTION RELIC HUNTERS! Learn! Recognize valuable items! Make money! Booklet, "501 Collectors' Items." Comments, descriptions, suggestions for resale. $1.00. Collectors, Dept. FT. Box 43, San Marcos, California 92069.

AUTHENTIC INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES on Phonograph Records—Catalog on request from: Canyon Records, 6050 No. 3rd St., Phoenix, Arizona 85012.

KNIVES—101 imported Hunting, Fishing, Camping and Novelty Knives. Catalogue 50c. Friedmar Imports, *Box 533, Montebello, Calif. 90640.*

WILL FORM—Legal information—provisions and contingencies. $2.00. Carroll & Associates, Dept. TE, P.O. Box 77251, San Francisco, Calif. 94107.

HEARING AIDS *below Wholesale. Regular, eyeglass,* completely hidden models. Smallest, most powerful. Free home trial. No salesman will call. Free details. Write: Prestige-C9, Box 10880, Houston, Texas 77018.

PURPLE BOTTLES? How to color old glass indoors. Not an applied finish. Faster than sunlight. No danger of breakage. Complete instructions. $1.00. Massey's, 5457 Pinehurst, Riverside, Calif. 92504.

Gambler's Good Luck Charm. Ideal for gift. Send $1.00 plus 25c postage to 822 Bell, Euless, Texas 76039.

HOW TO SELL EVERYTHING you write. Aubrey, Box 3124, Industry, California 91744.

BE GENUINE COLONEL. Confederate States Army. Enjoyable organization. We send engraved Commission; ID Card; Lapel Insignia. Enrollment fee $5.00. C.S.A. Inc., 540 Nokomis, Venice, Florida 33595.

FOUR "WILL" FORMS and 64 page booklet by Lawyer. Complete. Only $1.00. National Forms, Box 48313-WP, Los Angeles, California 90048.

INFORMATION ON ANYTHING! Send $2.00 (deductible). Metzler Research, P. O. Box 2206 FI, Long Island City New York 11102.

Miscellaneous

OVERLOOKED FORTUNES in Minerals; Duke's Short Course in Prospecting will teach you how to find and identify them. New Simple System. $25.00 Home *Study Course only $3.00. Send for free copy* "Overlooked Fortunes in Minerals." Duke's Research Laboratory, Box 666-F, Truth or Consequences, New Mexico 87901.

Up to $151.00 Daily Track Wins with scientific computer. $2.00 Stakes. Proof supplied. FREE details: RH-P16, 5715, Carmel, California 93921.

For Sale: 40" x 30" mahogany carving of Sitting Bull, $600.00. Information available—Box 32, Carmel, California 93921.

Suffering from Arthritis? Try Ginseng; Information Free. Write Ginseng, Ashevile 51, N. C.

FOUND MONEY! Selling Roots, Barks, Herbs, Furs: 75 kinds. 30 *Buyers Listed. Bonanza Prices!* Send $2.00. Metzler Research, P. O. Box 2206FG, Long Island City, New York 11102.

Early issues TRUE WEST; Real West; True Frontier; True Western Adventure; most Westerns. Your list and stamp. H. Brooks, 106 Catlin, Canon City, Colorado 81212.

SWEEPSTAKES Contests, How to Win. Write for Free particulars. General Contests, 1609-11 E. 5th, Duluth, Minnesota 55812.

INSTANT SPANISH. Free lesson. Mayco Dept. L-4, 257 Chloride Star, Kingman, Arizona 86401.

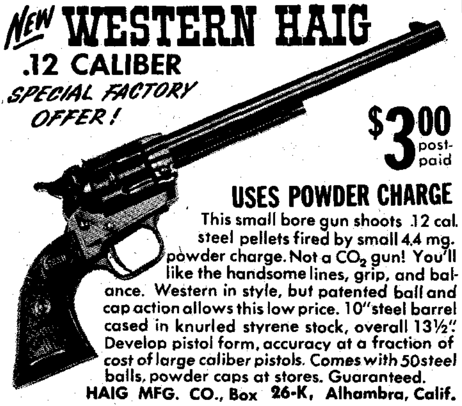
COUNTRY RECORDS—Fiddle Tunes—J. E. Mainer, Hylo Brown, Mac Wiseman, etc. Uncle Jim O'Neal, Box AWP, Arcadia, Ca. 91006.

Missouri Letters remailed 20c. O'Haver, 1004 W. Monroe, Kirksville, Missouri 63501.

NEW **WESTERN HAIG**

.12 CALIBER

SPECIAL FACTORY OFFER!



$3.00 post-paid

USES POWDER CHARGE

This small bore gun shoots .12 cal. steel pellets fired by small 4.4 mg. powder charge. Not a CO_2 gun! You'll like the handsome lines, grip, and balance. Western in style, but patented ball and cap action allows this low price. 10" steel barrel cased in knurled styrene stock, overall 13½". Develop pistol form, accuracy at a fraction of cost of large caliber pistols. Comes with 50 steel balls, powder caps at stores. Guaranteed.

HAIG MFG. CO., Box 26-K, Alhambra, Calif.

HEARING AIDS

⅔ OFF DEALER PRICES

LARGEST SELECTION of tiny, all-in-the-ear, behind the ear, eyeglass and pocket models. FREE HOME TRIAL. No obligation. Money back guarantee. No down payment. Easy terms. No salesmen or dealers. Order direct and save 65%. Write for free catalog. **PRESTIGE**, Dept. **D-38**. Box 10947. Houston. Tex. 77018.

INSIDE *facts*

you should know about

DICE and CARDS

CATALOG $1.00

O.C. NOVELTY Co.

1311 W. MAIN, OKLA. CITY 73106

Dept. P-11

FIND BURIED TREASURE!

★ **Detect buried, gold, silver.**

Write for free catalog

5 Powerful models.

$13.95 to 34.95 Ppd

ALL TRANSISTORIZED

DEALER INQUIRES INVITED

TREASURE PROBE DEPT. FAJ

PO Box 64 LAKEWOOD N.J. 08701

HOW DO I SUBSCRIBE?

Podner, it's easy! Just see page 58 of this magazine.

COLLECTORS!

THE WEST'S OWN ANTIQUE SHOPPING NEWS

IF YOU BUY, SELL, OR TRADE

- AUTOMOBILES
- BOOKS
- *BOTTLES*
- COINS
- CHINA
- FURNITURE
- *INDIAN RELICS*
- TOYS

OR ANY OF THE THOUSANDS OF COLLECTOR ITEMS, YOU SHOULD BE READING.

WESTERN ANTIQUE MART

SUBSCRIBE TO THIS MONTHLY NEWSPAPER TODAY AND RECEIVE A FREE 50 WORD CLASSIFIED AD.

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY TO:

WESTERN ANTIQUE MART
BOX 2171
EUGENE, OREGON 97402

NAME____________________________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY____________STATE______ZIP______

( ) ENCLOSED $4.00 FOR 12 ISSUES OF **WESTERN ANTIQUE MART**, Plus my **Free** 50 word classified.

( ) ENCLOSED $4.00 FOR 12 ISSUES OF **WESTERN ANTIQUE MART.** Send me a coupon good for a **Free** 50 word classified, which I may place at a later date.

Just Published

How 88,648 Heavy Smokers Stopped Smoking

NEW YORK — The Anti-Tobacco Center of America has just published a booklet which explains how 88,648 heavy smokers (of whom many are physicians) have stopped smoking without straining their will power. This booklet is available free of charge to smokers. All you need to do, to obtain it, is to send your name and address to The Anti-Tobacco Center of America, Dept. A456R, 276 Park Avenue South, New York City, 10010. This offer is open while the supply of these booklets lasts.

NOW! Learn How You Can GET PAID FOR TRAVELING! ***New 144-Page Book "Golden Careers in Travel"***

reveals how you can step into one of 1000s full and spare time travel jobs waiting coast to coast and 'round the world for men and *women, young and old — on a steamship,* with an airline or travel agency, in overseas branches of American firms, etc. Whether you want a lifetime of paid traveling, to roam the world for a year or so, or just want to go after a rewarding career in the "Wonderful World of Travel," here are the facts with hundreds of ideas. Sells on newsstands for $1.95. Sent to you at special price of $1 ppd to introduce you to North American School of Travel's accredited *home-study course that prepares you for an exciting* Career in Travel. Also sent FREE: Big "TRAVEL CAREER KIT," Sample Lesson and L. P. Travel Record that tells more about opportunities in Travel Careers. No further cost or obligation. Send $1 today to **NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF TRAVEL,** 4500 Campus Drive, University Plaza, Dept. **103B**, Newport, California 92660.

SEND ONE TO A SOLDIER

- - - or a Sailor, Marine - - anyone in the Armed Services. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW THEY APPRECIATE IT! We contributed 1,000 copies to South Viet Nam—and the letters we have received! If you could read just one you would send a single copy, gift pack, or a gift subscription to someone in the service right now!

If you do not know anyone in the service, call your local U.S.O. or any service chapter recruiting station or representative.

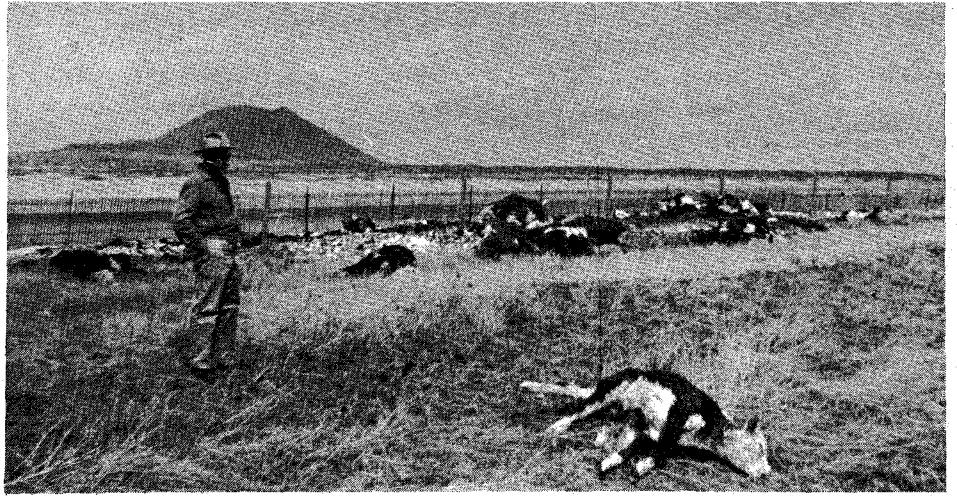
Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

Dear Joe:

I enjoyed reading about the Texas Northers because I was one of those caught in the same blizzard. I was returning from Colorado Springs. I stopped over someplace until the roads had cleared and then continued on. I never saw so many frozen cattle in my life. I took a roll of pictures and am enclosing one of me standing beside the road with dead cattle all around me. It was like this for miles. I thought that someone else who passed this way might recall seeing this scene.

Keep those mags coming—I enjoy them all.—Edwin W. Smalley, Box 309, Norman, Oklahoma 73069



March 1957 Norther in West Texas.

Carry Nation in Danger

Dear Sir:

I have been reading in FRONTIER TIMES various occasional articles about Carry Nation. These articles were of more than usual interest to me as we had in our possession for many years a double-barrelled shotgun that was bought to kill her. It came about in this way.

About 1901, I think it was, my father, Lewis Anker, filed at El Reno, Oklahoma during the land drawing and was lucky enough to draw a piece of land near the town of Hydro where I was born in 1907.

For our closest neighbor we had an old man by the name of Schmit who with his two sons was running a saloon in Winfield, Kansas around the turn of the century. Suddenly one day Carry Nation and her gang strode in and began busting things up.

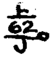
During the ruckus a member of the gang hit one of the Schmit boys over the head with a bottle, causing his death. Soon after this the senior Schmit bought a new double-barrelled shotgun and announced he would kill Carry on sight if she ever came to town again. But she never did. However, he did meet her later on a train and gave her a thorough cussing and told her what he had planned for her if she ever returned. All this was overheard by a drummer who was riding on the same train who told about it later. He said Carry seemed extremely frightened.

Dad finally came into possession of the gun and brought it to Kansas with him when we moved to the present farm in 1911. Dad passed on in 1963 at ninety-six and my mother is still alive at ninety-three. The gun is long gone and I wish we had kept it. Maybe some of the people around Hydro or Winfield can throw some more light on this subject. If so, I would like to hear from them.—Harold Anker, Wilsey, Kansas 66873

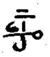
Buckskin Appaloosa Brands

Dear Sir:

I have two mares with brands I cannot identify and have written to several states asking if these brands are registered in their files, but they are not. I figure one of your readers might have some idea of who these brands belong to:



and



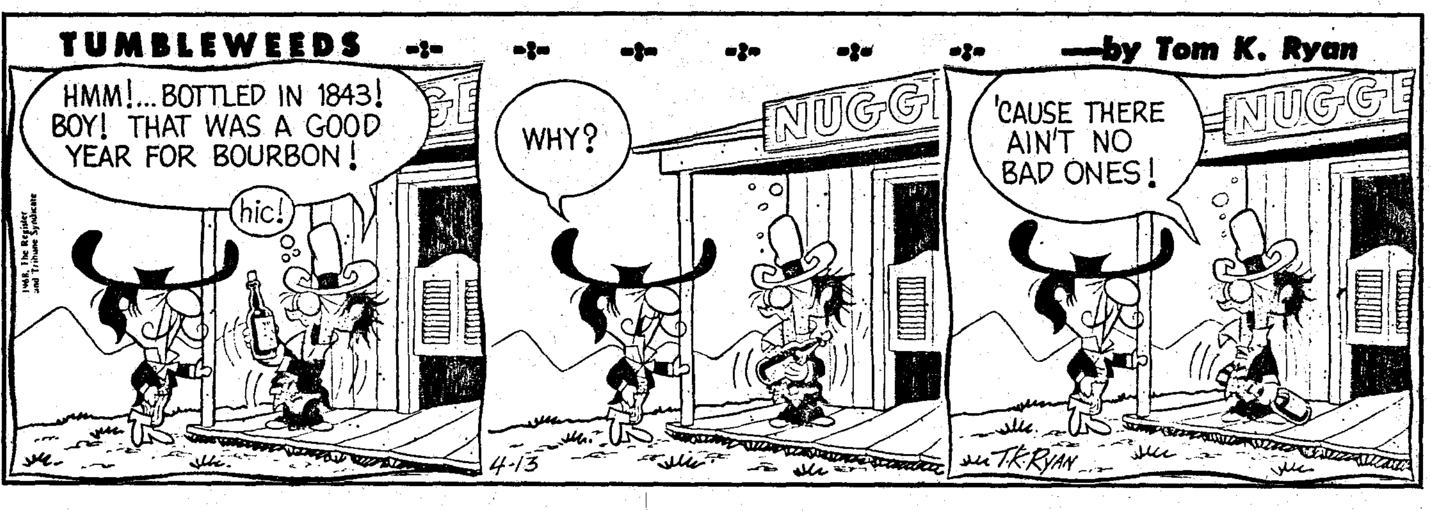
. The mares are both buckskin Appaloosas, and we have the idea that they might have come from out west someplace. One mare is between seven and nine, the other is between nine and eleven. I would like to know what kind of training these mares have had, because I feel they know something I don't! It might even be possible for me to find out their parentage. If anyone knows anything about these brands, I would very much appreciate their contacting me.—Jean Turanski, 2844 King Road, Toledo, Ohio 43617

Who Killed Yellow Hand?

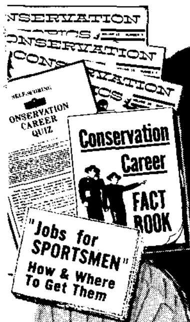
Gentlemen:

The subject of just who killed Yellow Hand at the battle of War Bonnet Creek is still being argued. I am not trying to open any old wounds but I believe this old boy's story has about as much merit as any I have read or heard and deserves a little mention somewhere in your magazine, of which I am a steady subscriber.

At the time of the unveiling of the monument, I had a friend who was there. He was an old resident of that country and just as big a bug at digging out the facts of western history as any of us. I don't know how many old soldiers were there, but my friend buttonholed one of them and asked him who he thought killed Yellow Hand. The old soldier said there was no telling who killed him. He said he might have killed him himself for all anyone knows. He said that when the fight started they all tried to take a crack at Yellow Hand, and after the Indians fled, Cody scalped Yellow Hand, rode out and brought the scalp to the commanding officer and asked for the credit of killing him. The commanding officer didn't care who got the credit and said okay. It all sounds reasonable enough to me, and I think the old soldier's story deserves mentioning.—Joe Geiger, 1673 Hanover, Aurora, Colorado 80010

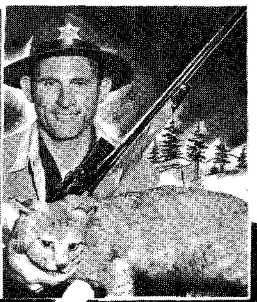


TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
HMM!...BOTTLED IN 1843! BOY! THAT WAS A GOOD YEAR FOR BOURBON!
hic!
1968, The Register and Tribune Syndicate
NUGGET
WHY?
4-13
'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO BAD ONES!
T.K.RYAN


CONSERVATION
CONSERVATION CAREER QUIZ
Conservation Career FACT BOOK
"Jobs for SPORTSMEN" How & Where To Get Them

APPROVED for VETERANS under new G.I. bill

Now...Mail Coupon for FREE FACTS about EXCITING OUTDOOR



CAREERS of ADVENTURE!

Prepare at Home to become a

GAME WARDEN
FISH-WILDLIFE MANAGER
GOVERNMENT HUNTER
FORESTER, or Aid or

Assistant Type Positions that Require Less Formal Education

PROTECT FORESTS and WILDLIFE—ARREST VIOLATORS!

**To guard and protect our
forests, fish and wild
game, Game Wardens
are empowered
to enforce the Conserva-
tion Laws and arrest
violators. Positions of
prestige and authority!
Other exciting activities
include supervising fire
patrols and reforestation
projects, banding wild-
fowl, inoculating wild
game against disease,
etc.—a never-ending
campaign of protection
for our great national
resources. Mail coupon
for FREE "CAREER KIT**

Vacation jobs—a wonderful way to get started:

Make valuable contacts and "learn the ropes." No special training or experience needed. Students can prepare now for next vacation period. Mail coupon for free details

LIVE, WORK, FISH & HUNT IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND!

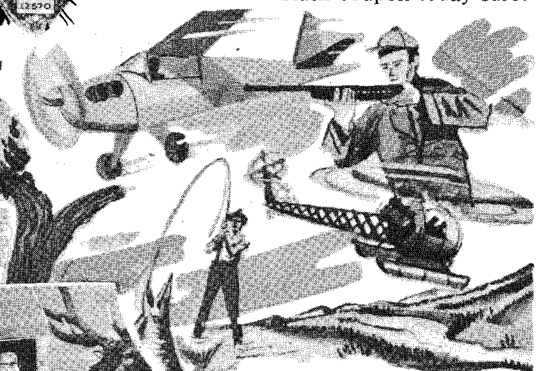
A career in conservation is almost like a vacation with pay! Why be chained for life to a desk, a store counter, or a factory machine? Prepare now, in spare time at home, for an outdoor man's dream job in Forestry, Soil and Wildlife Conservation. Exciting opportunities in your own state and other areas—also opportunities with luxurious private Fish and Game Clubs. For some you may already have the basic qualifications. Find out all about it now! Get the facts. Plan to live the outdoor life you love! Rush coupon for *FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT."*

ENJOY a Lifetime of Thrills and Adventure!

Every day is a new adventure for the men in Forestry, Soil and Wildlife Conservation. Some hunt and trap mountain lions, coyotes, and wildcats. Some are trained to parachute from planes or land in helicopters—to help animals marooned by fire or flood, often to save the life of an injured camper or mountain climber. Adventure, public service, and good pay—an unbeatable 3-way combination!

Good Pay! Excitement! Security! Rush Card for Free Career Kit

Although not connected with the Government, private conservation agencies or placement services, we show you how to seek out exciting outdoor positions. Many accepting applications now! Fine starting pay, usually with regular advances. Get 4 FREE GUIDES...each jam-packed with exciting Conservation Career facts. Rush coupon today sure!



GOOD PAY—SECURITY—PENSIONS Most full time Conservation jobs are permanent. No layoffs because of slow business, never a worry about getting your pay check. A pension may assure you a good income for life. In the meantime, your living costs are low—easy to save money. Investigate! Mail Coupon Today!

Let Experts Guide You. Although you study at home you are never alone. North American School's Conservation experts supervise your training, help you with personal advice based on years of on-the-job experience. Program is designed for your success.

HERE'S WHAT STUDENTS SAY

"Your Course has just helped me get a job here on the post as the Fort Belvoir Game Warden. I am very pleased with the Course." Robert Eychner, Virginia.

"In April I became a *Conservation Officer* — 1st Grade. I will be enforcing the fish and game laws of our State. Your Course helped make this life-long ambition a reality." — Richard Knox, Alabama.

"The NASC Course paid off before I finished it. I know for a fact that just being a student... contributed toward my being a permanent Park Warden at Lake Louise District of Banff National Park." Monte Rose, Canada.

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL of CONSERVATION
FORESTRY & WILDLIFE CAREER TRAINING PROGRAM THROUGH CORRESPONDENCE
SUMMER FIELD TRAINING CAMP

RESIDENT TRAINING AT OUR SUMMER CAMP

Enjoy a full week of summer training in the great outdoors. Deep in the heart of Wyoming, in the big game country, you learn first hand from experts the secrets of conservation. This week of training in the field is optional—not required. Rush coupon today!

500,000 NEW JOBS

**A national magazine reports U.S. Gov't pre-
dicts job opportunities in outdoor field due
for rapid increases in years just ahead. Es-
timates high as 500,000 new jobs by 1980
in public & private recreation. Special skills
& training will be needed to fill sub-profes-
sional jobs. Our graduates are working right
now in outdoor positions of responsibility
in almost every State and Canada. You, too,
may already have basic talents for exciting
outdoor position. Investigate! Rush coupon
for FREE "CONSERVATION CAREER KIT."**

APPROVED for VETERANS under new G.I. bill

Veterans, Servicemen you may be eligible for Gov't education benefits

Age 17 or Older—No Experience Necessary

If you're an outdoor man at heart, start planning today for a happy, secure, and well-paid future, doing what you most enjoy!

ACCREDITED SCHOOL · NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL · NHSC

Accredited Member, National Home Study Council.
Authorized to issue diplomas by California Superintendent of Public Instruction.

ALL 4 FREE! Rush Coupon Today!

SELF-SCORING CONSERVATION CAREER QUIZ
CONSERVATION
Conservation Career FACT BOOK
"Jobs for SPORTSMEN" How & Where To Get Them

1. **20-pg Conservation Career Fact Book** — Filled with facts on action-packed outdoor careers.
2. **Self-Scoring Aptitude Quiz** — Helps you decide whether you are suited for Conservation Career.
3. **3-Month Subscription to Conservation Topics** — Enjoyable as reading your favorite outdoor magazine.
4. **"Jobs for Sportsmen** — Where & How to Get Them" — down-to-earth report on outdoor career opportunities open to sportsmen.

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION
4500 Campus Dr., Dept. 103B, University Plaza, Newport, Calif. 92660

NORTH AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION, Dept. 103B,
4500 Campus Dr., University Plaza, Newport, Calif. 92660

Rush **"CONSERVATION CAREER KIT"** including **Book, 3 Month Subscription, Aptitude Quiz & Job Report — ALL FREE!** No salesman will call.

NAME____________________AGE________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY__________STATE________ZIP________

The start of more action than you may be able to take

Zane Grey's famous novels are written for tough-minded readers about some of the roughest characters who ever roamed the frontier: broken-nosed, bullet-scarred men who had to ride hard and shoot fast in order to survive.

If you enjoy this kind of story, we'll be glad to send you—for the token price of $1—three of the greatest books Zane Grey ever wrote.

The Call of the Canyon. What happens to a soft-living Easterner who gives up the good life to face an outlaw's vengeance alone on the Arizona frontier.

Wildfire. For a stallion who wouldn't be ridden, a girl who wouldn't be kissed, Lin Slone gambled everything.

The Hash Knife Outfit. The softest among them lived only to kill. What chance for their hostage, beautiful Molly Dunn, or for the hot-tempered cow-punchers trying to free her?

These rugged books are hard bound in sunset red, desert tan, and cavalry blue. And they're stamped in real gold. They're the first of what could be a library of Western classics you ll be proud to own.

You may wonder why we offer you three Zane Grey books (which are regularly $10.17) for only $1.

We think you'll be impressed. And that you'll want to own others in the series as they come from the presses.

They will include: Riders of the Purple Sage, The Dude Ranger, Wild Horse Mesa, Arizona Ames, Thunder Mountain, The Vanishing American, Maverick Queen, and many more.

Because we print in quantity and cut out the middleman, we can still offer our subscribers these distinctive, cloth-bound books for only $3.39 each plus shipping.

Send no money. Just mail coupon to get the first three books at the introductory price of only $1.

Please send me The Call of the Canyon, Wildfire and The Hash Knife Outfit. I may keep all three fo only $1 plus shipping or return them within ten day and pay nothing.

Also reserve for me the right to get other volume in the Zane Grey Library as they come from th presses.

I'll get advance descriptions of all future volume I may reject any book before or after I receive it For those I keep, I'll pay just $3.39 each plu shipping. And I may cancel my reservation any time (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.) 9-YA

Print Name

Address 28A

City State Zip

Walter J. Black, Inc., Roslyn, N.Y. 11576

The Zane Grey Library